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REVELATIONS

OF

PORTUGAL.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

REVELATIONS

OF

PORTUGAL,

AND NARRATIVE OF AN

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO LISBON,

AT THE CLOSE OF 1846;

WITH

A PICTURE OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.

8612 a

BY T. M. HUGHES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "REVELATIONS OF SPAIN,"

&c. &c.

B.1133.

"One word set down *on the spot* is worth twenty written after."—GRAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

At a time when the eyes of Europe, and indeed of the whole civilized world, are turned to the insurrectionary movements now going on in Portugal, it is presumed that these volumes—from the pen of a gentleman at present resident amid the stirring scenes he describes, and enjoying peculiar facilities for correct observation—will be cordially welcomed by the public.

In the absence of the Author from England, it is hoped that the reader's indulgence will be accorded towards any slight inaccuracies that may be found to have crept into his Work in its passage through the press, and for which he is therefore in nowise responsible.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 8, line 28, for "*gougenard,*" read *goguenard.*
159, line 2 from bottom, for "*cebellas,*" read *cebollas.*
209, line 16, for "*vinganza,*" read *venganza.*
228, line 7, for "*tuvicron,*" read *tuvieron.*
241, line 1, for "*porta,*" read *posta.*
280, line 20, for "*cuatro tuos,*" read *cuatro tiros.*
384, line 24, for "*cuatro trios,*" read *cuatro tiros.*

VOL. II.

167, line 13, for "*falera,*" read *falua.*
293, line 5 (from bottom), for "*Dizei-the*" read *Dizei-lhe.*

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The *James Watt* and King Hudson.—Nomenclature of shipping.—Lodgment on the Thames Tunnel.—Cockney phraseology.—"A Hirish Screw."—The Havre Douane. —Characters therein.—Stroll through Havre.—Female costume. — The fruit-market. — Street Architecture.— Bourgeoise beauties.—Bizarreries of orthography.— Sign-posts and typographical errors.—Primitive drinking invitations.—Democritus, Fielding, and the *Voyage to Lisbon* 3

CHAPTER II.

The open-air life of the Continent.—The Place Louis Seize at Havre.—Street *silhouettes*.—The Grand Bassin.— "*Laisser aller*" of the people.—Their politeness.— Marked difference from England.—French misses and their legs.—Redundance of military.—The Place du Marché and the fruit of Normandy.—Bustle and business on the Quays.—Extravagance of the port-charges. —Havre bathers.—Thiers, Dumas, Horace Vernet, and Alphonse Karr.—The Regatta 18

PAGE

CHAPTER III.

The Frascati Gardens at Havre.—"The *only* French Aërial Railway."—The great philosophic Conjuror, Monsieur de Bourbon.—Solution of the mystery.—The new Museum.—The maritime fortifications.—Table d'hôte.—Negligé costume.—A runaway provisional committeeman caught *in flagrante*.—Analysis of the guests.—The Theatre; A Parisian "star;" Hoffmann.—"*Les Anglais en voyage*."—Pleasant caricature of our countrymen.—"*Le baragouinage Britannique*" 30

CHAPTER IV.

Caen.—"Exposition" of a robber in the pillory.—His demeanour.—His numerous escapes from justice.—His influence over a girl pilloried by his side.—Incident in his history; a *huissier* fleeced; Charity repaid by robbery with an interest of cent. per cent.—Description of Caen.—The shooting season in France.—Costume and appearance of the sportsmen.—Rage for "*le Sport*," a portion of the new prevalent Anglomania.—French Cockneys in pursuit of game.—"*Bête, tu m'as tué m'n âne*."—Anecdotes connected with the opening of the season 40

CHAPTER V.

Rouen and its monuments.—The promenades.—Normandy faces and Normandy apples.—Coquetry here confined to the head.—A Fourieriste lecturer.—An English captain struck dead by apoplexy.—The Norman "Tivoli."—An oyster-cellar on the banks of the Seine.—Rare moderation of an ecclesiastic.—"*La belle Normandie*."—Absurd substitution of the name, "*La Seine Inférieure*."—Version of a popular song 49

PAGE

CHAPTER VI.

The Rouen and Paris Railway.—Peculiar advantages of railway travelling on the Continent.—*Coup d'œil* of Parisian costume, male and female.—Present appearance of the French metropolis.—Improvements in street architecture.—Alterations in the suburbs.—Eccentric sculpture.—Multiplicity of public amusements.—Fourteen theatres open in the *dull* season.—The Royal Family; political triumphs.—The maniacal regicide, Henry.—Mr. Cobden.—"Pell" and Palmerston.—Rage for copying "*la perfide Albion.*"—Universal puffing of wares *à l'Anglaise*: Anglomania . . 60

CHAPTER VII.

The Grand Opéra and Madame Rossi Caccia.—The Foyer de l'Opéra.—Resort of the *notabilités artistiques et littéraires.*—Specimens of their *causeries, bons mots,* and *calembourgs.*—Ices at Tortoni's; great consumption this summer in consequence of the extreme heat.—The Boulevard Cafés.—Singular natural phenomena.—The art of puffing as practised in Paris.—The rival empirics, Lob and Rob.—Matrimonial agency by public advertisement.—The Devil amongst the Doctors.—"Every man his own Physician;" Raspail 71

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke de Montpensier returns from Strasbourg.—His proposed marriage with the Spanish Infanta.—The two B.'s, Bulwer and Bresson.—Enlargement of the Paris newspapers; sacrifice of elegance to bulk.—Monster *feuilletons.*—"Young Ireland;" bursting of the Repeal bubble, and ridicule of it in France.—Contrast of the treatment of the soldier in France and in England.—Conference with Monsieur de l'Obus, a member of the

PAGE

War Party.—Tooth-quacks and monstrosities of invented names.—"No more gray hairs, no more white hairs!"—"A bottle of champagne for a halfpenny."—"Twenty-thousand francs for a corn which can resist the Pedicure's treatment!" 81

CHAPTER IX.

The burlesque Regicide, Henry.—The Montpensier Marriage, "*ce resplendissant conjungo.*"—The tiger Narvaez let slip.—Progress of "free trade" principles in France.—The vintage and other crops.—Lord Normanby.—Parisian journalists; their influence; their venality; the enormous circulation of their writings.—Anecdote of Thiers.—*Mot* of Guizot.—The caricature-literature of Paris; the *Charivari*, the *Corsaire-Satan*; their artists, Gavarni, Daumier, and "Cham."—The *Illustration*.—The *Guêpes*.—"Bird's eye" view of the Parisian toilet.—Plan of colonization by military music!—Anecdote of Ingres the painter.—Bellicose sparrows and the magnetic telegraph 92

CHAPTER X.

The Orléans railway.—Résumé of the journey to the Pyrenees.—Description of Orléans.—Steam navigation on the Loire.—Commencement of the vintage.—Hotel charges and mode of living.—A French *extravagant*.—Exaggerated accounts of corn riots and incendiarism.—Description of Blois, Amboise, and Tours.—French railway management.—*Rencontre* with a party of "chasseurs."—Description of Poitiers.—The harvest in France.—Angoulême.—Gross electioneering riots.—Ladies punished for their liege-lords' politics.—A feminine predicament 103

PAGE

CHAPTER XI.

Bordeaux; aspect of the town.—The vintage, its quantity and quality.—French and English claret-growers.—Fresh provisional committee-men caught.—Runaway British bankrupts on the banks of the Garonne.—Rationale of "free trade" in Bordeaux:—"*Les libres-échangistes*" in love with a little monopoly of their own.—Mr. Cobden's reception at Bordeaux.—His successful propagandism, in public and in private.—Adventures of a French soldier who escaped from the late massacre in Algeria 117

CHAPTER XII.

Improvements in Bordeaux.—Splendid steam-packet service *en papier*.—*Protocol*, not funnel, smoke.—The railway to La Teste.—Under-estimated population; tricks in taking the French census.—Splendid vintage.—Suppression of the Reform banquet; French "Liberty."—*Pyroscaphes*.—Ridiculous sign.—Bayonne.—Trait of recent Gasconism.—Great thunder-storm.—The Castle at Bayonne.—The Château Marrac.—Increase of robbers on the Pyrenees.—The Telegraph; France and Spain about to be formed into a "compact Kingdom" . 131

CHAPTER XIII.

Journey from Bayonne to Irun.—Saint-Jean-de-Luz.—Justice of the Duke of Wellington's military sway here, still partially remembered.—Anhoue.—Urugne.—Irun.—Spanish custom-house perquisitions.—How to deal with an Iberian *douanier*.—Passage of the Bidasoa.—Fuéntarrabía; its erroneous association with Roncesvalles by Milton and other poets.—Journey from Irun to San Sebastian.—Local mountains.—Lines of the

PAGE

Carlists and Cristinos.—Wooden sculpture at Passages. —Description of San Sebastian.—Recollections of the siege in 1813.—Increasing importance of the town, owing to the excellence of its sea-bathing.—A Bordeaux-man; curious character.—Graves of the English who fell before the town 141

CHAPTER XIV.

Promenade at San Sebastian.—The Church of St. Vincent. —The Cathedral.—The Harbour; its desolation.—The *Plaza Nueva.*—An impromptu bull-ring.—Costume of the female peasantry.—The fruit-market.—Abundance of orchards in the country round.—*Chacolin.*—Multiplicity of *pimientas* or red peppers.—Volubility of the peasantry in their Basque dialect, and seeming (but only seeming) disposition to quarrel.—Table d'hôte, and characters thereat.—Odd pair of English travellers.—A Spanish dinner, the *olla.*—Britannic French.—Hare stew; look "how the cat jumps."—A feline quadruped bolted with *gusto* by an Englishwoman.—*Rosbif;* how unlike the real thing!—The two crutches or stilts of a Frenchman's conversation.—Desirableness of San Sebastian as a sea-bathing residence for an English family. —Moderate price of living.—Constant visits of the Queen and first families of Spain to San Sebastian, during the summer months 153

CHAPTER XV.

Basque names.—Blissful ignorance of Spanish females.— Stroll through the *alamedas* (public walks).—The mantilla.—Costume of the male peasantry and better classes. —Contrabandistas; smuggling tobacco.—The San Sebastian boat-girls.—Twilight view of the fortifications.— Present appearance of the spot where the storming party

PAGE

entered.—Folly of keeping up the fortifications.—Facility of bombarding the town.—Strictness of the regulations.—Splendid view from the old convent of St. Bartholomew, fronting the town.—Fresh amusement afforded by *mon Bordélais;* a Frenchman's horror of growing obesity.—New roads.—Habits of tippling caught by *mon Bordélais* from an Irishman.—Enthusiastic effusion in praise of claret.—Magnificent panorama of the harbour and surrounding country 170

CHAPTER XVI.

The great road from Bayonne to Madrid about to pass through San Sebastian.—Sketch of the proposed new line.—Topography of the adjoining country.—Excellence and abundance of fish.—Wild-fowl shooting.—The valley of Loyola, with a reminiscence of the founder of the Order of Jesuits.—Appearance of San Sebastian since the rebuilding.—The extramural *barrio* of St. Martin.—The public cemeteries; mode of burial.—The dismantled convents for men, and the still subsisting nunnery.—Import and export trade.—Recollection of the services of "The Legion" at San Sebastian.—Dolorés del Arco; a simple story 183

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey from San Sebastian to Tolosa.—New road, well macadamized.—Costume of the Basque peasantry.—Simple mode of living.—General appearance of the people and their houses.—The *fueros*.—Exemption from duties on tobacco.—These provinces the Paradise of smokers.—Enormous quantity of the weed consumed by temporary residents.—Secret of Espartero's unpopularity amongst the Basques.—Andoain.—Villabona.—Productions of the country round, and "notabilities"

PAGE

born in these two towns.—The anchor factory and iron foundries.—View of the Basque provinces generally.—National symbol.—Carlism of the peasantry the consequence of the invasion of their Fueros.—The Black Prince tricked out of the Lordship of Biscay.—"*Christianos viejos y rancios.*"—Character of the people.—State of agriculture.—Costume.—Music and dances.—Language.—The entrance to Tolosa 197

CHAPTER XVIII.

A hungry Frenchman; Monsieur Le Sac.—The devil amongst the female waiters.—A Spanish Parador and its Muchachas.—Eating *por venganza.*—A French bagman's notion of politics.—The bugbear of Repeal.—Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria.—The Paris Jockey Club, and the racés in the Champ de Mars.—Portraits of French sportsmen drawn by a fellow-countryman.—A *badaud* blown up by his own fowling-piece.—The tailor and the mountain-bandit of Cevennes . . . 207

CHAPTER XIX.

Description of Tolosa; the church; the factories.—Blockade of Diligences.—"Notabilities" born in this town.—Conduct of the inhabitants towards the British Army during the Peninsular War.—Tolosans of old victorious over the French.—Itinerary from Tolosa to Bergara; Alegría; Legorreta; Villafranca; Beasain; Ormastegui; Zumarraga; Villa Real; Anzuola; Bergara.—The vice of gambling in lotteries.—The memorable "Convention."—Circumstances which led to it.—Recent publication by Maroto.—Exposure of French indifference to constitutional liberty in Spain 220

PAGE

CHAPTER XX.

Itinerary from Bergara to Vitoria.—Field in which the Convention of Bergara was consummated. — Mondragon.—Arechavaleta.—Escoriaza.—Castañares.—Salinas de Leniz.—Ullibarri.—Betoño.—Entrance to Vitoria.—The Diligence at a dead-halt.—Novel mode of Floor-scrubbing; a business-like *Cachucha*.—Description of Vitoria.—Climate.—The old and new towns.—The Plaza Nueva and Municipality.—The Hospicio.—The public walks; the *Florida*; the *Prado*.—Ancient history of the town.—Productions.—The Church of Sta. Maria.—San Miguel.—San Francisco.—The Dismantled Convents.—Costume 236

CHAPTER XXI.

Don Carlos Luis, the present Pretender to the Spanish crown.—Chances of a Carlist invasion.—Sketch of the life of Cabrera.—He begins as a "spoiled priest."—The first Carlist insurrection.—The mountain-fortress of Morello.—His début as a guerrillero.—He obtains the rank of Colonel.—Details of his mother's execution.—His horrible reprisals.—Is raised to the rank of Major-General.—Rids himself unceremoniously of his rivals.—Don Carlos's wretched breakdown before Madrid.—Extraordinary seizure of Morello.—The Siege.—The flaming breach.—Cabrera made Conde de Morella.—His raid in the *huerta* of Valencia.—His victory at Maella.—His frightful cruelties. The second Siege of Morella.—Cabrera falls sick.—Espartero enters the place without striking a blow.—He captures Berga.—Cabrera retires into France.—General estimate of his character.—Balmaseda 247

PAGE

CHAPTER XXII.

Gallican sympathies of the Vitoria authorities.—Preparations for the French Princes' reception.—Enormous display of military on the road.—First sight of the battle-ground of Vitoria.—Results of that great exploit.—Ariñez.—La Puebla de Arganzon.—*El Castillo,* where the battle of Vitoria commenced.—Positions of the rival armies.—A magnificent woman.—Armiñon.—Miranda de Ebro.—Custom-house perquisitions.—How to evade them.—Spanish reverence for the hat; made use of universally for the purpose of smuggling cigars.—The Ebro a marked geographical boundary.—Contrast between the Basque provinces and Castiles.—Ameyugo.—The last maize.—Pancorbo.—The pass.—The Gothic Castle.—The fortress destroyed by "our French friend" Angoulême.—Rivaredonda.—The Diligence; the *Mayoral,* the *Zagal,* and the postillion.—Cubo.—Bribiesca.—Leave-taking.—Monasterio.—"Tricks upon Travellers."—The Telegraph.—Quintanapalla 285

CHAPTER XXIII.

Burgos; its numerous attractions.—Situation, population, climate.—Its early history.—Its occupation by the French who plundered it.—The cathedral.—Aspect of the spires.—The portal.—The *Puerta Alta.*—The *Pellegeria.*—The *Cimborio* or dome.—The choir.—The high altar.—The *Retablo.*—Images.—Painted sculpture in wood.—The *plateria* or church silver.—Its former enormous extent, and enormity of the French plunder.—Dialogues with the *Uavero* and an aged canon.—The choristers.—The chapel of the *Condestable.*—That of *Santa Ana;* the *Madonna* by Andrea del Sarto; the "Magdalen with auburn hair" by Leonardo da Vinci.—

PAGE

The chapel of *Santiago*.—That of the *Visitation*.—That of *Enrique*.—That of the *Presentation*; the "Virgin and Child" by Michael Angelo.—The Sala Capitular.—The Sacristias *Vieja* and *Nueva*; Grego's *Crucifixion*; Jordan's *Nascimiento*.—"The Cid's strong box."—The *Santa Cristo* 301

CHAPTER XXIV.

How I am caught note-taking by two armed shoemakers, and charged with sketching Barracks.—I am subjected to an abominable *espionnage*, but turn the tables upon the police authorities.—Forced to become a political propagandist.—The remaining sights of Burgos.—The *Plaza Mayor*; the Cid's dust.—Various costumes here and on the *Espolon*, or chief public walk.—The señoras and the señoritas.—Tallness of many of the men.—Generality of the *Capa*, and grace with which it is worn.—The *Café Suizo*.—Military life.—Coxcombry of the younger officers.—Public statues.—The gate of *Santa Maria*.—I mount a *Rocinante*, and ride through the suburbs in eccentric costume, but convince them the more that I am a concealed political agent.—The *Cartuja*, or convent of Miraflores.—The alabaster sepulchres.—Mutilations and other horrors perpetrated by the French here during the invasion.—The *Padre Prior*; amiable drivelling.—Cerdeña.—I apply for admission to the Castle of Burgos, and am repulsed.—I *surround* the Castle in revenge, on my *Rocinante*, and create terrific commotion within, in the belief that I am going to take it, a task in which the Duke of Wellington failed.—Magnificent view from the Castle Hill.—"The Duke's" positions in front.—The Cid's House.—I relieve the garrison from its anxiety, and do not take the Castle 317

PAGE

CHAPTER XXV.

I am taken for the Secretary of the British Legation at Madrid. — Inconveniences of my new dignity. — Am engaged in a political set-to with a Spanish Colonel.— Two mortal hours of controversial eloquence.—I deliver a propagandist harangue 331

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Montpensier Blockade.—I am refused post-horses, and cannot proceed by Valladolid.—Forced to resort to intrigue.—The *muchacha* Francisca befriends me.— Our plans are formed, and almost defeated by a *holgazan's* lubberly laziness.—They succeed through a woman's ingenuity. — Particulars of the *espionnage* to which I was subjected at Burgos.—A Zaragozano.— An *Afrancesado*.—The value of French books of travel. —A dissatisfied Englishman.—The Parador *Boots*.— The night porter.—Advice to Travellers.—I start for Madrid 342

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lerma.—Aspect of Castile.—Magnificent wheat districts left uncultivated.—*Dehesas* and *despoblados*.—Gumiel de Izan.—Aranda de Duero.—We ascend the Somosierra.—The town.—The supper.—"Tea and eggs."— Veritable *Roast Pig*.—Invocation of the shade of Charles Lamb.—Reminiscence of the battle.—Buitiago.—San Sebastian de los Reyes.—Fuencarral.—The Bilbao Gate. —We enter Madrid 351

PAGE

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Madrid: The *Puerta del Sol.*—The *Plaza del Oriente.*—The Royal Palace.—Count Bresson's formal demand of the hand of the Infanta Luisa.—He mounts by the same staircase which Diego Leon stormed.—And is magnificently received.—Speeches of Count Bresson, Queen Cristina, Queen Isabel, and the Infanta.—Contradiction of the Prime Minister, Isturiz, by Her Majesty's Representative at Madrid.—Letter of General Serrano; Mr. Bulwer's reply 362

CHAPTER XXIX.

Blockade of the streets of Madrid.—Disfigurement of the public buildings.—Metamorphosis of the *Prado* and the *Plaza Mayor.*—Displays of military for the purposes of intimidation.—General Breton's proceedings in Catalonia.—Persecution of the Madrid Press.—Silhouettes of the Spanish Ministers: Isturiz, Mon, Pidal, Caneja, Sanz, Armero.—The Foreign diplomatic corps: Count Bresson, Prince Carini, the Duke de Glucksberg, Baron Renduffe.—The female members of the Camarilla: the Marqueza de Santa Cruz, the Marqueza de Valverde. —Shootings at Lerida. — Dignitaries disposed of by strangulation.—Progresista petition against the Montpensier marriage.—Gallican mania.—The Fair of Madrid. —Conversation at the Puerta del Sol.—Pasquinade . 373

CHAPTER XXX.

The Royal Chapel at Madrid.—The Royal Family at their devotions.—Queen Isabel.—The Infanta Luisa.—Queen Cristina.—Don Francisco de Paulo.—Don Francisco de

PAGE

Asis, the Royal Bridegroom.—His sisters.—His brother Don Enrique.—The Duke de Montpensier.—The Duke d'Aumale.—The unsuccessful candidates: Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Count Trapani.—Probability of Queen Isabel having children.—Her costume at Military Reviews.—Change in Don Francisco's fortunes.—The Mesdemoiselles Muñoz.—Louis Philippe's match-making.—Anecdotes of the Duke de Montpensier . 391

CHAPTER XXXI.

Differences between Queen Isabel's medical advisers.—Effects of exclusive breeding in the Royal and Grande Families.—The Duke of Medina Celi, the Duke of Abrantes, the Duke of Osuna, the Duke of Montemar, Grandes of Spain and Portugal.—Misunderstanding between Don Francisco de Asis and Don Enrique.—Muñoz, Duke de Rianzares.—Narvaez, Duke of Valencia.—Scene between him and Salamanca.—Carrasco's wager.—Resignation of titles.—The bull-fight.—"*El toro Mon-pen-seer.*"—Political trifles.—Declaration of the Progresista press . . . 409

A JOURNEY OVERLAND

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CHAPTER I.

The *James Watt* and King Hudson.—Nomenclature of shipping.—Lodgment on the Thames Tunnel.—Cockney phraseology.—"A Hirish Screw."—The Havre Douane.—Characters therein.—Stroll through Havre.—Female costume.—The fruit-market.—Street-architecture.—Bourgeoise beauties.—Bizarreries of orthography.—Sign-posts and typographical errors.—Primitive drinking invitations.—Democritus, Fielding, and the *Voyage to Lisbon*.

Sailing down the Thames, September 3.

Got under way at 9 A.M.—an hour after the time advertised—an admirable specimen of railway and steamboat punctuality. *Quære*, is King Hudson a Neptune as well as a Vulcan? Does he preside over the realm of water as over that of fire? Hint to the General Steam Navigation Company, to advertise his name as Chairman to their Board as well as to the Eastern Counties—by way of insuring a trumpet for their regularity.

Our steamer is called the *James Watt*—auspicious name—seemed to get up her steam with greater zest in compliment to that greatest of stokers. The nomenclature of shipping is a curious and true indication of national character. We Englishers have not a few foolish names for our vessels, but on the whole they are short, handy, and practical. Contrast the *James Watt* with *La Prise de la Bastille*, *Le Vingt-sept de Juillet*, or with the still more sounding designations of Spanish superstition: *La Purisima Concepcia*, or *Nuestra Señora de la Gloria!* A juvenile fiddler whom I heard perform at Seville three years since was called *El Niño Jesus*, "The Infant Jesus!" Is this the way to make men religious?

Bump came the bottom of the *James Watt* against the top of the Thames Tunnel (a positive fact—for, reader, I am determined to give you nothing but facts). I do not apprehend that we have dinged in that enormous piece of fancy engineering, but probably enough we have caused a few gallons more of water to ooze through the masonry, and contributed to hasten the exit, through pulmonary complaints, of the martyrs to lust of sixpences who display their ingenuity in that golgothic locality—the solitary catacombs of London. It was only yesterday that I paid half-a-crown to a pale, shivering atrophy of a young female artist for the *silhouette* of a lady with whom I explored this subterranean wonder. The cheek of the artist was as colourless as the paper from which she cut the profile. I read in her face the growing traces of consumption

voluntarily superinduced. Would that that bump of the *James Watt's* bottom had stove in the Tunnel irremediably and for ever! Were I in authority, I would infallibly shut up the nuisance.

A quarter of an hour aground on the Tunnel, with the pleasing prospect of Wapping on one side and Rotherhithe Church on the other—Bermondsey flats in the distance, with the scent of its tanyards to gratify our olfactory organs—a metropolitan substitute for the odours of "Araby the Blest." This *contretems* is the result of the want of punctuality in our sailing. Had we started at eight, as advertised, we should have had abundance of water. All the little steamers in the river appear to be laughing at us as they pass. *Rainbows* glance by, and *Diamonds* flash past us. The *Falcon* has just shot ahead with a full freight of passengers for Margate, which reaps this month its harvest. "Great bodies move slowly." Pity for the nonce that ours is not a Greenwich or a Gravesend toy-boat, or a bridge cockle-shell, with its tiny Queen Mab tea-kettle to move it.

"Off she goes!"

"She steers like a fish."

"Beautiful!"

Such was the consolatory dialogue between the steersman and his helper, which announced that we were again in locomotion.

Our passengers consisted chiefly of denizens of Cockaigne, going a-pleasuring to Havre for an average of a week or fortnight each. I just now overheard this facetious dialogue:—

"At first I thought to go to *Belong*."

"But that wouldn't suit, because you were obliged to *be short*."

"Exactly. My stay will be only for a week. My wife wanted to go to *Callas;* but I was determined to have my own way this time, and so I've brought her off to *Halve her!*"

I thought it a very *callous* observation; and hope this Cockney Greenacre will not realize his announced intention.

"What boat's that?" said the steersman.

"That's a Hirish screw," said the helper.

Shade of Archimedes! Thus was familiarly described a steamer propelled on the principle which bears thy name!

Havre, September 4.

To dwell on the incidents of my sea-voyage from London to Havre, with a passage of the Pyrenees in prospect, would be to imitate the worthy German philologist, who, proposing to write a commentary on the Iliad, devoted half a folio to the first line. I shall therefore muffle up my nausea and my common-place experiences on shipboard, and spare the tremulous denizens of Cockaigne (now for the first time setting foot on the Continent without knowing a tittle of its language or its ways) who formed the bulk of my fellow-passengers. Their ludicrous fright at the melting of five-franc pieces in hire of boatmen, inspection of luggage, transport of the same, custom-house fees, and running the gauntlet of the passport nuisance, was in itself sufficient

punishment for their audacity in exploring, with a Cockney's knowledge, the *terra incognita* of Europe. Terrific was the stare of one little man in a blue coat with brass buttons, who now evidently for the first time transported his person from a desk in the Minories unto foreign parts, when on his asking me in a momentous, frightened whisper—

"P—p—please, Sir, could you tell me, what is the b—b—boatmen's charge for takin' ashore?"

I replied with the coolness of an old hand—

"Really, I don't know—whatever they demand."

The charge was in fact reasonable—a franc for each passenger; and had it been three francs, there was of course no remedy but to pay. It is the very ABC of travelling to object to no charge which is not, on the face of it, utterly exorbitant. The loss of tranquillity and peace of mind is ill requited by a sixpenny saving—even supposing the saving could be effected. But your veritable cockney can never divest himself of the idea of cheapening, which he has carried with him from Cheapside.

Since I first set foot in France, now just ten years past, it has been with me a stereotyped idea that you cannot move ten yards in any direction in the country without meeting with "a character." Civilization, which smooths down inequalities elsewhere, in vain assails the *amour propre* of a true Frenchman, which commonly pushes itself forth in some fantastic shape, that presents, if not an interesting, an amusing feature to the observer. I had not emerged from the Havre *douane*, before

a couple of oddities exhibited their faces. One was an ogress of a woman, intrusted with the delicate charge of searching the female passengers' persons, when suspected of contraband. A parchment face of most durable brown, features all *en grand*, united to a large figure and a strong and husky voice, gave her so much of a masculine character as, combined with the celerity of her movements and the length of her strides, led me strongly to suspect the possibility of her being a man in female attire. The joke would be a little coarse, but excellent. The she-dragon being in reality a he-dragon or dragon in disguise, and empowered to divest female travellers at will of any portion of their habiliments deemed necessary to verify the fact of their not being smugglers. Really, my fair countrywomen should demur to such inspection, until the sex of this very *brusque* inspectress shall have been properly certified and attested. What a commentary upon the absurd system of raising a revenue by customs duties, which, in England at least, before ten years, will be abolished!

The other character who drew my attention is the man who regulates the charge for each inspection of baggage, and takes the money at the further door of the douane; a *grand gros gougenard*, who hashes up all languages—after a fashion—the fashion of a French *ragoût*, and seems to possess a power of reckoning up packages and items far exceeding that of Babbage's calculating machine. When passengers remonstrate,

there is an irony in the tone of his voice and in his eye, which to one who knows a little of the world should carry irresistible conviction. It says as plainly as language:—"Old boy, you are in my power; P. P.—play or pay, if you wish your baggage to pass." He has a most ingenious way of laying on a per-centage, by a mode, I believe, peculiar to himself,—he appeals to a complicated printed tariff on the wall, which, like the Talmud, may be interpreted at will, and, passing from language to language with a practised, spluttering facility which never loses its tone of quiet irony, appeals for the rectitude of all his decisions to the ogress aforesaid, who categorically, of course, confirms them. Then, pocketing your francs, he gives a hitch to his enormous *pantalon,* winks at the ogress with a rumble of ventriloquistic laughter through all his Falstaffian paunch, and appears to shift a quid in his mouth—for, I think, he chews tobacco.

Havre is the very antipodes of Boulogne in appearance and character, and for those who wish really to see Frenchmen it is the best part to *débouche* in. At Havre everything is thoroughly French—the town, the streets, the people, while Boulogne is anglicized to a degree that makes it difficult to recognize in it a foreign locality. The quays at Havre are full of life, and the basins, usually, of shipping. It is a thoroughly commercial and stirring port, yet retains all the characteristics of the province to which it belongs.

I strolled along the quays as far as the Place

Louis Seize, and at once renewed my impressions of ten years back—discovering in the town an old friend, not with a new face, but without one wrinkle in his old face altered—the same singular variety of small shops, the same crowding of their contents at doors and windows, the same screaming of birds and immethodical bustle on the quays, the same plentiful interspersion of cafés, wine and grog shops, the same multitude of Norman males and females from the surrounding district in the streets, the same blue smocks worn by the men, the same picturesque and apparently endless diversity of caps by the women, oscillating between the form of a helmet and of what used to be known in England as a dowdy cap. Buxom, rather than handsome, is the epithet to characterize the female peasantry of Normandy, yet, in the interior, many are handsome and some positively beautiful. As, however, I mean to record my actual impressions in this journey, as they arise from actual observation, I must state that beauty in the streets of Havre I have met but little, although the coquettish and eccentric shape of some of the female caps, and the little cockety tail of a spenser worn here and there, give a smart and *agaçante* aspect to several of the younger females, and I had the satisfaction to encounter many agreeable faces. The old ones look for the most part withered hags—I speak chiefly of the lower orders. The female costume seen in the streets, shops, and places of public resort, is for the most part dark—black appears a general favourite—and the consequence is that a rather sombre character is imparted.

(*Qu.* may not this dusky hue be chosen because it saves washing?) Under the less favourable sun of England at this season, the colours worn by the fair sex are far more diversified. A rainbow, not to say a peacock, might in most cases be their prototype. This gaiety of attire is seen universally amongst the gentler sex in Paris, but in the provinces is little known—so entirely does Paris concentrate and monopolize whatever there is of fashion and display in the kingdom. In every considerable country town in England the elegance of the female toilet is attended to, and it is impossible not to admit a considerable improvement of late years in the style of dress of my fair countrywomen. London does not in this respect, like Paris, press like a nightmare on the country. We have scores of provincial towns which are growing up to be little Londons, and abundance of elegance may be found outside the metropolis.

The weather is all that can be conceived of delightful. "*Ce beau soleil de Normandie*" produces enough of warmth to cheer and animate, without begetting the lassitude and oppression of southern climates. Yet the traces of incipient laziness can be found even here, as contrasted with energetic England. The effects of climate are felt in regular gradation as you proceed southward to the Alps or Pyrenees, and thence into the Italian or Spanish Peninsula, and across the Mediterranean into Africa —lazy, lazier, laziest!

I strolled just now up the Rue de Paris, the principal street of Havre, peeped into the Church of

Notre Dame, with its gay and lightsome draperies and its not uncoquettish devotees, and spent a good half hour in that unrivalled depository of national character in all countries—the market-place. Here fruit, fish, vegetables, esculents of all kinds, invited the *gourmet's* inspection; and flowers of the most exquisite diversity of colours, harmonizing their tints with a bountiful natural luxuriance, and arranged in such tempting *bouquets* as Frenchwomen's fingers alone can compass, reposed by the side of such pears and apples as Normandy alone can produce, and as, this year, England unhappily denies in their accustomed perfection. Almonds, walnuts, in great profusion, and melons of excellent aspect, present their inviting heaps cheek by jowl with very beautiful bunches of white and black grapes—succulent to the taste and agreeable in flavour, but not comparable to those which at this season I have eaten for years past at Cadiz, Seville, and Lisbon. Yet, to pass from "snowy England," as Camóens rather coolly describes it, to the gardens of Normandy, and meet even such grapes grown in the open air, may well repay the slender trouble of the journey.

The Place du Marché is crowded, both in the character of the buildings which surround it and in the stalls which occupy its interior, to a degree which quite reminds me of Cadiz, whose peninsular situation rendering extension impossible without encroaching on the domain of Father Neptune, has occasioned houses and buildings to be huddled together, so as to remind one not a little of the

superimposition of heads in Milton's *Pandemonium*, or (if this image after the other will not be deemed bathical and vulgar) the packing of herrings in a barrel. The picturesque effect of the houses which form this square, and run up all along both sides of the Rue de Paris, is greatly aided by the inequality of their heights and the irregularity of their style of structure. It is as if an army of Lilliputians were dove-tailed with another of Brobdignags. Equally picturesque is the diversity of Norman caps worn by the dames and damsels who preside over their different stalls—from the withered old beldame to the blooming *filette* with demilune ear-rings thrust into her ears, for the first time only the other day—from the *grogneuse* and loud-spoken *poissarde* in a dirty face and a graceless mob, to the smart flower-girl in a pretty close lace cap, trimmed most tastefully (betokening truly that you are in France) with pink or crimson ribbon, with charming little rosettes at the sides, of the same colour.

See—there is a phenomenon—an untidy, stayless, yet most voluptuous figure of a young woman of eighteen, trolloping slip-shod through the market. Her face is accidentally turned towards you—she is perfectly beautiful! Her features regular, almost Grecian in their outline, her complexion pure and faultless, her cheek round (the contrary is a common defect in France, nearly all the women being flat-cheeked to a fault), her colour seems to have been transferred from the ripest peach in Normandy. The shop-girls standing at the different doors eye her with half contempt, and half involuntary admiration; *Là*

va Marie! I suppose her reputation is not wholly unblemished. But on Sundays and feast-days she may be seen, I am told, tripping on board the steamers which carry thousands of the *endimanchée* Havre population to Ingouville, Caen, or Honfleur, as smartly drest and better looking than the best of them, and hence probably no inconsiderable portion of their sneers.

Their English orthography in Havre is of the drollest. Just now, strolling along *Le Grand Quai*, I saw painted in large yellow letters on the window of a public-house, the words

BEER—CHOP.

The mistake was doubtless occasioned by the artist seing written upon some of the veritable English "houses of entertainment," of which there are several, of a questionable sort, in the town, the apparently cognate phrase "Chop-House." His ideas thus became muddled—no unnatural consequence where there was question of a "Beer-Shop." The sign as painted by him would probably be equally efficient for its purpose as if he had not erred in his spelling, because it would indicate to the English sailor or bewildered cockney for whom it was intended, that he might have both his pint of beer and his "chop" within. A little learning proved a will-o'-the-wisp to this adventurous sign-painter, as it often does to the honourable confraternity of printers, since nine-tenths of all the typographical errors that occur arise from compositors exercising their inventive ingenuity upon the

author's manuscript. The first edition of my last work on Spain was thus adorned with such enlightened improvements *at a venture* as "the husbandman" for "the husband," "Pontifical chief" for "Political chief," and a "hypocritical priest" for "hypocritical pest." But the mistake on the Havre sign was elegant and intelligible English compared with a piece of *baragouin* which I saw last year on a Lisbon grog-shop at the corner of the Calçada de Estrella. The natives of the British Isles were thus invited to partake of a cooling beverage :—

GIN GERBER.

Good reader, do ye give it up? I doubt not you will inquire, how gin could be so cooling. The artist meant to convey that "ginger-beer" was sold within! More germane to the matter is a sign which I have just now seen on another Havre wine-shop close to the custom-house, accurate both in the wording and the general effect, as well as the æsthetic character of its phraseology :—

AMERICAN DRINK STORE.

Reader, I mean to be very discursive in these volumes, very immethodical, and "woundy parlous." It is my ambition to amuse you, as it is a necessity to amuse myself with a view to lighten the affliction of a severe organic disease. None but those who are near me know how much I suffer, from a pulmonary affection for which nearly every remedy has been tried in vain. One only remedy is left—patience, of which I believe I have a tolerable stock,

having been taught it by six years' unintermitted sickness. I strive to escape by observation of the outer world and of mankind from the natural tendency to brood over misfortune, and seek to discover in occupation that cheerfulness which would be inevitably lost in an unemployed existence, and in dwelling on the phases of my illness. Around the chains which disease has thrown over me, I would wreath such flowers as I yet can cull by the side of my painful road which cannot be long in this world, and forget the levity or the heartlessness which not only refuses to sympathize, but often even doubts if my sickness be real;—such being the nature of pulmonary complaints, that they often co-exist in the greatest severity with the outward appearance of health. And, while escaping from the actual of interior life to the pleasant ground of observation; and to the exercise of imagination and of inventive arrangement which the record of its results calls forth, I would at once amuse you and occasionally perhaps instruct—having now for ten years been a nearly constant resident in various parts of the continent of Europe. I would borrow the laughter of Democritus without his sneer; and aiming rather to ameliorate than to assail mankind, I would imitate his pleasantry of whom Juvenal says:—

> "Ridebat quoties à limine moverat unum
> Protuleratque pedem."

It is now just a century since the incomparable Fielding performed the same journey which I am about to make, but went by sea instead of by land,

and recorded his impressions in an admirable work —his *Voyage to Lisbon*—a few months after writing which he died in the place of his pilgrimage. Goslings like to compare themselves with eagles, and therefore I would say that, in the same spirit as Fielding's, I desire to record with minute but generalized observation, the impressions of a far more toilsome but likewise more interesting journey, to "catch the living manners as they rise," and smooth perhaps some difficulties for those who may choose hereafter a route which has been hitherto comparatively untried. Nor shall I be damped in the ardour with which I shall execute my task by the strong probability that, like Fielding, I shall not long survive the journey.

CHAPTER II.

The open-air life of the Continent.—The Place Louis Seize at Havre.—Street *silhouettes*.—The Grand Bassin.—"*Laisser aller*" of the people.—Their politeness.—Marked difference from England.—French misses and their legs.—Redundance of military.—The Place du Marché and the fruit of Normandy.—Bustle and business on the Quays.—Extravagance of the port-charges.—Havre bathers.—Thiers, Dumas, Horace Vernet, and Alphonse Karr.—The Regatta.

Havre, September 4.

THAT life in the open air, which forms an essential difference between the Continent and England, at once is seen to begin here; and here commences the first stage of that *laisser aller* and *insouciance*, which end, when you have traversed Europe, in the utter *abandon* of the Lazzaroni. We are now in the Place Louis Seize, or, as it is otherwise called, the Place du Théâtre, the principal square of the city. In the central and open part, between the clusters of elms, the merchants and opulent citizens are congregated in considerable numbers, smoking, lounging, conversing, ogling, criticizing the passengers, or doing nothing—pretty much as in the Palais Royal at Paris. Some are on hired chairs—two sous each—but most are standing. On the

benches in the side-alleys under the trees are numbers of the working classes, seated or lolling on the free iron benches, and escaping from the noon-day heat in a kind of substitute for a siesta. Amongst this class, the blue smock-frock for the men, and the white linen cap for the women, are nearly universal. But many may be seen lounging without coat or smock, and there go two *gamins* arm-in-arm, in that loving conjunction which one so often meets and admires in French youths, with nothing on them but their shirts and trousers. Verily, France is the ground for "taking it easy." There go a couple more youths in shirt and *pantalon*, and they might be followed by hundreds, all over France, of a sultry day like this. May it not be that we are somewhat too starched in England, and submit, at times, to a voluntarily inflicted purgatory, through a too rigid observance of *les bienséances?*

The *grand bassin*, or principal dock, is in front, crowded with shipping—some of the largest size. It is no exaggeration to call Havre the Liverpool of France, though to call it a Liverpool would be no little of a misnomer. Its population at the last census was 30,000, *étrangers compris*, but excluding the suburbs. It is now fully 60,000, including Ingouville and the other suburbs. The quays and basins are noble and of great extent; and, though the commerce is nothing to that of Liverpool, it is yet very considerable. At the foot of the Place Louis Seize where I am standing, right in front of the Theatre, lies a splendid new merchant ship of the largest size. She was built and launched at

Honfleur the other day, appears of admirable figure, is called the *General Teste*, of 660 tons burthen, and destined for the whale fishery. She is just now getting her masts put into her, while a tricolor nearly as large as a mainsail waves its broad folds over her deck. Is there not something here suggestive of national character? An equally suggestive feature is the fact that I have just lost half an hour in searching for the Quai d'Orléans, where I have been told to inquire for my friend Mons. Victor ——. At length I discovered that it is still inscribed with its old name of the "*Quai d'Angoulême*," although known universally amongst the inhabitants as the Quai d'Orléans. One would suppose that in sixteen years they might have found time to remove the old name, and substitute the patronymic of the new dynasty. But "they manage these things differently in France"—is it possible to add "better?" You may call your spade a shovel; but a stranger will be very apt to consider it a spade, and look for the shovel elsewhere. It is surely a great injustice to travellers to puzzle and confound them with street names, and it would not be tolerated for a moment in England to send a man hunting for The Poultry in Regent-Street; but *laisser aller* is more convenient than regular business habits, and *politesse* may almost make one contented with mere lip-civilization.

The traveller who for the first time leaves England by way of France, will be struck chiefly with two things—the politeness of the lower classes and the absence of our recognised notions of comfort

and cleanliness. All this has been remarked over and over before; but a word or two about the present state of things in France, in these respects, will not be misplaced. All the impudence of bagmen (*commis-voyageurs*), sham politicians, and the absurd war-party, has found it impossible to displace the inherent politeness of national character. But it is chiefly in the lowest and the highest classes that it must be sought. There is a garrulity, an overweening vanity, a repulsive self-complacency, and an insufferable effrontery, amongst many of the middle classes that one meets—especially in the younger and middle-aged men, and above all amongst Parisians—which it requires a strong stomach to digest; and for my part I prefer turning to *les hommes du peuple*, the peasantry, the artisans, the true *gentilhomme* of the highest classes when I can, and to all *les honnêtes gens*. Here there is true, genuine, inborn politeness, and consideration for the feelings of all—whether natives or foreigners. As for comfort and convenience, I am persuaded that the decision of every impartial and really travelled man will be that these begin to disappear when you cross the British Channel; that in Paris, in spite of some galvanic attempts to introduce them together with irreproachable cleanliness, they seem not very reconcilable with the genius of the people, and accordingly *in domiciliary arrangements* little true progress has been made; while at every step you make further south, the elements of comfort, convenience, and cleanliness gradually disappear with the change in the climate, until, when you

arrive at the further extremity of the Peninsula, you find the arrangements not only at variance with our ordinary notions, but often even contradictory of common sense. But these are not matters to frighten any but old women from the exploration and exploitation of these magnificent regions. The compensations are ample and endless. The cloudless sky, the glorious sun (in summer, it must be confessed, considerably too hot) the beautiful scenery, the gorgeous natural productions, the classic localities and their time-hallowed remembrances, the study of man, whose heart in these southern countries is laid bare upon his sleeve, the nearly universal politeness, the frank and hearty cordiality of manner and feeling, the fine, manly character of the Pyrenean and Spanish races, all these form a congeries of attractions which render this tour of surpassing interest, and compared with which the few drawbacks to which I have alluded are but miserable and insignificant fillips.

Another point which will convince the traveller that he is no longer in England, is the greater coquettishness of the women. I will not say that the eyes are brighter, but there is more meaning in their eloquent glances—a meaning too not always the most agreeable. Very young girls abroad appear to have attained to consciousness, and often laugh out if you give them only a casual glance. Every woman, almost up to the age of Methusalem, expects to be admired, and most perhaps are ready to be loved. It is strange too what a horror they have—at least those who have pretty ankles—of

the dust or mud, or the no-dust or no-mud, as the case may be, in the streets. Miss Simpkins' or Miss Tomkins' ideas of propriety are doubtless sadly confounded by such comportment. It is glorious weather, and on this particular *trottoir* there certainly is no dust to signify; yet there goes a very elegant and splendidly drest girl, with her mamma and her eldest sister, whose petticoat is positively held up now and then within an inch of her garter. And she is not more than seventeen, and appears to have no consciousness—her face all seeming simplicity and serenity, as are those of most French unmarried misses (after marriage it is a little t'other). How ridiculous to suppose that she is not conscious of her exquisite shapes! Never was a more beautiful leg displayed, or displayed probably from a more thorough conviction that it was beautiful. If not consciously displayed, how is it that her sister does not do the same! I can just see a portion of the latter's ankle, and there is nothing there particularly to invite. "There is reason in the roasting of eggs," says the old proverb; ay, and in the lifting of legs. Mamma, the wife of a Norman proprietor, knows very well what is going on—yet "keeps never minding." She wants to marry her daughter, and knows that that leg is in itself *un dot!*

What would St. Augustine, who wrote the tractate "*de virginibus velandis,*" say to such exhibitions under the broad noon-day sun? The thunders of his anathema would make the blue waters of Seine retreat in dismay to their "Etruscan shore" of

Honfleur. But there is no Augustine, not even a Saint Martin now-a-days in France to shrive souls into contrition. Long may my fair countrywomen be free from such foreign ways, and though they be a little draggle-tailed as the consequence, yet theirs be still the virgin pearl of modesty! *Cynthius vellit aurem*, and tells me of Margate and its Polka-bathers. This only shows the absurdity of setting up as a preacher, and drawing comparisons. For, though ladies and gentlemen bathe together hand-in-hand in some parts of France, their persons are always strictly veiled, and the shame is never seen amongst them, as at Margate, of bosoms flaunting bare, and bathing-dresses carried high up the delicate limbs by the advancing or retreating tide, while the so-called ladies who perform these unseemly ablutions retreat from beneath their canopy that nothing may be hid, and perform their indecorous Polka in the glare of the public eye. I am persuaded that these sham-Nereids are the scum of Cockneys.

Of all the differences between France and England, which strike a foreigner on his first arrival, perhaps the most characteristic is the predominance of military in the former country. There is certainly nothing very original in this observation, but it would be almost impossible to pass through the country without recording it. Many Frenchmen, with whom I have conversed on this journey, have, while ready enough to point out English defects and claim in many respects a superiority for France, agreed with

me in lamenting the needlessness and great expense of this enormous establishment. Algeria, I find, has proved a true sickener, and will kill —if anything can—the *gallus bellicosus,* or military cock, by which I would humbly indicate the Gallic rage for war. One very intelligent Frenchman, who had just returned from England, where he had made but a few days' stay, was so struck by the superiority of our police administration by civilians instead of soldiers, that he avowed his determination to preach a *propagande* everywhere he went through France, in favour of our system, and for the reduction of the French army. If you were to fall from a balloon on any part of the French territory, your eyes would be sure to light on the ugly shako and red breeches of a soldier—for most truly, in the words of the *Marseillaise,*

"Tout est soldat pour vous combattre."

I have just concluded a stroll through the market, and tasted some of the fruit of "*la belle Normandie.*" I find that the season has been little more propitious to fruit in France than in England. "*Ah, ma foi, c'est toute abimée; il n'y a point de fruit cette année,*" was the reply of a stall-woman to whom I put some inquiries on the subject. She nevertheless contrived to select me some excellent specimens of pears, apples, and

peaches, for which she charged me the following (for Normandy) famine prices: choice apples, three sous each; ditto pears, four sous; ditto peaches, eight sous each, a smaller sort five sous. Prosecuting my inquiries further, I discovered that the allegation of scarcity was not a mere trick of trade, and that the blight both of fruit and potatoes has this season been very extensive throughout the north of France. An equal scarcity in the orchards of Normandy has not been known for very many years. Plums, as in England, have been particularly visited with sterility, and through the whole market I only saw two baskets of this fruit. The choice peaches and pears, however, which I got at such truly choice prices, were truly excellent — soft, melting, and delicious. It is odd how similarity of pursuits begets similarity of manner and even of aspect. Looking merely at the faces of these market-women, without eyeing their lofty white caps and perforated demilune earrings, you might readily imagine yourself in Liverpool or Dublin—the same *sans façon* ways, the same worldly-minded shrewdness of eye.

There is a very active communication by steam kept up between Havre and the small neighbouring localities of Ingouville, Honfleur, and Caen, as well as with Rouen. I have at this moment in my

eye, from the window of my hotel, no fewer than fifteen steamers lying at once in the basin fronting the Grand Quai. One will depart immediately for Rouen, another for Ingouville, a third for Honfleur. The bustle is great—greater than English sea-faring people exhibit on similar occasions. The French appear to act mostly on effort and impulse—they are enthusiasts—*très passionnés* by nature; the phlegmatic Englishman acts by system and by method.

Here is a characteristic scene enough:—Four English horses were to be embarked on board the steamer for Rouen, *en route* to Paris. Great preparations were made—a wide gangway was laid down—a horse-box slung out—I know not how many ropes and halsers got in readiness. The horses arrived, each with an English groom at his head, and were walked down the gangway, to the utter astonishment of the Frenchmen, in three minutes. The horse-box, the ropes, and the halsers were unneeded, the diversified paraphernalia of preparation were huddled back to the deck, and the sailors looked a little silly.

The port charges of Havre are most onerous—indeed suicidal—4s. 6d. per ton upon every vessel that enters. Upon the English steamers, which stay only two or three days, they amount to an average of fifty guineas per trip! This monstrous grievance should be abated, as should be also the delays in clearing the baggage of passengers, by which on your way to Paris you are nearly always detained a day.

The seaports of the north of France are very gay this season, the rage *pour les bains de mer* never having been greater than at present. The most impulsive and "impressionable" people in the world being the French (not even excepting my excitable countrymen in Ireland) the dictates of fashion are more strictly obeyed here than in any other country. Hence, the wand of Fashion having pointed to the sea, Paris has disembogued its population seaward, and the extreme heat of the season has of course given the northern coast the preference. At this moment the hotels of Havre are full of these pilgrims of health, and the different *tables d'hôte* are made gayer than usual by their presence, *minauderies*, and chatter. Both males and females are arrayed in what they pleasantly call *costumes de Havre*—dresses of the lightest texture, and commonly of the cheapest materials, yet made up in a style which by no means loses sight of fashion. It is less than a month since Havre was favoured with the presence of a very distinguished party, composed of the veritable Thiers himself, Alexandre Dumas, Horace Vernet, and Alphonse Karr. They put up together at the Hôtel des Bains Frascati, on the sea-coast a short distance from the town. The person of Thiers, now seen for the first time, astonished the townsfolk no little, he having been universally set down as the shortest man in Havre, while his sparkling and intelligent eye was the only feature which redeemed his person from absolute meanness. A regatta of considerable importance took place while they were here, at which

the prizes were contended for with the Havre boatmen by English boatmen from Portsmouth and Jersey. In compliment to the distinguished visitors, one of the French competing boats was called the "Horace Vernet," and another the "Alphonse Karr." The "Horace Vernet" was beat, but the "Alphonse Karr" was more successful. Out of the four prizes, however, three were carried off by the Englishmen. Thiers and his party left this some three weeks back on their return to Paris, outside of which they can no more comfortably exist than Lamb or Hazlitt could out of London. The centralization of French administrative government is not more complete than the social centralization which makes Paris "the be-all and the end-all" of existence—a huge insatiable serpent swallowing all the rest of France. Now, to those who can find it, there is more real life, as there is far more nature, in most of the provinces, and there is incomparably more of beauty. Commend me to the maids of Montmorency, Caen, or Orléans. The genuine Parisian population is, on the whole, I think, about the ugliest in France.

CHAPTER III.

The Frascati Gardens at Havre.—"The *only* French Aërial Railway."—The great philosophic Conjuror, Monsieur de Bourbon.—Solution of the mystery.—The new Museum.—The maritime fortifications.—Table d'hôte.—Negligé costume.—A runaway provisional committee-man caught *in flagranti*.—Analysis of the guests.—The Theatre; A Parisian "star;" Hoffmann.—"Les *Anglais en voyage*."—Pleasant caricature of our countrymen.—"*Le baragouinage Britannique*."

Havre, September 4.

I HAVE just been to the garden of Frascati in the neighbourhood, invited by placards on all the walls, to see "*les grandes expériences sur le chemin de fer aërien*." The proprietor of the matériel and conductor of these experiments announces himself by the pompous name of "Monsieur de Bourbon," in itself a suspicious designation, and smelling of quackery. The enterprise is trumpeted as "the only existing Aërial Railway of France" and as "approved by M. Dumon, Minister of Public Works, who lately witnessed the experiments at Havre." The projector further condescended to explain why he called it "aërial"—viz. because the carriage starts from a point raised 30 mètres above the level of the garden,

then descends a slope of 44 in 100, and passes into a circle four mètres in height, which it describes *avec une rapidité incroyable*, and rises subsequently to an elevation of 18 mètres above the ground. "Impossible to witness a spectacle more interesting or more curious." In order to attract a larger number of spectators, the *clôture définitive* of the experiments at Havre was announced to take place immediately, and when M. de Bourbon should have "*fait ses adieux au public*, descending on one of his chariots, after exercises as numerous as varied, which would leave no doubt whatever as to the security of these rapid voyages, the railway would be 'dismounted,' and transported to Paris for exhibition in the Hippodrome."

The occasion was an excellent one for seeing the varieties of Norman female costume (for crowds were attracted from the surrounding villages) and, if I was not otherwise repaid for a journey of moderate length, I at least had the opportunity of witnessing a very gay gathering, and of studying numerous peculiarities of costume and character. Of all the female head-gear, in its infinite diversity, none struck me as more graceful than a kind of flattened helmet of pasteboard covered with sky-blue *gros de Naples*, and with a very rich lace laid over this, while two sparkling demilune gold earrings dangled underneath. An orchestra composed of sixty musicians gave additional liveliness to the scene, and the sun shone out cheerfully over these pretty and tastefully-arranged gardens, where one of the pleasantest promenades that can be conceived took

place during the half hour previous to the "grand experiments."

At length the great philosophic Conjuror appeared, and took his seat in the car, which rattled away down the slope at a good rate, then went round the circle rapidly, without disturbing the composure of his seat although at one time his head was where his heels should be, and arriving at the end of its journey stopt as quietly as a lamb under the windows of Madame Aguado's hôtel. Then burst forth the most enthusiastic cheers, and the "illustrious engineer" was complimented on all hands. I laughed quietly in my sleeve, and did not choose to disturb their self-complacency. But I had already had a ride on the same toy at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for sixpence. It was in fact Mr. Roberts's plaything, "the Centrifugal Railway."

On returning from the *Jardin Frascati* I have made another *trajet* through Havre. The basins and quays are really fine, and improve upon a second view. The chief basin is little inferior to the finest of the Liverpool docks. How a Frenchman would sneer at my prejudices if I did not admit its superiority! But I think I am too much of a citizen of the world, and have really lived too long abroad, not to be superior to them. I believe myself to be impartial, and it is certainly my strong desire to be so. There is a good deal of stir and bustle here, but nothing of the quiet and immense transaction of business which one meets in the great commercial ports of England. All this will

come, perhaps; but the time is not yet arrived. A very elegant structure has been lately completed at the entrance to the town next the sea—the Museum—in a pure style of Italo-Grecian architecture; and the sight of such an edifice in a provincial town of France made me shrug my shoulders *à la Française* at the thought of our National Gallery. The new maritime fortifications of Havre are in a state of considerable progress, and batteries are in course of construction all along the sea front. One of Thiers's objects in coming here was to inspect them, and they were likewise inspected by M. Dumon, Minister of Public Works, on his way to England, where he is now examining our Railway system with his own eyes.

Table d'hôte at five—the dinner choice and excellent in every particular—the company drest as they pleased; the ladies nearly all in bonnets, the gentlemen in walking-coats and paletots of all descriptions. In a company of about four-and-twenty there were eight or ten English, some of them, I regret to say, with stiff, starched aspects and apparently immoveable, stereotyped faces. Is it strange that the French should call the English "*demurs*," when they appear abroad so like a nation of Quakers, or rather so wrapt up in their own consequence that they will not speak except when and to whom they please. This is of course anything but the universal characteristic, but I fear it is too general. The French interpret this unreasonable reserve—this pride which is after all akin to *mauvaise honte*—to be an indication conveyed by

its possessor to all foreign animals that he is "*un veritable Albionnais*," and not to be touched except with the tip of a gold or silver fork. They accordingly ridicule and for the most part hate him, as any other porcupine surrounded with its pointed *chevaux-de-frise* (freeze) is naturally liable to be hated. And, what is more, they sometimes call him not only an absurd but a "*perfide Albionnais*" into the bargain. Really, all this should be amended, and the "proud islanders," as the French will have it that we are, should learn, when they emerge into the continent, to insulate themselves less at table.

Eh! who is that? By all that is ingenious in speculation, it is Doctor ——— himself! the veritable provisional-committee-man who "did me" out of £160, cash paid up upon 80 shares in the ——— (bubble) Railway, the only project of the kind I ever had the slightest concern with, and into which I was induced to enter, after resisting I know not how many different applications and temptations previously, in consequence of the Doctor's representations that "this at least was infallible." I took his prescription—the only Doctor's prescription I have taken for many months past—my agent paid up, out came the shares, that were to have been at a premium of £3 each, and were immediately at a considerable discount. The railway bubble burst at that very moment—it was the crash of November, 1845! The erudite Doctor had allotted hundreds upon hundreds of the shares to himself and his friends, without paying up—there

was no substantial capital, and no money forthcoming, and I and the rest who had paid up became the victims. The Doctor and his colleagues ran to the north of France, and our money ran the Lord knows where. Such is the solitary railway transaction of my life—the result was not very alarming, but it was a taste of the general quality, and it enables me to felicitate myself very cordially that I had nothing more to say to them.

I see a shade passing over the Doctor's countenance. He has recognised me, and is visibly disconcerted. I re-assure him by hob-nobbing with him, and drinking to him in water, to which I am as rigidly confined as the most sworn teetotaller amongst them, by the sad state of my lungs. The Doctor seems annoyed by the water, which appears intended as a slight. I lift him, however, from his beam-ends again (his native modesty does not require much assistance) by explaining that wine is to me as strictly forbidden as to the most strait-laced disciple of the Koran. He tipples his claret with a gusto which shows his satisfaction at the explanation. Accommodating claret, the product of mine and several hundred other confiding victims' guineas! The Doctor seems not to be sorry that the width of half the room is between us. Poor man! I have not the least intention of molesting him. He is most solicitous in his inquiries about the state of my health, as if he would pay me back a portion of my money in gratuitous advice. But I throw physic as well as railways to the dogs, and give him a good-humoured notification to that effect.

Two more "provisional-committee-men" are seated by his side. Their compulsory stay in France during the last ten months has wonderfully improved their education. They now begin to patter French with considerable familiarity, and are connoisseurs in all the ways of the Gallic table. If I may judge from the alacrity with which they stow away the provisions, I should say that their name of "provisional-committee-men" was no misnomer.

Every one sits down *sans façon*—the men (many of them) in light-coloured walking coats, the women *en chapeau*, or in dresses little distinguished from morning-wrappers. Opposite me is a boy in a coarse Norman blouse, seated beside his father, who has treated him to the *table d'hôte* for this day, and both tuck in with a lusty zeal which would do credit to a stage-meal. Not a solitary one amongst the infinitude of dishes handed round is allowed to escape without paying tribute, and my provisional Doctor and his friends I find to be equally *empressés*. There is no tax upon eating in this country.

Close by my side is ranged a whole family *en costume des bains*—that is to say, in the coarsest materials stitched up for the nonce. The mamma and half a dozen girls are all arrayed in the vilest blue calico dresses, buttoned up to the throat according to the unpleasant fashion which now prevails; and their faces are so uniform in ugliness that you may be sure they have come from Paris. At a round table in the centre of the room are three priests dining *en soutane* with scull-caps to hide the tonsure. The landlord deals out each dish in por-

tions infinitesimally small, and the dessert, owing to the badness of the season, is poor—a rarity in Normandy.

Seeing the walls all placarded here with "*les Anglais en Voyage*," I went to the theatre at night, and laughed with all the rest of the house at the feats of an actor from Paris, named Hoffmann, who imitated *les excentricités Britanniques* with considerable drollery, and whose accent, though not of the purest, was no bad farcical copy of the English style of speaking. Some of the leading words, however, were singularly mispronounced. In "English spoken here" the first word was pronounced *Angleish*. The whole piece consists in an exhibition of the drolleries of an *Albionnaise* family upon a continental tour, composed of a Lord (of course) on his travels, and a son and daughter, all three of whom, besides a fourth character, are necessarily impersonated by Hoffmann. The Lord is of a saturnine and critical turn, finding fault with everything and contrasting it with his British ideas of convenience and comfort. He contrives to make himself and all around rather ridiculously uncomfortable by his unreasonable querulousness, and the satire is well deserved and good-humouredly administered. Of course he is enormously aristocratical and supercilious, and his refined olfactories and sense of propriety are outraged at every step. The hits on the whole are well and effectively placed. But the young folks are violent caricatures. The *Miss Honourable* is *très passionnée pour les lions, les tigres, etc.*, and

carries some of these veritable animals about with her everywhere; and the young gentleman is as unlicked a cub as any of the brutes aforesaid, wearing a jacket and turn-down collar although a full-grown man, and exhibiting his lusty proportions to the admiration of the audience, in a costume so puerile and with such childish ways and sheepishness of aspect as to be in truth supremely ridiculous. The type of this character is still unquestionably to be found at intervals amongst us, but is fast disappearing. Perhaps the opposite vice is now more prevalent of boys figuring as men before their time; and in France this latter great defect is nearly universal amongst the natives. The *Albionnaise* family arrive at an auberge, where they put up, and in which the aubergiste's greed of guineas is well and truly displayed, while the eccentricities of *la Miss Honourable* frighten him out of his wits, he being assured that it is a way of hers to throw an aubergiste every now and then to her pet ferocious animals for a meal—a supposition very much favoured by the brusquerie of the young lady's manner. Hoffmann, whose shiftings were very rapid through each of these four characters, kept the house in a roar from beginning to end of the piece, and the English, of whom considerable numbers were present, joined in the fun and laughter with very good taste, even arranging with the manager to have the farce repeated a day or two after. Hoffmann is a clever actor from the Théâtre des Variétés at Paris, now

starring in the north, where he succeeds Hyacinthe and Alcide Tousez. He is celebrated throughout France for his "Englishmen," and sings well, especially a comic *chansonnette* called "Le Touriste Anglais."

The English names in "*Les Anglais en Voyage*" are not over well chosen. The head of the family is "Lord Archibald," and the young British *lionne* is called "Lady Penelope." What Hoffmann particularly excels in is his imitation of "*le baragouinage Britannique*," or horrible attempts at French, in which genders and numbers are mercilessly mangled. There is a story told in the Parisian Cafés about the Duke of Wellington having once told Talleyrand at a ball in the Tuileries, in a discussion on their respective longevities: "*Je suis plus long né(z) que vous*," and I once heard a British billiard-player in Paris, who while stript at the table was remarkable for the rotundity of his figure, say to his adversary, "*Monsieur, mon cue n'est pas si grand que le vôtre!*" By the aid of such pleasantries, Hoffmann filled the house with *un fou rire* for the whole evening. A good point in the piece was the assumed insular wrath with which Hoffmann analysed the popular song of *Malbrouck*, and lashed himself into a rage at the vile French pronunciation of that honoured name, while himself making incomparably viler attempts at pronouncing the language in which he sought to administer his rebuke.

CHAPTER IV.

Caen.—"Exposition" of a robber in the pillory.—His demeanour.—His numerous escapes from justice.—His influence over a girl pilloried by his side.—Incident in his history; a *huissier* fleeced; Charity repaid by robbery with an interest of cent. per cent.—Description of Caen.—The shooting season in France.—Costume and appearance of the sportsmen.—Rage for "*le Sport*," a portion of the new prevalent Anglomania.—French Cockneys in pursuit of game.—"*Bête, tu m'as tué m'n âne.*"—Anecdotes connected with the opening of the season.

Caen, September 5.

I TOOK a run this day over to Caen in the steamer, to see the celebrated robber Londais exposed in the pillory. My friend Victor —— accompanied me, in shooting costume, promising to show me a little French "sport." Great crowds of the country people repaired to the town for the purpose of beholding the *spectacle*, and the place looked like a fair. The criminal, one of the most noted in the north of France, was exposed with several others in the market-place in the midst of the town, on a scaffold raised to a considerable height over the heads of the spectators. The notoriety of Londais was chiefly obtained by his numerous and singular

escapes, in some of which he almost rivalled our own Jack Sheppard. The number of condemnations which he has necessarily incurred amounts to a grand total of 70 years of *travaux forcés,* or hard labour at the galleys. This enormous *chiffre* did not appear to give him the least concern. The brutal pelting of the victims of the pillory with rotten eggs and other unsavoury missiles, which used formerly to be practised in England, was not at all witnessed here, and Londais was left entirely undisturbed in the display of a most insolent demeanour. Some well-dressed females having shown themselves at adjoining windows, Londais mocked and made faces at them, and then used language of so gross a character that they were fain to beat a hasty retreat. The crowd laughed at rather than resented this *cynisme* (as the French call it) of the malefactor. By the side of Londais stood likewise pilloried a young girl, whose natural and better feelings were in the first instance wrought on to the extent of her bursting into tears. "*Ne pleure pas ainsi,*" said Londais, addressing her with something less of brutality in his voice than he had before displayed. "*Ne pleure pas, p'tite; t' m'interesse beaucoup—beaucoup. Je te ferai évader avec moi; je suis sûr de mon coup!*" And he continued addressing her in this style from time to time for a considerable period, until the weak and criminal girl's tears were dried up, and she soon became as *effrontée* as Londais himself, joining him in his scoffing and mocking tone towards the spectators, and making faces with him at the police agents

and soldiers present! They did not stop here, but indulged even in some obscene expressions, at which several *gamins* in the crowd laughed, affording a satisfactory comment upon the absurdity of such exhibitions.

From a number of extraordinary anecdotes of Londais' achievements, I select the following, which will remind the reader of similar traits narrated of some of our own most noted robbers:—During the hey-day of his career, he stopt one night at a poor village *auberge*. Surprised at the misery and downheartedness visibly impressed on the faces of the host and hostess, he asked them the cause. "We are ruined and reduced to despair," was the answer. The *huissier* is coming to-morrow to seize every thing in the house, and leave us naked in the world, for a debt of 400 francs, of which we can only pay a portion.

"How much do you want?" said Londais.

"Two hundred francs."

"*N'est-ce que cela?*" said the robber. "Pooh, that's but a trifle—Here it is. You'll pay it me hereafter."

Londais, like a generous rogue, told down the money to them, *argent comptant*, asking only a single question—at what hour the *huissier* was to come to the house to-morrow to make good the threatened seizure. Having ascertained the exact period, he left the *auberge* the following morning before day-break, and placed himself in a hollow way through which the *huissier* had to pass on returning from his expedition. On perceiving the man

of law the bandit stept forward, and ordered him to deliver up the 400 francs which he had just received from the owners of the little hostelry. Resistance was impossible, Londais being a man of very athletic make and powerful strength; the *huissier* trembling gave up the 400 francs. The robber had thus placed his money for a few hours at excellent interest. He assisted the unfortunate, and gained cent per cent by the transaction.

Caen is in many respects an interesting town. It is the birth-place of Malherbe, and here the celebrated Maid of Orléans passed a portion of her childhood. The town is shaped like a horse-shoe, and from thence a French historian of Joan of Arc's life has lately taken occasion to say the shape is most appropriate, because Caen, in connection with his heroine "gave several *coups de pied de cheval à l' Angleterre* in the fifteenth century!" The château and fortifications are worthy of observation, as is likewise the Church of St. Peter, which is remarkable for its fine ceiling with a crown and *flèche* turned upside down, as at the Hôtel de Cluny in Paris. The steeple of this church is a curious structure, erected in 1300, by an architect named Huet. The stranger should also visit the house of Malherbe, the promenade of the *Cours-la-Reine*, the port, which has some celebrity in France for the construction of merchant vessels, and, last not least, he will see some very pretty Norman girls. The ancient *Abbaye aux hommes* preserves traces of its former magnificence, and is occupied by many useful public establishments. The population of Caen is 39,000.

My friend Victor, in his excitement *pour la chasse*, would not long permit me to explore the curiosities of Caen, and having met by appointment two other *chasseurs*, I proceeded with them for some distance into the adjoining country, to obtain some inkling of "the way they do it" in France. What struck me first was their costume, in the construction of which utility was evidently not the presiding idea, but effect. They were in fact drest as for a stage appearance. The costume of each of the three sportsmen was slightly varied. One had top-boots, made decidedly not for use, but to design accurately to the eye the graceful turn of the leg. Another wore boots shaped like those of a Lifeguardsman, but of a softer and more delicate leather, just capping the top of the knee—still evidently for effect. The third had over-alls buttoned up the sides of the leg and thigh, with something fantastic in the choice of the buttons that I thought very unsportsmanlike. Their coats, chiefly of a greyish colour, were much in that skintight fashion which prevails in the French toilet, and which is of all things most misplaced in a sportsman's costume. One was a frock-coat with a military skirt, another had the skirt very much gathered over the haunches, the third was in shape more like a drawing-room dress-coat than any thing else in this world: and around their waists all had leathern straps buckled so tightly that the intention uppermost was manifestly to display the smallness of their waists. The whole thing reminded me of the parade sporting costume which I witnessed some years since in the Champ de Mars

at Paris, when racing first began to be popular in the French metropolis. My three acquaintances, in whose lips "*la sport*" was to be heard perpetually (according to the prevalent mania at this season in France), had their heads surmounted with caps of the same exact cut, of black or dark blue velvet, imitated from and a good deal resembling our English jockey-cap, but rather more fantastic in figure. This is the costume *de rigueur* of your sporting character in France. I have seen numbers of heroes since I arrived in this country (chiefly Parisians come to take the baths) wearing this cap, without any thing more of the sportsmen in their whole attire, and without any intention of taking a gun into their hands. Such is the absurd influence of fashion in this most fashion-ridden country, and of the now (in many particulars) very prevalent Anglomania.

The costume of Victor and his two sporting friends was completed by a game-bag thrown over the shoulders of each, while a few scraggy-looking pointers marched by their side. I waited to see a few shots, but found them so little skilful at the work that I appealed to my delicate state of health as an excuse for retiring, and returned to Caen, in time for the steamer, which brought me back to Havre in a three hours' *trajet*.

Sporting is, in fact, as yet but imperfectly understood in France, yet, when the season comes it is in every one's mouth, and on the 1st September, when the permission to kill game begins, great numbers are seen to furbish up their guns, and

rig themselves out for the occasion. The French are better shots with the rifle than at birds, and their gallery practice is almost always with the pistol or the rifle. The difficulties thrown in the way of the sportsman are fewer here than in England. You get your *port d'armes* for about a pound sterling, and from the nature of the proprietary and farming you are not much questioned as to the ground you shoot over.

A number of droll caricatures is always put forth at this season, the keen-witted people perfectly understanding the ridicule of the "sportsman's" appearance. Though some caricatures are very good, I think Seymour's "Cockney Sportsmen" still, on the whole, unrivalled. One of these French drolleries represents a fowler in a state of great trepidation discharging his piece at a covey of birds, but slaying by ill luck a countryman's ass. The caricature is accompanied by this rather funny dialogue:—

"*Tiens*," says the sportsman, "*je l'ai couvert; je tire.*"

"*Bête*," says the countryman with a sadly chapfallen countenance, and a cry of agony: "*Bête, tu m'as tué m'n âne!*"

Owing to the unskilfulness of the Cockney sportsmen of France, numerous accidents take place every year, and too often with fatal results. In this neighbourhood a tradesman the other day shot his friend through mere awkwardness, and left him almost dead on the field; and another, frightened by the sudden barking of his dog on the rising of a

bird, sent the entire contents of one of his barrels into the face of a brother sportsman. We have accidents enough in England, Heaven knows, but oftener perhaps through carelessness than awkwardness.

Another characteristic accident occurred to a man named Fleury in this district. He was shooting without a license, or as the French call it, *port d'armes*. Seeing several other sportsmen at some distance from him in the plain, he dreaded to be questioned by a *garde-champêtre*, a sort of human bull-dog that has become doubly odious since the attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe by Lecomte. To elude the intervention of the supposed "agents of authority," he hid his double-barrelled gun in an adjoining hedge. After the lapse of a few minutes he returned in quest of it, and like a true Cockney sportsman (albeit a Frenchman) took it up by the barrel. The trigger was caught by a twig, and discharged one of the barrels full into Fleury's breast. The wretched amateur sportsman died on the spot.

One of the pleasantest incidents that has come to my knowledge, connected with the opening of the present shooting season in France, is the following:—A *huissier* in the neighbourhood of Caen had a *saisie* (seizure) to effect on the premises of an unfortunate debtor, who lived in a sporting part of the country. As the *huissier* was proceeding to his destination a hare jumped up against him, and yielding to a natural impulse, he caught the bewildered little animal, folded it up in his hand-

kerchief, and carried it with him. He proceeded to take an inventory of the debtor's household goods and chattels, and was making out his *procès verbal* as the law directs, when the debtor suddenly interrupted him with

"What's that moving in your handkerchief?"

The *huissier* explained how the hare had jumped up against him, and how he had innocently caught it.

"*Très bien, Monsieur,*" replied the debtor. "You draw up your *procès verbal*, and I shall make mine. *Je suis garde-champêtre* (he was so in reality.) The legal season for catching game does not commence until to-morrow. I shall place the affair in the hands of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi, who is sure to prosecute!"

CHAPTER V.

Rouen and its monuments.—The promenades.—Normandy faces and Normandy apples.—Coquetry here confined to the head. A Fourieriste lecturer.—An English captain struck dead by apoplexy.—The Norman "Tivoli."—An oyster-cellar on the banks of the Seine.—Rare moderation of an ecclesiastic.—"*La belle Normandie.*"—Absurd substitution of the name, "*La Seine Inférieure.*"—Version of a popular song.

Rouen, September 6th.

THE steamer left Havre this morning at eight, the tide happily serving at that pleasant hour. The weather still continues very fine, the sunbeams sparkling on the waters of the Seine with a brilliancy that at times reminds me of the Guadalquivír or the still more beautiful Tagus. We have had a fine passage of little more than six hours, the tide being with us the entire distance. In sailing down the river from Rouen to Havre the return tide is usually met half-way, and the passage is thus made an hour longer. The passage by water is much pleasanter than by land, but the occasional delays of the Havre custom-house, combined with the uncertainty of the hour of arrival in the steamer, will often make the traveller who is in haste prefer the *diligence* or *malle-poste* to waiting for the next day's

steamer. There is a *diligence* both in the morning and the evening; the *malle-poste* likewise starts in the evening. The former performs the distance to Rouen in between nine and ten hours—the latter in little more than half the time. The *malle-poste* carries only two passengers, and goes spankingly along with four horses at the rate of fully ten English miles an hour. The fare is considerably higher than by the *diligence*, but the style of travelling is worth all the difference. Those to whom time is not of the utmost value should unquestionably prefer the steamer, the voyage being one of the most delightful that it is possible to conceive, and the margins of the Seine abounding with beauty. However, as my business in this work is chiefly with Spain and Portugal, I shall resist as far as possible the temptations to description in France.

I arrived at Rouen shortly after two o'clock, and proceeded to renew my old acquaintance with its monuments;—the Cathedral, which I need not describe; the Place de la Pucelle, where poor Joan of Arc, the sublime enthusiast and noble specimen of her sex, was burnt alive; the hôtel du Bourgtheroulde, to the west of the same square, an interesting structure raised at the end of the fifteenth century, with its curious bas-reliefs representing the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the Théâtre Français, built in 1592; the house in which Corneille was born, in the Rue de la Pie; the house in which Fontenelle was born, Rue des Bons Enfans, Nos. 132

to 134; the Palais de Justice, built in 1499, and its numerous Salles, especially that of the Procureurs, begun in 1594; the tower of the Beffroi, in the Rue de la Grosse-Horloge, begun in 1389 and finished ten years after; the fountain by the side of the Tower, with its somewhat conceited figures of Alpheus and Arethusa; the Hôtel Dieu and the Hôtel de la Prefecture; the Bourse, the Tribunal de Commerce, the bridge of boats, and several churches.

I likewise enjoyed a turn on the quays and strolled through the two fine promenades of which Rouen can boast—the *Cours Dauphin*, from which I obtained a view of the Champ-de-Mars and infantry barracks, and the *Grand-Cours*, or *Cours de la Reine*, on the left bank of the Seine—one of the finest promenades in France. I was not sorry for this new opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the picturesque female costumes of Normandy. Here and at Caen I saw several very favourable specimens of feminine beauty, especially amongst the younger girls, many of whom displayed exquisitely good-humoured and smiling faces, that suggested no slight resemblance to a beautiful Normandy apple—fair yet sunburnt, and with a ripe golden tinge, which their abundance of clustering light hair set off to no small advantage. Amongst the fair Rouennaises of the middle and lower classes, (by which classes alone the national character of costume is preserved) as generally throughout France, the display of coquetry is almost entirely confined to the adornments of the head. It is impossible to

conceive a greater variety than they give to the shape of their head-gear. The town girls appear, however, to have for the most part got rid of the helmety caps of their grandmothers, and to have substituted a close-fitting cap, generally of lace, trimmed with the prettiest ribbons and in the prettiest style. They are often crimped or gathered in little bows from ear to ear behind, and a rosette a little in front of the ear gives the cap quite a coquettish finish. The caps are almost invariably white; but a fashion has set in of trimming them with pink, blue, or crimson ribbons, with rosettes to match. A bonnet in the provinces is almost invariably the sign of a lady or of one of the opulent classes; and the pretension to use it would be immediately resented by ridicule and a thousand other social annoyances in one of the lower *bourgeoisie*. Hence bonnets are here comparative rarities; but the fierce solar heat of some days rendering a protection for the head necessary, very pretty and simple light-coloured parasols may be seen at intervals nodding over the smartest little caps in the world. The coquetry of the other parts of the dress is little attended to, partly because too expensive, and partly because inconsistent with the work-day pursuits of life.

M. Hennequin, of Paris, is now lecturing at Rouen upon the advantages of the Fourieriste system of association. His audiences are tolerably numerous, but the theory is not likely to be successful in France, notwithstanding that great efforts have been made to establish it during the last ten years. Hennequin, who, as a speaker, has

all the accustomed French fluency, and lectures with much enthusiasm, has a better position in society than usually belonged to the Saint Simonians and Communists of France, and his views are of course considerably less objectionable than theirs, being not very different from those of Owen. He is an Avocat of the Cour Royale at Paris, and editor of the *Democratie Pacifique*. He lately lectured with some success at Dijon, Châlons, and St. Etienne.

The captain of an English vessel, now lying at this port, sat down to-day on a bench in the Bourse, and in a few moments fell off in a fit of apoplexy, and expired. To be thus rapidly cut off without the slightest preparation, away from home and kindred, is surely one of the heaviest "ills that flesh is heir to." Yet how many are subject to the visitation!

I peeped into the "Norman Tivoli" this evening, the Vauxhall of Rouen. The Rouennais contrive to amuse themselves, even in the midst of the extreme heat, but they prudently do it during the night. The entertainments consist of "*les Montagnes Russes*," "*Grande Fête Venitienne*," and quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas in succession from seven in the evening till five in the morning. Admission, two francs for a gentleman, half a franc for a lady!

I dropt into a cellar on the margin of the Seine, invited by a heap of oyster-shells at the door, which indicated that the establishment was for the sale of that pleasant shell-fish, and was surprised

at the neatness, order, and cleanliness of all within. Their eating and drinking in France is for the most part cleanly done. It is only what does not obviously meet the eye that is deficient in *propreté*: but Heaven knows that this limitation gives "ample room and verge enough" for *les immondices* of all kinds, and within that compass the French lieges take their fling. Our oyster-vender, although living in a cellar, had his apartment in a state of cleanliness equal to that of any in the Tuileries. The floor was carefully and evenly sanded, the cloths on the tables, and the napkins, of a snowy whiteness; a little four-pronged fork of ivory or bone was set upon the plate to eat the fish with, which *Jean Huitre* himself opened at your elbow with perfectly clean hands and an apron fresh from the mangle. His wife and a single young daughter formed the rest of the household, and both, dressed with corresponding neatness, were occupied, the former in folding and arranging the napkins and table-cloths, the latter in wiping the knives and plates. The walls were completely covered with scallop-shells of the largest size—such as a pilgrim in days of yore would have coveted—and kept white and polished to a degree of brightness which a British housewife might envy for her dish-covers. But the oysters were "not the thing." They had little delicacy of flavour, and were too salt. The most patriotic Frenchman might admit some superiority in England, if he tasted a real Native or Carlingford.

The following incident I had from a most trust-

worthy person as having occurred at the period of my stay in Rouen. It may serve in some degree as an antidote against the furious anti-Jesuit tirades of Eugène Sue and his abettors, whose object, it does not require much sagacity to perceive, is much more to wound Christianity than priestcraft. I may likewise here premise the conviction forced on me by the result of my inquiries during this journey, that religion has of late years made very little progress amongst the young men of France. Even Christianity, not to say any specific form of it, is commonly still rejected by them, or its precepts are inimically criticized; and the most absurd exaggerations are circulated with regard to its ministers. This well-attested anecdote proves that there are some priests at least, whom not even the good of Mother Church can tempt to the permission of an act of substantial injustice, and will illustrate our old statutes of Mortmain and some late discussions in the British Parliament:—

A lady, possessed of a handsome fortune, but desiring to pass a retired and tranquil life, devoted to the duties of religion in preference to the distractions of the world, presented herself before an ecclesiastic, whose merits have placed him at the head of one of the most important parishes in Rouen.

"*Monsieur*," she said, "I am rich, and am a widow without children or relations. I am anxious to make a good use of my fortune, and have just realized a portion of it in bank-notes, which I carry in this *portefeuille*. I request you to accept them;

and when I am dead, you will say masses as often as you can for the repose of my soul."

At the sight of a very considerable sum (I was assured 30,000 francs) the good priest could not contain his surprise;—"*Quoi, Madame!* you wish me to accept all this money?"

"I implore it of you as a favour."

"*Ecoutez, Madame*, it is our duty to pray for the dead, but we do not require to be paid for that, or at the fitting time a moderate sum will suffice. I promise to say masses for you, if you die before me. Employ your riches in performing good works, and Heaven will reward you.

"*Mais, Monsieur*, I told you that I had no relations."

"*Cherchez bien dans votre esprit*—you will find some work of benevolence in which you may employ it."

The priest was so eloquently persuasive that the lady soon remembered that her husband had been formerly assisted in his business by another merchant, who had since died unfortunate, leaving a son in an unprovided condition. The 30,000 francs, through the intervention of the worthy Abbé, passed into the hands of this young man, to whom they were formally secured by a notary, and set him up in business.

Reader, you may sneer at or disbelieve this anecdote if you please. But it positively occurred while I was at Rouen, and the Abbé who behaved so honourably is well known as one of the most amiable men in the city, remarkable alike for his *esprit* and virtues.

Rouen, September 7.

A great storm passed over this city last evening, and has done much mischief in the environs. The gardens around the town have suffered very much, and the limited quantity of fruit which this season has already produced will, as I am informed, be entirely lost in several places. I am not now surprised at having paid eight sous per peach, and four sous for each choice apple and pear at Havre, where esculents of all kinds are always dearer than at Rouen, and are said indeed to be dearer than in any other part of France, the metropolis alone excepted.

The cheapness of Rouen is remarkable, the population being 90,000.

The early railway train sets out for Paris immediately, and I expect to arrive there shortly after noon. So I bid adieu to "*la belle Normandie,*" which the rage for administration and for change has blotted from the maps of France, substituting for it the ugly name of "*La Seine Inférieure.*" Ever since the first revolution they have been altering names in France, and never for the better. Their "*Thermidors*" and "*Ventidors,*" and their departmental names in substitution for those of the ancient provinces, shew no small lack of a quality which Frenchmen are quick at claiming—taste. I am so fond of beautiful Normandy and its beautiful name that I shall here subjoin a literal version which I have made of the popular song:

"La Normandie."

Quand tout renait à l'Espérance,
  Et que l'Hiver fuit loin de nous;
Sous le beau ciel de notre France,
  Quand le soleil revient plus doux;
Quand la Nature est reverdie,
  Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'irai revoir ma Normandie—
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour!

J'ai vu les champs de l'Helvétie,
  Et ses châlets, et ses glaciers;
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie,
  Et Vénise et ses gondoliers;
En saluant chaque patrie,
  Je me disois :—aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie—
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour!

Il est un terme dans la vie,
  Où chaque rêve doit finir;
Un age, où l'ame recueillie
  A besoin de son souvenir!
Lorsque ma Muse refroidie
  Aura cessé ses chants d'amour,
J'irai revoir ma Normandie—
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour!

Quand je reverrai ma prairie,
  Je chanterai, à mon retour,
Le refrain qu'en d'autres patries
  Je redisais à chaque jour.
Auprès de ma mère chérie,
  Pour l'egayer dans ses vieux jours,
Je chanterai ma Normandie,—
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour!

TRANSLATION.

When Hope revives the slumbering year,
And gloomy Winter takes his flight;
Fair France, beneath thine azure clear,
When beams the sun with warmer light;
When Spring's new robe bespreads the lea,
And soars the lark again from earth,
I'll visit then my Normandie—
The land, the lovely land that gave me birth!

In Swissland I've a pilgrim been
To mountain huts 'mid tall glaciers.
The heaven of Italy I've seen,
And Venice and her gondoliers.
Each clime I hailed with spirit free,
Yet inly said: "No land on earth
Is fairer than my Normandie—
The land, the lovely land that gave me birth!"

There is a term to Life's sweet springs,
When all our dreams of hope must cease;
And wearied souls, that fold their wings,
With Memory need to dwell in peace.
When chilled my muse—for Love will flee—
And froze my stream of joyous mirth,
I'll visit then my Normandie—
The land, the lovely land that gave me birth!

And when these eyes shall view once more
My little farm, I'll joyous sing
The burthen sweet that o'er and o'er
I made each foreign sky to ring.
There, at my aged mother's side,
Her heart to fill with childhood's mirth,
I'll sing my Normandie with pride—
The land, the lovely land that gave me birth!

CHAPTER VI.

The Rouen and Paris Railway.—Peculiar advantages of railway travelling on the Continent.—*Coup d'œil* of Parisian costume, male and female.—Present appearance of the French metropolis.—Improvements in street architecture.—Alterations in the suburbs.—Eccentric sculpture.—Multiplicity of public amusements.—Fourteen theatres open in the *dull* season.—The Royal Family; political triumphs.—The maniacal regicide, Henry.—Mr. Cobden.—"Pell" and Palmerston.—Rage for copying "*la perfide Albion.*"—Universal puffing of wares *à l'Anglaise;* Anglomania.

Paris, September 7.

I ARRIVED here in less than five hours by the railway, with no complaints to make of the management, but many commendations to extend to them for their regularity and administration (perhaps there is a little too much of this latter) and for the cheapness of their fares, which are not more than two-thirds of those on the cheapest lines in England. I must add, however, that the third-class carriages appear most inhumanely uncomfortable, and are entirely open to the wind, rain, and dust, the object being notoriously to force people into the higher-priced carriages—a heartlessness which I had thought belonged exclusively to England. Alphonse Karr

gives the directors an admirable "show-up" in the last number of his *Guêpes*, which continues as witty as ever.

The advantages of railway travelling are felt even more on the Continent than at home; for the contrast between the locomotive and the lumbering *diligence*, between the rail and the paved causeway, is far greater than between the locomotive and rail on the one hand and the English stage coach and macadamized road on the other. When I last performed this journey, now just ten years since, we were the better part of the twenty-four hours getting from Rouen to Paris, and arrived fagged and jaded, so as to be unable to do anything until the next day. But now I arrive, after an easy journey of considerably less than five hours, fresh and unwearied, at one o'clock, and as ready to become a *flaneur* through the streets of Paris as if I had only just emerged from my hotel. *Vraiment, c'est du progrès!*

I believe the Palais Royal is the first resort of most visitors to Paris, and it was mine. The next was, of course, the *Jardin des Tuileries*, and then followed the Boulevards! Overpowered with the *embarras de la description*, I shall escape from the difficulty by declining to describe at all in detail, remembering that with the Pyrenees the main interest of my journey begins. But I cannot resist the temptation to record a word or two of my impressions as to costume, male and female. The men's waistcoats I find in the highest degree extravagant —a reproduction of the waistcoats (descending

towards the knees) of our grandfathers, and with the old-fashioned opening below. The coats are likewise absurdly lengthy, the skirts consuming acres of broad-cloth, and the haunches entirely buried in their amplitude, while the boots, as ten years back, are still an unmanly torture. To the ladies' dresses I have nothing to object—for I have always been a profound admirer of the elegance of the Parisian *toilette* (which I think it poor philosophy to despise), except that the dresses are now worn extravagantly high, stuck up into the very throat, and suggesting a suspicion that there may be something blotchy underneath.

After a few years' absence, considerable improvement presented itself to me in the general appearance of Paris. The Boulevards are more splendid, some of the great squares have been much improved and beautified (perhaps a little in a gingerbread taste), and several narrow streets are beginning to be opened up, and houses built in a better style. The opening from the Boulevards to the Palais Royal deserves to be particularly commended. There is not much of architectural embellishment in the street architecture, but here and there some pilasters are thrown out and Grecian façades introduced, more in the style which has existed in Edinburgh for many years past than in that which has been introduced into modern London. Little or nothing is attempted upon the grand scale of improvement which has latterly become familiar in the British metropolis, but the little that is done is to be praised, with a hope that it may lead to more. In the

suburbs likewise, material progress is observable. The municipality of Clichy has undertaken to light that district; that of Batignolles has purchased the provision-market with a view to its more equitable administration; the nuisance of La Villette, where so much of the offscourings of Paris was disembogued, is about to be abated, new conduits having been laid down, which will conduct *les matières fécales*, with the aid of forcing pumps, as far as Bondy. At Puteaux great activity is displayed in the work of improvement—in paving, cleansing, *trottoirs*, and new streets. Similar works are in progress in the commune of Boulogne, and through the entire extent of the great avenue leading to it from St. Cloud, while the principal streets are as straight, long, and wide as the Rue de la Paix, the queen of Parisian streets. The communication between Paris and St. Denis, where repose the ashes of the Kings of France, in the ancient abbey of the Benedictines of St. Maur, has likewise awakened the attention of the authorities, and a street is about to be opened from the Porte de Paris to the Abbey. The street will be of considerable width (12 mètres) and was voted by the municipal council in one of its recent sittings. The Royal Road from St. Denis to La Chapelle, on which there are crowds of passengers at all hours of the day and night, is about to be lighted through its whole extent with gas, the works for which have been commenced. This is the third road setting out from Paris which will be lighted for a considerable distance with gas, the two others being

those of Neuilly and Orléans, and the same improvement is spoken of for the roads to Vincennes and Fontainebleau.

I have always found the sculptures, both grotesque and quasi-classical, exhibited in the windows of the decorators' shops at Paris, very characteristic of the people, and in my flying three days' visit I have not failed to take note of these laughing gasometers. I find deputies, artists, and players, subjected to as lively a fire of ridicule as ever, in the quaint little *charge-statuettes*, or caricature portraits in plaster, which have long been so popular in Paris. But the two leading groups of alabaster sculpture in one of the most brilliant windows on the Boulevards particularly arrested my attention. One of these was a Venus kissed by a small Cupid, in a novel attitude. The lady reposes on a couch,

"Without even a relic of drapery round her,"

and the base of a column by her side is cut off so as to give a full view of her flaunting bosom, while the Cupid tastes the ruby nectar of her lip with a luscious smack, which might become a vicious old man more than the winged child represented. The other group was a (likewise wholly naked) young Grecian female, taming a wild horse. She sits astride on the furious animal, in her hand a leathern thong, which she holds back at the moment, curled with the fury of the stroke. With her left hand she reins in the horse, so as apparently almost to break its neck, and gives evidences of a vigour, which shows a coarse and corrupt taste in

the artist and in those for whom he works. Her proportions, displayed in so indelicate an attitude, have a muscular development which it is needless to pursue.

Ye who are in love with the theatre and the dance, and with all exciting amusements, here is a list for you to choose from on this blessed 7th day of September, in this hare-brained French metropolis;—The Grand Opéra, *Lucie de Lammermoor*, with Rossi Caccia as Prima Donna; The Théâtre-Français, *La Marquise de Senneterre*, with Samson as Le Commandeur, Leroux as Cinq-Mars, and Mlle. Anaïs as La Marquise; the Opéra-Comique, *Marie*, and *La Part du Diable*, with Grignon as the Baron, Mlle. Blanchard as the Baroness, Roger as Rafaël, and Mlle. Revilly as the Queen; the Vaudeville, *Les Mémoires du Diable* (how fond they are of *playing the Devil* in Paris!), with Hippolyte as Lormias and Mlle. Doche as Marie; the Variétés, *Un Domestique pour Tout faire*, with Lepeintre as Deroilly and Mde. Lobry as Lucile; the Gymnase Dramatique, *Clarisse Harlow*, with Bressant as Lovelace and Rose Chéri as Clarisse; the Palais Royal, *Les Bains à Domicile*, with Alcide Tousez as Bouriquet and Mlle. Anne as Niviche, and *L'Inventeur de la Poudre*, with Sainville as Hector and Mlle. Frenise as Floretta; the Porte St. Martin, *Le Docteur Noir*, with F. Lemaître as Fabien and Mlle. Clarisse as Pauline; the Ambigu Comique, *Le Marché de Londres*, the *fiftieth* representation of the most absurd of all possible caricatures of English life and manners; the Cirque National with its "grand exercises of

equitation, *haute-école,* manœuvres of cavalry, dance and *voltige* of horses, and comic scenes and exercises" (you will there see an Englishman, Charles Price, confessedly the best of them all), and the five smaller theatres of the Gaité, Comte, Folies Dramatiques, Délassemens Comiques, and Luxembourg, with performances which I need not particularise. Fourteen theatres open at once, and with overflowing houses nightly, although this in Paris is the *dull* season! London must certainly yield the palm here in a point of somewhat questionable merit. And think ye the list of Parisian amusements is thus exhausted? Pooh, you are very much in the dark! Add these to the catalogue:—Exhibitions at the Louvre and the Luxembourg; Exposition of sculpture at the Palais des Beaux Arts; Garden of Plants; birds, beasts, reptiles, and comparative physiology; public experiments of the frigorific apparatus in the Galérie de Valois, where you may make ice and eat it within five minutes; models of machinery and implements at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers; Museum of Artillery; magnificent collection of arms, the swords of the great Condé and the Constable de Montmorency; promenade at three o'clock in the Champs Elysées; public experiments on the atmospheric railway of *la gare St. Ouen;* and at seven in the evening, if you do not choose any one of the theatres in the foregoing list, you have the following Vauxhalls and balls to invite you nightly (with masquerades every week during the season):—the Château Rouge, near Tivoli, in

the Chaussée Clignancourt—oriental fête of the Rhamazan—the mosque of Solimanjed—entrance, five francs *for a cavalier and lady*—3½ francs if taken in advance; the Jardin Mabille, in the Allée des Veuves, grande soirée musicale et dansante, exercises of *voluptuous choregraphy* by Brididi and Mlles. Mogador (what names!) Frisette, Pomare, and Rose Pompon—a franc and a half (dog-cheap—isn't it?); and, last not least, Ranelagh, soirée musicale et dansante—the forest of dahlias and resort of "*la fashion*"—admission three francs. Over and above all this, there is the Hippodrome, under the especial patronage of the Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville, where, if you do not weep at *la Croix de Berny*, you are sure to laugh at the donkey-race. And, if you are still not satisfied, you may get into a kind of imitation of a London private cabriolet, which they now call at Paris a "*Mylord*," and drive to the Bois de Boulogne, where you may take a ride first on horseback, next on assback, and lastly on a wooden horse, may eat an indefinite quantity of barley-sugar and gingerbread (bons hommes de pain d'épices) and dine very comfortably *à la carte*.

The Royal Family is now at Neuilly, from which Louis Philippe comes in at times to the Tuileries, to transact official business with his Ministers. The *Juste Milieu* is just now in high spirits, having formed matrimonial alliances, directly or indirectly, with most of the Sovereign Houses in Europe. It has triumphed (almost too completely) in the late elections, and contrived by intrigue to

arrange a marriage for the Duke de Montpensier with the Infanta of Spain, which places him "on the steps" of the throne of St. Ferdinand. "I was very near being Colonel," as the Major said, when he was drummed out of the regiment. Rumour in the fashionable world is divided as to whether the Royal Family will proceed next to Fontainebleau to receive King Montpensier on his triumphant return from Spain, or to Eu to receive Queen Victoria's intended visit. Before another three weeks shall have passed, very singular rascalities are likely to be consummated, and the *entente cordiale* has seldom run more imminent risks than at present. The Italian Opera is closed, and the season at Paris may now be fairly considered as ended. Those who can afford to leave Paris have for the most part left it, either for the *bains de mer*, for their country estates and châteaux, for Italy, or for Germany.

The wretched regicide-maniac Henry has just been transferred from the prison of the Conciergerie to La Roquette. From first to last this has been a very foolish affair, and very unduly magnified; but its occurrence so soon after the villanous attempt of Lecomte made it inevitably excite the public attention to an extraordinary degree. A casual and very obvious remark of Mr. Cobden, who happened to be present at the trial, was caught up by *La France* and converted into a *bon mot*, a destiny which the humble observation must have been rather amazed at finding itself achieving. Our free-trade champion merely talked of "a madman on a pedestal with sane men listen-

ing to his raving," and the remark was straightway twisted to an epigram. Some astonishment has been excited in France by the purity of Mr. Cobden's French. His language is more correct than his pronunciation. His lingual achievements are partly owing to the natural cleverness of the man, and partly to considerable practice in former years, when he visited France as a commercial traveller. I have heard some curious anecdotes relating to him from a former companion of his who has never got beyond the post of a "bagman." Cobden appears to have at all times led the conversation in every commercial room, and to have been somewhat conspicuous in brow-beating.

The French free-trade papers (it must be confessed a limited number) now quote Cobden as an authority, and in conversation at *tables d'hôte* and elsewhere as I pass along, I am frequently addressed (where I mention that I am an Englishman) with inquiries and remarks as to "*votre grand Coabdong.*" "*Votre grand Pell*" fills about the same space in the French imagination at present. But the *bête noire* of France, throughout all its length and breadth is Lord Palmerston, of whom they are positively, for the most part, afraid to a somewhat ridiculous extent. The noble Viscount's movements are watched with great anxiety, and what he will do at Madagascar, and whether he will intervene at California, how he will proceed with reference to the Montpensier marriage, and what part he will take in the event of a new French expedition against Morocco, are objects of a positively painful

interest with thousands of ordinary Frenchmen. There is one thing which I find Frenchmen never can do—that is, mind their own business.

While the French papers quote Cobden as an authority upon free-trade, they quote Joseph Hume upon taxation, and appear somewhat to over-estimate the weight which the latter carries with his countrymen. They likewise quote "Brougham," but with the date "1822" after his name, showing that they quite comprehend his present position. While I see little abatement of assumed political hostility, and the strongest desire to seize every new *bagatelle* as a diplomatic triumph, Paris is beginning to borrow a multitude of useful things from "*la perfide Albion.*" Thus in the cafés you meet not only "*punch à l'Anglaise,*" but even *bishop,* which they call "*bichoff;*" in the tailors' windows you see nothing but garments *à l'Anglaise;* and I see advertised in every direction "vernis de Chine pour les bottes, importé par Lord Eliot" (the mistake of the "Lord" is rich), "encre Johnson," "crayons de Watson," "œuvres en acier de Huntsman," "dents Seymour," "cold cream Wilson," "eau Jackson," "vinaigre Bully," "pommade Perkins," "savon Thompson." In fact there is a perfect rage now in Paris for the productions of English tradesmen and artisans, a rage which true-blue patriots denounce as "*Anglomanie;*" and it will go hard with an extravagant war party and a selfish Court much longer to prevent the growth of a complete "*entente cordiale.*"

CHAPTER VII.

The Grand Opéra and Madame Rossi Caccia.—The Foyer de l'Opéra.—Resort of the *notabilités artistiques et littéraires.* —Specimens of their *causeries, bons mots,* and *calembourgs.*— Ices at Tortoni's; great consumption this summer in consequence of the extreme heat.—The Boulevard Cafés.—Singular natural phenomena.—The art of puffing as practised in Paris. —The rival empirics, Lob and Rob.—Matrimonial agency by public advertisement.—The Devil amongst the Doctors.— "Every man his own Physician;" Raspail.

Paris, September 8.

I WENT to the Grand Opéra last evening, and saw Madame Rossi Caccia in her favourite part of *Lucie,* in *Lucie de Lammermoor.* This lady left Lisbon about fifteen months since, where I had witnessed her performances repeatedly during the previous twelve months. She then proceeded to London, where her appearance was a comparative failure—not owing to any want of power or of finish in her singing or her acting, for in truth she is a consummate artist and one of the best *prime donne* in Europe—but because of her deficiency in striking personal charms, being, though yet in her prime, apparently somewhat advanced in years, and labouring under a disadvantageous *embonpoint.* Her voice is of a fine

quality and of extreme purity, and the energy of her style is particularly striking; but what are these qualities to the voluptuaries who give the law to our Italian Opera in London? The satisfaction of their eyes is with them a more important requisite than of their ears, and a pretty-faced doll with a tolerable voice more desirable than a scientific artist of the highest attainments who has no striking *personal* points to display for their admiration. I am not sorry to see that Madame Rossi is well appreciated in Paris, where she made her début about eleven years since at the Opéra Comique, being a native of Barcelona.

I obtained the *entrée* of the Foyer of the Opera, which is very difficult of attainment without being acquainted with some *feuilletoniste* or leading *homme de lettres*. Here I met several authors, dramatists, and journalists, and amongst the rest the writers of the Paris *Charivari*, who paid me a friendly compliment in 1841, on my producing a little work called "Written Caricatures, by Captain Pepper," to which I prefixed some account of the *Charivari* and its literary and artistical club. They published a formal invitation to me in their journal in these words: "Si le Capitaine Capsicum Cayenne Pepper (échauffant pseudonyme) vient en France, nous nous engageons bien librement de vider avec lui plusieures bouteilles de 'claret' en compagnie de toutes les sommités Charivariques." I need not say how pleasant are these *réunions*.

The salons of Paris are often very delightful resorts, but they are especially delightful when the

élite of its literary men and artists are assembled together, when the *toga* of exhibition is thrown off, the stilts dismounted from, and unconstrained *esprit* allowed to take its *élan* without premeditation or personal rivalry. But of all these resorts the pleasantest by far is the *foyer* of the Opera, a considerable improvement on the English "green-room." Here, in half-an-hour, you hear discussed every topic which has made the nerves of Paris tingle throughout the day, the newest political move characterized ably in a *bon mot*, the last *faux pas* of the minister dissected in a pleasant *calembourg*, the latest piece of scandal interpenetrated with a fire of ridicule, the fleeting fantasy of the hour caught and made food for laughter.

My *rôle* was more that of a listener upon this occasion than a participator, and I have jotted down some of the amusing things I heard. The conversation first turned on a new Opera, in which a condemned soul is brought on the stage, a death's-head being the only part of the body visible, with the exception of a bony hand in which is held forth a scroll, while the rest of the apparition is wrapt up in a white shroud of enormous dimensions.

"The Opéra management," said one, "have put an *Ame en peine* on the boards. "Why did they not choose for the part Bugeaud, the African *conqueror?*"

"He is kept too busy by Abd-el-Kader," said another. "Better have chosen Michel Chevalier (an eminent publicist of the Opposition) who has been rejected by so many electoral colleges that he

has long since given up the ghost in despair, and now is condemned to wander for his sins from constituency to constituency till the Day of Judgment."

The elections have been recently concluded with a great triumph to Guizot's administration, and Chevalier is one of those who have been defeated in more than one appeal to the voters.

"But to pass from the Rue Lepelletier to the Escurial," said a rather conceited-looking *feuilletoniste*, "what think you of the modesty of Queen Isabel, who has thought proper to proclaim to all Europe and the world the very delicate fact that she is—going to be married?"

"The formula must be changed for the future," said a quiet-looking, elderly man, with considerable humour in his eye. "For *l'innocente Isabelle* we must read *la noçante Isabelle*."

The hit was received with considerable laughter. "*La noçante*" means "the marrying." The pronunciation is nearly identical.

"What say you of the Minister of the Interior [Duchâtel], who has ordered no fewer than twelve copies of Duprez' new *Art du Chant?*"

"*Il a raison.* He never knew how to observe any measure."

"No; it is to give himself popular airs!"

"What think you of *notre Timon's* defeat in his election for the Institute?" said a Republican journalist. (M. de Cormenin had just been rejected by a considerable majority.)

"That he who was *illustre* before is made by this Gothic act *illustrissime*. All the real intellect of

the Institute was on his side, and amongst the rest Victor Hugo."

"*Il est un triomphe d'être ainsi vaincu.*" Here several artists joined in the colloquy, and amongst the rest the eminent caricaturists, Gavarni and Daumier, and the new caricaturist of the *Charivari*, "Cham," who I can assure my readers is no *sham* whatever. The conversation turned upon a present of six horses just sent by Louis Philippe to the Emperor of Morocco.

"I am surprised to learn," said one, "that these horses are from Normandy."

"Why?"

"I had thought it a *Gasconade*. What useful purpose will the present serve?"

"*It will serve to remount Abd-el-Kader!*"

The hit was very effective; for all Paris rings now with accounts of the excitement on the Maroquin sea-board, of the new position taken up by Abd-el-Kader, and the probability that France will have to fit out another expedition against Morocco, by land and sea.

I retired to Tortoni's to eat an ice—a condiment which has been in such requisition this summer in Paris, in consequence of the extreme heat, that the stock is now almost entirely exhausted, and the price raised in the principal cafés. The Yankees, ever active in speculation, and ever ready to prove that they are "the smartest nation," are providing a remedy for Parisian distress, and dispatched some time since the first cargo of ice ever sent from America to France, which is daily expected at

Havre. Since the great heats set in at Paris, tables are established outside nearly all the cafés on the Boulevards, and crowds at every table consume their *ponches*, *eaux sucrées*, ices, "grogs," *bière de Strasbourg*, and other refreshments, while street troubadours and musicians perform at their elbows, and then present their modest *soucoupe* or *porte-carafe* (saucer or salver) to receive their *sous*. The extraordinary temperature has occasioned this rare phenomenon, that the trees on the Boulevards which were stript during the last month have put forth their leaves a second time, a spectacle not often witnessed out of the confines of the torrid zone. A still more curious phenomenon may be witnessed on the Place Royale, where I saw to-day some chestnut-trees crowned at once with ripe fruit, beautiful flowers, and leaves both green and withered!

Took a hasty survey of the innumerable *arcades* and *passages*, at the wonders of the tailors', confectioners', bootmakers', perfumers', milliners' and haberdashers' windows; the print-shops and booksellers' filled with Algeria and the glory of "*la grande nation*," (not a word about Tahiti) and the superbly romantic (and eminently moral) living literature of France. I saw shooting caps and costumes of the most bizarre description, apropos of the season, but more suitable for the stage than the field; *corsets merveilleux*, with or without seam, calculated to convert the leanest of hags into a blooming Houri; the "special cabinet" of Doctor Toothache, *médécin de la bouche*, for the cure of

teeth, gums, tongue, palate, throat, lips, and tonsils (I wonder has he any cure for a long tongue, or if he patches the gums with gum elastic); *pâte pectorale* and *sirop de Nafé*, the most efficacious of all pectoral pastes and syrups, by the aid of which you can pass your time more agreeably with a cough than without it; and the unparalleledly magnificent Rowland's-Macassar-extinguishing Pommade-Dupuytren, for renewing the growth of hair upon places pronounced irreclaimably bald for years, for arresting its fall and discoloration, and for the conservation of the *chevelure* until long after death! Would it make a second eyebrow? But of all these triumphs of genius, which, in words familiar to Parisians, "respire the air and spirit of our easy, elegant, and artistic society," that which arrested most my attention was the following:

"AUTHORIZATION: I authorize, *I even require* Sieur Gervais, surgeon pedicure of the King of the Belgians, *actually resident at Paris*, to publish that through the effects of his new REMEDY I have become perfectly cured of a CORN which forced me (the expression is just) to walk in a carriage!! Signed, DEKLOW, jeweller-goldsmith, &c. *Nota.* More than 1200 persons, and principally Madam la Comtesse de Léoville, were lately in the same position."

A singular position for Madame la Comtesse—forced to "walk in a carriage," and with an intoler-

able corn, too. I trust it was a roomy vehicle. King Leopold, "actually resident in Paris," is likewise a model of literary construction.

But all this is inartistical, vile, a mere *nullité* compared with the rival puffs of Lob and Rob, names invented by two of the most splendid empirics in the world, who, having heard probably of the great temporary popularity achieved by Mr. Dickens through the appropriation of another unmeaning monosyllable, "Boz," expend I know not how many thousands a year in advertising their handy and striking names and drugs to the Parisian public. Lob, who calls himself a German chymist,

"GIVES 10,000 FRANCS TO WHOSOEVER will prove that there is any means whatsoever superior to the EAU DE LOB for making the hair GROW AND THICKEN. Bald persons who deal upon forfeit (à forfait) do not pay until after the RENAISSANCE of their hair! Flacon avec brochure, five to ten francs."

Rob, whose name would scarcely do for England,

"Depurifies the blood by means of his transcendental concentrated syrup for the effectual, instantaneous, and eternally definitive cure of all dartres, démangeaisons, spots, and swellings on the skin, gout, rheumatism, and all other vices of the blood. Twenty thousand francs to whoever will produce another so efficacious a remedy!! (signed) *Rob.*

But listen to something even still more seductive :—

" SPECIALITÉ		RUE DE LA
DISCRETION	MARRIAGES	BOULE-ROUGE,
ACTIVITÉ		7, Coin du Passage.

" Madame Chatillon informs those persons who desire to marry, that her relations with society place her in a position to effect the most advantageous *partis de mariage.* Those who may desire to honour her with their confidence may be assured both of her discretion and of prompt success.

" Address, by word of mouth, or by letter, franco."

There is just now the Devil amongst the Doctors at Paris. In this department of science French eccentricity has for many years past very freely disported itself, and when I was last here the disputes between the *homme normal* and the *homme abnormal* of medical science were amusingly ferocious. Now *les allopates* and *les homéopates* (the French make strange hash of their Greek) have absorbed into their active rivalry nearly all the bad blood of the profession, and the *hydropates* come in " to make the gruel thick and slab." A congress of French homœopathic doctors has just been held here, with which the allopathists have been making themselves very merry; and the Parisian population, beginning to be wearied with the disputes of these gentlemen who kill *par brevet*

d'invention, a new philosopher steps in and cries "a plague on both your houses," and gives to the world a series of recipes for "*le traitement sanitaire par soi-même*," which, as the newest bubble of the hour, has been enormously successful at Paris, and no invalid can open his mouth in any society that "Raspail" is not stuffed down his throat. His system has been recommended to me by scores of people, but I do not intend to trouble either him or the regulars. Raspail was originally a physician, but rejects his diploma, and advises all people to doctor themselves—*according to his published principles.* His books sell, and this I suppose answers his purpose as well as fees.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke de Montpensier returns from Strasbourg.—His proposed marriage with the Spanish Infanta.—The two B.'s, Bulwer and Bresson.—Enlargement of the Paris newspapers; sacrifice of elegance to bulk.—Monster *feuilletons*.—"Young Ireland;" bursting of the Repeal bubble, and ridicule of it in France.—Contrast of the treatment of the soldier in France and in England.—Conference with Monsieur de l'Obus, a member of the War Party.—Tooth-quacks and monstrosities of invented names.—"No more gray hairs, no more white hairs!"—"A bottle of champagne for a halfpenny."—"Twenty-thousand francs for a corn which can resist the Pedicure's treatment!"

Paris, September 9.

The Duke de Montpensier has just arrived from Strasbourg. He has made a wonderful stride in popularity within a few days. The marriage so slily arranged for him by M. Bresson has, of course, recalled him from the provinces. The matter is here believed to be disposed of, and the impressible Parisians now manifestly regard him as "*un héros*." There will probably be a trumpery discussion in the Córtes before it is finally arranged. The Treaty of Utrecht may be got over, by sheer effrontery, but the question

cannot be shelved without some grave discussions. If matrimony (as it is said) may cost Queen Isabel her life, the Duke would attain to too paramount a position to be lightly consented to. Besides, Lord Palmerston will not surely pass over easily the insulting treatment which the Queen's representative at Madrid has received from the French ambassador. Not told of the marriage arranged between the Duke and Infanta until it was communicated to all Madrid on the following morning! The quarrel between the two B.'s, Bulwer and Bresson, is a very pretty one as it stands. There is no doubt that, in the ordinary relations of life, Bulwer must have kicked Bresson for such rascally treatment. But Bulwer was too lady-like for this, and the Talleyrands of diplomacy must needs smile in front even when they are kicked behind! Narvaez left Paris for Bayonne on Sunday — a significant commentary on the newly-arranged marriages, and exposition of the policy of Guizot and Louis Philippe. Several people of rank and fashion are here likewise preparing to set out for Madrid, to be present at the ceremony.

The Paris papers have latterly become enlarged to a size which to me is rather uncomfortable. Some of them,—the *Epoque* for instance—are now longer in the page than any of the London journals, which to my taste were already too large. In strolling through the cafés, and taking up paper after paper advanced from Lilliputian to Brobdignag dimensions, I had the same feeling that one has, on returning after a few years' absence, at seeing a

graceful and comely youth grown up into an awkward, heavy-looking, and ugly man. The quality of the paper on which they are printed being somewhat *raggish*, they do not feel so solid or respectable in the hand as a London journal, and consequently one acquires the feeling of a great "spread" with little substance. The size of the Paris journals some years back was extremely handy and convenient, but in no one particular could they suffer themselves to be eclipsed by "*la perfide Albion.*" The form of the *Constitutionnel* is particularly ridiculous—its *feuilleton*, a novel of Eugène Sue's, being, instead of as formerly the under (yet an integral) part of the paper, an excrescence growing out from beneath it, intended to be separable from it and to form an independent quarto, elongating the paper to so outrageous a length that it is necessarily crumpled up and broken in the reading, and producing altogether a most absurd effect.

The *Journal des Débats* has to-day a leading article of three columns, showing how utterly insignificant was the party of *Young Ireland*, and how completely O'Connell has triumphed over it. Nearly all the Paris journals take the same view. We laugh a great deal abroad at the Repeal absurdity, and those who swore by *Young Ireland* for a time, and its ridiculously bepuffed organ, the *Nation*, repudiate now most strenuously the notion that they were ever bitten by the rabid dogs of Dooley Street. The bursting of the Repeal bubble is universally acknowledged, and the soap-

suds into which it has resolved itself, of a dirty yellow cast, betoken the coppery tinge of money. That non-publication of accounts is what Frenchmen cannot stomach, and they shrewdly inquire what was done with all the cash that entered the coffers of *Silly-Agitation Hall.* They are quite familiar with the story of Monsieur O'Breeong's invited martyrdom in the cellar, ridicule the notion of Young Ireland's songs, about which such a fuss has been made, and ask whether *la verte Hibernia* has become a nation of Troubadours in the nineteenth century! The character of Ireland has suffered terribly abroad by this wordy, weak, and foolish agitation; and while these fanatics thought that the eyes of Europe were on them, it was only a twinkle of derision!

The extraordinary contrast in the treatment of the private soldier in France and in England never received a stronger illustration than in a fact which has occurred since my arrival here. His Majesty King Louis Philippe has just conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honour upon ten *militaires* who distinguished themselves in the recent combat of Djemma-Ghazouat, in Algeria. Of these ten not one is above the rank of corporal; one is a private soldier, and another a trumpeter. Yet all are made "*chevaliers*" of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour.

I met to-day a member of the War Party, (Monsieur de l'Obus I shall call him) with whom I had the following little *causerie:*—

"*Voyez vous, Monsieur,*" said this long-bearded

individual, whose high sanguineous temperament shewed itself in the vivacity of his eyes and the rapidity of all his gestures. "The triumph of Palmerston *dans cette affaire de l'Orient* is wiped off *joliment* by his disgrace to-day in Spain. If Thiers retreated with his fleet to Toulon in 1840, *le Cobourg* has been forced to retreat from Madrid, with all his hymeneal preparations and the boasted influence of England."

"*Vous avez raison, Monsieur;* Don Francisco and the French Cupid, Bresson, have gained the day. England has been shamefully discomfited."

"*C'est evident!* (he manifestly thought me a good war-party-man and a *François né malin,* thanks to my brown complexion and to some fluency in the language.) But England has other ends in view. Look round the world. Each day beholds departing from the ports of England some hardy navigator in quest of a new *débouché* for the national industry. *La perfide Albion,* so well described as a *nation de shopkeepare,* has her eyes incessantly opened upon all points of the globe! Does she learn that there is somewhere to be found a good harbour, or even a sheltered cove, a little arable land, in a word, the smallest elements of a possible colonization, immediately a ship sets sail and goes to take possession of this corner of the earth! No doubt, if a new island were to rise of a sudden from the depths of the Ocean, an English vessel would be found *on the spot* to plant on it *le pavillon Britannique;* and upon its still moving

shore would soon be read the two significant words: '*comptoir, magasin!*'"

"*Le fait est tellement vrai,*" I replied, "that several years back, through one of those submarine phenomena which are still so little understood even by philosophers, a new island appeared one fine morning a few feet above the surface of the Mediterranean. A British flag floated there even before this extraordinary apparition became known to the Neapolitan government, which subsequently, however, claimed the sovereignty of this new territory sprung up within its dominions."

"*Est-ce possible, Monsieur?*"

"*Certain!* At the moment when the diplomatic discussions which ensued were about to become in the highest degree envenomed, through a new phenomenon almost as little understood by philosophers as the former, the island sank and disappeared with the British flag, which it dragged to the bottom of the sea! Soundings repeatedly taken at the supposed spot successively failed in discovering any vestige of the island, and it is highly probable that at this moment it is no longer in existence."

"*Singulier!*"

"In the Antilles," I continued, "between St. Thomas and Porto Rico, there exists an island whose military position commands that entire *débouquement*. The English call it the 'Isle of Crabs.' It is not inhabited. That island was evidently intended by nature for a dependance of Porto Rico. A very romantic history has been related of a

Frenchman who made himself the sovereign of this island, *bien entendu* that he was to acknowledge—only however as a matter of form—the sovereignty of Spain. Often *notre brave compatriote* came backwards and forwards to cut down timber in the virgin forest with which the whole island was covered, and assert his rights of sovereignty in the desert. There was an epoch—I know not whether the outrage has yet ceased—when an English ship of war came regularly every year to plant *le pavillon Anglais* on the top of a boat-hook, in sign of having taken possession of the island. Every year, with the same regularity, the Frenchman, King of the Isle of Crabs, knocked down the boat-hook and tore up the British flag—"

"*Ah, sacre, bon!*"

"A Revolution, *mon cher Monsieur*, broke out in the vice-royalty of La Plata. That fine possession was wrested from Spanish domination, and a glorious Republic established. But the weak inhabitants, untrue to Republican inspiration, frittered away their new-found rights in vile domestic squabbles. While each province became or desired to establish itself as an independent state, *les îles Malouines*, known by the English under the name of *les îles Falkland*, formerly dependent on the vice-royalty of La Plata, remained for some time without an owner. *La perfide Albion* came up at this moment *en véritable troisième larron*, and took possession of these islands, of which she knew how to appreciate all the advantages. Her flag was planted upon them, and they were united to

the British crown under the assumed right of conquest—

"*Les fripons!*"

"The president of the Argentine confederation, Rosas, has never desisted from his legitimate pretensions to the Falkland Islands; but to all his remonstrances on the subject England has incessantly replied, as *ce drole de Guizot* told the electors of Lisieux, that Louis Philippe, standing on the fortifications of Paris, would reply to the enemies of France: 'Come and take them!'"

De l'Obus here spat out very vehemently, indicating his disgust at the mention of the names of Guizot and Louis Philippe.

"*Regardez donc,*" said he; "look at the insolence with which *ces Albionnais* speak of our African conquest, because our triumphs in the North are a brilliant epigram on their defeats in the South of Africa! Their throats are cut in hundreds by the vilest of men, *les Hottentots!*"

"*Oui, dame,*" I replied, "and while we colonize so successfully in Algeria under Bugeaud's magnificent motto: '*Tam ense quàm aratro,*' see what wretched tyranny the English have established throughout the enormous extent of India."

"*They* colonize! They can only keep shop," said l'Obus. "From our small possession of Trichinopoly the French will yet go forth, *en vrais héros*, and expel the Britannic traders from the entire of the Indian continent!"

"*Probablement.* They figured so miserably in their late engagements with the Sikhs, and failed

so wretchedly on the banks of the Indus, while the French have held their ground so gloriously in Tahiti [the news had just arrived of the French expulsion] that there can be little doubt we shall have other victories to boast of shortly besides those at Madrid—*les triomphes des noces.*"

L'Obus, who now suspected my nativity, swallowed a whole mouthful of smoke in his annoyance, spat out half a cupfull of coffee, and made an excuse to retire.

As the French do not shine in point of personal beauty, the hair and the teeth have always been the great *chevaux de bataille* of Parisian quacks. In point of extravagant names they now beat us hollow. Our empirics get needy University-men to furnish them with Greek names, but those of Paris invent gibberish-names on the "Zazezizozu" principle, which meaning in reality nothing, but being very odd-looking and puzzling, about twelve years since drew all Paris to a melodrame which bore that name. Observe this advertisement of the newest Parisian tooth-quack:

"OSANAKRYSES! Teeth solidly adapted in the mouth. Without springs or ligatures. If we add to the ingenious *système Rubech* for the placing of artificial teeth, that he has found the means of extracting a preparation from the tusks of the hippopotamus (forming the basis of the Osanore teeth) by the aid of which he obviates all the inconveniences hitherto felt from these latter, such as alteration of colour, little duration, unpleasant odour, &c.,

the Osanakryses are better established, more beautiful, more durable, and are not so dear as the Osanores, so pompously announced by *pretended Inventors* [this is rather cool, the Osanores having been first in the field], who proclaim themselves the sole possessors of these teeth, and call themselves with the utmost effrontery Authors and Doctors, the better to dazzle and deceive a too credulous public. Cabinet de M. Rubech," &c. &c.

It is not very complimentary to the Parisian public that they are *gobemouches* enough for this to go down with them. I don't think it would do for London. Here is another, pitched in the same key, and still proceeding on the *exploitation* of vanity and the desire of personal beauty :—

"NO MORE GRAY HAIRS! NO MORE WHITE HAIRS!

Newly invented composition. Up to this hour, all that has existed has been imperfect! [Literal]. The *Eau de Perse* is the sole composition which can tinge in a minute the hair, the moustaches, and the whiskers, of every shade. It gives them a SOLID TINGE, SUPPLENESS, and NATURAL BRILLIANCY. In flasks at five and ten francs.

"Madame Dusser, rue du Coq-St.-Honoré, tinges the hair both *chez elle* and in your own domicile."

This accommodating lady will operate on gentlemen's moustaches and whiskers, wherever they may please to require her services. It would be

difficult to specify what kind of service may not be had in Paris for money.

Here is something still more surprising :—

"A bottle of Champagne for five centimes (a halfpenny).

"POUDRE-D. FEVRE, the only one guaranteed by the National Exposition, and by certificate of the first Physicians who make use of it daily. Fifteen years of success—*inde iræ!* (a hit at rival puffers). Eau de Seltz, Limonade Gazeuse, Vin de Champagne! Twenty bottles, one franc!!"

I strongly recommend this halfpenny Champagne to our getters-up of public dinners.

Perhaps you will think that the above is not to be surpassed. What do you think of the following? "Twenty thousand francs, *forfait absolu*, to whoever has a corn or bunion that will resist the treatment of *le sous-signé Pedicure*."

CHAPTER IX.

The burlesque Regicide, Henry.—The Montpensier Marriage, "*ce resplendissant conjungo.*"—The tiger Narvaez let slip.—Progress of "free trade" principles in France.—The vintage and other crops.—Lord Normanby.—Parisian journalists; their influence; their venality; the enormous circulation of their writings.—Anecdote of Thiers.—*Mot* of Guizot.—The caricature-literature of Paris; the *Charivari*, the *Corsaire-Satan*; their artists, Gavarni, Daumier, and "Cham."—The *Illustration*.—The *Guêpes*.—"Bird's eye" view of the Parisian toilet.—Plan of colonization by military music!—Anecdote of Ingres the painter.—Bellicose sparrows and the magnetic telegraph.

Paris, September 10.

At the *Foyer de l'Opéra* last night, we had a *fou rire* as usual at the whole world in succession.

"The silly-pated regicide Henry" said one, "is *au désespoir*. They are going to march him off to the *bagnes* at Toulon, and the wretched man is in tears every hour of the day. Why, think you? Because he is 'disgraced.'"

"It was a glory then to shoot at the King!" said another.

"The *Juste-Milieu* takes better aim," said a third. "At the first shot he bags an Infanta."

"The man 'had wit in his anger,' however, for, the very day that his trial commenced before the Chamber of Peers, he made over to his family the

property invested in his trade, worth 20,000 francs, or near £1,000, which would have otherwise been confiscated as appertaining to a felon."

"Really," I remarked, "the cart's tail would be the true medicine for such *exploitants* of fame."

"*Mais, mon ami,* you forget what aid it brings to the policy of a septuagenarian for to be the mark of a Regicide conspiracy—what strokes of intrigue may be accomplished *behind the target!*"

Then came a hit at Lord Normanby, based upon the substitution of "*La Seine Inférieure*" for the old name of "Normandy."

"'Twixt Normanby and Normandy
There differs but a letter.
Rococo are the names of both;
'Inferior' suits them better."

The Montpensier marriage was next the theme. A wag of the opposition, ridiculing the magnificent language of the government organs, called it the "*resplendissant conjungo;*" and, a Ministerialist having declared this marriage to be the pledge of a complete reconciliation between France and Spain, pointed to the fierce anti-gallican language of the Spanish journals, and said that if this be the "*pax vobiscum,*" it must be a Spanish custom, to bite in giving the kiss of peace!

The possibility of a rising in Spain to prevent the Montpensier marriage from being realized, has been clearly anticipated by the Tuileries, and the tiger Narvaez, whom Louis Philippe had kept caged here some time, has been sent with sharpened claws (if needful) against the Spanish people. At first

the intention was to appoint Narvaez to the presidency of the Chamber of Peers, but the Spanish Ministers, seeing the growing excitement, have prudently appointed the Marquis de Miraflores to the Presidency in his stead, and set aside for the nonce the butcher of La Mancha, who arrested, in more than one instance, the brother of a Carlist chief, and shot him, because the *candillo* himself would not surrender.

Mr. Cobden's journey to France has already produced some good fruits. The meeting of free-traders at Bordeaux has originated an extensive movement in other directions. The free-traders, under the presidency of the Duke d'Harcourt, are now holding a meeting in Marseilles, and the commercial and manufacturing notabilities of Lyons have already had a réunion, and formed a committee for the purpose of advancing the principles of "*le libre échange.*" I am positively assured of the diminished hostility of several French protectionists, whose eyes are opened by the singular result that, since the passing of the corn-bill, England has been exporting corn to France.

The accounts of the vintage from all parts of France are favourable. From Beaune, in the Côte d'Or, the news is that the first annual visit to the *vignobles* was made a few days back, and that the vintage there will be advanced this year at least ten days. The *comité viticole* (committee of wine-growers), which in each district fixes the banns, or arranges the period at which the vintage is to commence, has entered upon its duties; and the vintage at Meursault is to take place on the 12th, and at

Volnay on the 14th. The grapes are everywhere ripe, and the wine will be undoubtedly of a rare quality. The warmth of the season has been so favourable to this crop, that there are some who are of opinion that the wine of this year will surpass every vintage since the Comet of 1812.

It now being ascertained that the wheat crop throughout France will yield considerably less than in average years, the price of bread has risen in Paris, and with it of almost every article of food. Meat is sold at an extravagantly high rate. The *filet d'aloyau*, which is the finest piece of beef, in England called "the Sunday side" of the sirloin, costs 36 sous or 18*d.* the pound, and good veal 22 sous. Fish, at all times rare and dear in Paris, now scarcely makes its appearance in the market, and is snatched up for the *gourmets* at the Rocher de Cancale and elsewhere, at most extravagant prices. The price of vegetables is also exorbitant, the best potatoes being three francs the *boisseau* or stone of 14 lb. All other esculents are in the same proportion; and such being the case when the town is empty, and at the mere beginning of September, there is little depth of divination in anticipating that this will be a dear winter in Paris. I may add, for the guidance of English residents, that a system of gross plunder has just been disclosed before the tribunals here, by which it is found that French servants are in the habit of robbing English families by enormous overcharges in weight.

Short as has been the residence here of Lord Normanby, our new Ambassador, he has already

begun to make himself very popular, possessing in an extraordinary degree the happy art of conciliating the general esteem and affection, which he practised so successfully in Ireland. The noble Marquis is so far from being deserted by his Irish reminiscences, that he has just appointed two Irishmen to the posts of physician and apothecary to the Embassy. Both are O'Grady's. The appointment is judicious enough, for the Irish are always a "strong faction" in Paris. The prospects of Lord Normanby's mission have ceased to be of the *couleur de rose*, which they wore upon his arrival here, and even his bland demeanour and tact will have some difficulty in maintaining the *entente cordiale*. These qualities however may be very beneficial in diluting Lord Palmerston's *eau de vie*.

The Paris journalists retain pretty much the same position which they held in social estimation when I was last here, some years back. They are rather disliked, and even despised, in society, but the influence of their writings is immense. The very parties who "pooh-pooh" them, and point to the venal and profligate character of many of them, read their leading articles with unremitted attention, and are influenced by them nearly as much as the rest of the people. The only solution of this inexplicable riddle is that their opinions appear in print—an apparently absurd but, I believe, the substantial reason, for there is an *entrainement* about an ably written and eloquent article (however dishonest) which is not readily resisted. Café-life is the mode in Paris, and reading journals is the mode in cafés.

To this let me add that "the mode" is more paramount in its tyranny in Paris than in any other part of the world. An English journalist with the character of an average journalist of Paris could not live against the torrent of indignation and contempt which his misdeeds would excite. Venality is asserted of nearly all Parisian journalists, and the hostility of nearly all the opposition journals is said to be often bought off by the minister upon particular questions. Happily, such things in England are impossible.

The circulation of the leading Paris journals is much greater than that of the first London newspapers. Thus *La Presse* has 35,000 actual subscribers, while the entire circulation of *The Times* is about 25,000. But it is not the circulation of a paper which is its remunerative element, especially when sold at a cheap rate like *La Presse*, and notwithstanding great efforts, the advertisements in the very first Paris journals are never numerous. The type is large, but the proceeds are small. Hence considerable legitimate profits do not come to the aid of weak human virtue, and *La Presse* has a very unenviable character for venality. The principal editor, M. Emile de Girardin, is not received into select society; indeed, M. Bertin de Vause, the leading proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, is the only Parisian journalist who enjoys a very high character; and his respectability was some time since acknowledged by his advancement to a seat in the Chamber of Peers. It is just ten years since I was connected for some months with

the editing of *Galignani's Messenger*, and obtained some insight into the mysteries of Parisian journalism. The French newspapers (I mean those written in French) were then, as now, in the habit of manufacturing correspondence, and colouring news so as to suit a temporary purpose, and it would be absurd to accept *au pied de lettre* any unsupported statement of their's about any matter enlisting either their feelings or their interests.

The Legitimist papers are at this moment engaged with a proposition to effect a fusion of their separate interests, and publish for the future only one Legitimist organ, which will combine all their existing subscribers. The policy of this move may be doubted, since, though it may strengthen the force of one, it will diminish the number of their batteries, and impair the efficacy of that Guerrilla warfare which best suits their position. Five private soldiers are better than the best single serjeant in the world.

The squabbles of Parisian journalists amongst themselves, and the bitter things they publish of each other, evince the worst possible policy, and cause the public contempt to become concentrated on both parties, who maliciously parade each other's defects. The jealousies of Parisian literary men are intense. M. Véron, one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*, is said to be so jealous of Thiers, formerly editor and still a contributor to that journal, as to have paid Eugène Sue at the rate of 10,000 francs (400*l.*) per volume for his novels which appear in its *feuilleton*, to prove to Thiers

that it was not he who made its fortune. Véron's hatred of Thiers is said to have arisen from the fact of Thiers having been in the habit of "pooh-poohing" his political capacity, and been disinclined to enter into political discussion with him. This circumstance having just now reached Thiers's ears, he accosts Véron, wherever he meets him, with :— "Well, what is your opinion of the Spanish question?" A tart remark of Guizot's has been quoted to me. Some one having asked his opinion of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, his answer was : "*C'est un roman assez librement écrit.*"

Amongst the lighter periodical literature of Paris, the *Charivari* still retains its unrivalled preeminence. A sort of opposition caricature journal has been for some time past in existence, called the *Corsaire-Satan*, but does not at all equal the other. The *Charivari* monopolizes the admirable caricaturists Gavarni and Daumier, and has latterly obtained a powerful accession to this department in a young artist who calls himself "*Cham.*" Both Gavarni and Daumier are oddities, the former being utterly silent in society, although greatly sought after, and the other as outrageously droll and eccentric as the extravagant faces which he depicts. The French *Illustration*, in the style of our *Illustrated London News*, proceeds very successfully. Amongst the newest things in this style is a journal called *La Nouveauté Parisienne*, which gives illustrated advertisements exclusively, sometimes accompanied by poetical description in the style of "Moses and Son." The frontispieces of

several showy shops, and the newest inventions, together with the most inviting articles sold, figure in extensive wood-cuts upon satin paper. Of all the light periodical literature, probably the most *spirituel*, and sustained in its wit, is the *Guêpes* of Alphonse Karr.

At this dull season, when all the world who can afford it are many a league from Paris, taking the *bains de mer*, it is not unpleasant for a hasty passer-through to find himself less jostled than at other seasons, and have some room for observation without becoming himself a spectacle. I find the caps of the Paris *grisettes* more fascinating even than they were some years back, in consequence of the prevailing mode of placing rosettes of delicate-coloured ribbons at the side. The present style of bonnet worn by the higher classes is also very pretty, as are likewise the rows of buttons now universally worn by French ladies up the front of their dresses as far as the throat. The men are all now drest *à l'Anglaise* (so at least they call it). The style is loose and clumsy, and is certainly not English.

The French, having failed as colonizers in Algeria, and made equally slow progress in the Pacific, have hit upon a new and quite characteristic expedient. They have just despatched a military band to Tahiti, and are about similarly to provide all their establishments in *l'Océanie*—with a view to captivate the savages!

The extreme heats of this summer have caused the visitation of Cholera to be very much appre-

hended at Paris, and more than once the report of its actual arrival has been propagated, as at London. Upon due medical inquiry, however, the cases all turned out to be merely choleriform accidents. Severe dysentery has prevailed, and several English whom I have met complain of having suffered by it.

I must record an anecdote, which has just been told me, of Ingres, the celebrated French painter. Ingres, like Abelard, and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, subsists almost entirely on a vegetable diet, affecting to be something of a Manichæan in his abhorrence of animal food of all kinds. At a party lately, the lady of the mansion prevailed on him, with great difficulty, to swallow a single oyster, which she enforced with the commendation: "*Elle est pourtant très fraiche; elle est vivante encore.*"

"Oh, how much I have suffered!" said Ingres, as the *mollusque* disappeared.

"But not so much as the oyster," said the lady.

I should recommend M. Ingres' vegetable diet for the abatement of the French war-fever, but that General Foy attributes to their great consumption of bread the excellent marching qualities of the French Revolutionary armies.

In passing on the railway from Rouen to this place, I observed a specimen magnetic telegraph erected for a short distance, on trial, by the Administrateur-en-chef of the French telegraphs, who has just demanded 64,000 kilogrammes of wire for the purpose of introducing the system. The conversation in the carriage was loudly engaged (for even the noise of a locomotive cannot subdue conversa-

86124

tion here) on the probability of a war between France and England, apropos of the forced marriage between the Duke de Montpensier and the Spanish Infanta. By a singular coincidence, just as a *commis-voyageur* inside was raising his voice for war, a number of sparrows lit on the wires composing the telegraphic communication (I had witnessed the same partiality of these birds for the same eccentric perch before, on the Great Western Railway), and arranged themselves upon the different wires exactly in the form of the notes at the commencement of the *Marseillaise.* I was no little astonished at this occurrence, which took place literally as I have described it, the wires very exactly representing the musical staff, the wooden support the *clef*, and the birds the notes. They appeared to twitter away very energetically—almost as much so as my *compagnons de voyage.* I could not help suspecting that there must be something in the very air of France to turn the heads both of feathered and featherless bipeds, and produce these patriotic and bellicose ebullitions.

Thus ends my "bird's-eye view" of Paris.

CHAPTER X.

The Orléans railway.—Résumé of the journey to the Pyrenees.—Description of Orléans.—Steam navigation on the Loire.—Commencement of the vintage.—Hotel charges and mode of living.—A French *extravagant*.—Exaggerated accounts of corn riots and incendiarism.—Description of Blois, Amboise, and Tours.—French railway management.—*Rencontre* with a party of "chasseurs."—Description of Poitiers.—The harvest in France.—Angoulême.—Gross electioneering riots.—Ladies punished for their liege-lords' politics.—A feminine predicament.

Orléans, September 10.

I LEFT Paris this morning by the train which starts at half-past eight. Those with whom expedition is a paramount object can reach Tours from Paris by railway in six hours and a-half. I preferred dividing the journey into two stages, by which I had the opportunity of seeing Orléans. The distance from Paris to Tours is 59 leagues, or about 145 miles, the French league being nearly 2½ English miles. The distance from Paris to Bayonne is 209 leagues, or about 520 miles. You are thus enabled at present to perform nearly one third of the journey from Paris to the heart of the Pyrenees by rail, with perfect convenience, in a quarter of a day. Invalids or

persons of delicate constitution can perform the entire distance from London to Tours by steam or rail—viz., by steamer from London or Southampton to Havre in a day or less, and from Havre to Rouen in six hours, by rail in four hours, from Rouen to Paris, and likewise from Paris to Tours, in the period specified above. The advantage of this to residents is nearly as great as to travellers, for when I entered a café just now in Orléans, within a quarter of an hour of my arrival, I found the Paris papers of this morning on the marble tables, having, like myself, arrived by rail. I reached Orléans before noon.

The stations by which the train from Paris to Orléans passes are Choisy-le-Roi, Invisy, Savigny, Epinay, Saint-Michel, Brétigny, Marolles, Lardy, Etrechy, Etampes, Angerville, Toury, Artenay and Chevilly, small towns into a description of which it is unnecessary to enter. Chartres is left to the right hand of the railway route, and Fontainebleau to the left.

Orléans, the ancient *Genabum*, is a large and handsome town of very remote origin. It is the *chef-lieu* of the department of Loiret, and the seat of a bishopric, and possesses, in addition to the customary French institutions, a *bourse*, an Academy, a Royal College, a public library of 53,000 volumes, and a museum containing some interesting pictures and sculptures of the French school. The finest building in the town is the Cathedral, a modern structure of considerable magnificence. The bridge over the Loire is likewise worthy of notice; but

what will most attract the English eye is the monument erected to the memory of Joan of Arc, for her services in compelling our ancestors to raise the siege of this town, whence her designation: *La Pucelle d'Orléans.* The tower of the Beffroi and the Rue Royale are worthy of notice, as are likewise the houses in the old quarters of the town, most of them constructed of wood and coloured so as to present a curious and antique aspect. Orléans is a stirring town, and has a good deal of trade. The Canal of Orléans runs from within a short distance of this town some leagues eastward, and is connected with a system of canals running northward towards Fontainebleau and southward to Briare. The population of Orléans is about 45,000.

A steamer runs on the Loire from Orléans to Tours, and was greatly sought by passengers when its only competitor was the Diligence. But since the opening of the railway it is very little used, the more especially since it cannot run except when the water is high. The drought of this season renders it impossible that it should ply at present. The rivers of France have for several weeks past been remarkably low, and the harvest both of grain and potatoes has suffered in consequence of the drought.

The vintage commences on this day throughout the entire Bordeaux wine district. The banns were published a few days since. This expression will amuse the English reader, but it is a literal version: *le ban vient d'être publié.*" This is not the only instance in which the culture of the vine borrows the phraseology of matrimony—the vine is said to be

married to the elm. The reason of the publication of the banns before the commencement of the *vendanges* is to secure fair play to all the vineyard proprietors, and prevent forestalling, or the thrusting of an unripe and inferior article on the market. The banns affix a heavy penalty to any one who shall proceed to gather his grapes for the winepress before the appointed day.

In the various hotels as you pass along, throughout this entire route, you live very comfortably for half a guinea a day, servants and a moderate use of wine included. As a general rule, there is no fleecing in the hotels outside of Paris. At first an exclusively French *cuisine* disagrees with Englishmen, but they soon become accustomed to it and, for the most part, like it. I recommend, from experience, a most temperate use of wine, as the greatest aid to digestion and regularity of the entire system. The coffee here is a well-known luxury; in fact, I find it impossible to drink coffee as made in England. But, *en revanche*, they make tea in England immeasurably better than in France. The further south you go here, the less cleanliness you will meet *behind the scenes*. The private vehicles and hired carriages, to an Englishman, are frightful caricatures.

I find that the accounts which have been published of corn riots and incendiarism in this and the adjoining province (Loiret and Loir et Cher) have fortunately been much exaggerated by that rage for paragraphing and producing effect, which has gone a good way towards pulling the teeth of

journalism in France. The corn tumults were merely a momentary ebullition of the people, labouring under the apprehension that this year's crop would be a complete failure. These fears, however, have happily not been realized, and though the crop is below the average yet famine is not apprehended. With further and more accurate knowledge, the excitement of the people subsided, and they have since allowed the corn-dealers without interruption to pursue their ordinary traffic. The fires described as incendiary turn out to have been for the most part accidental, or to have originated in private vengeance.

A passenger whom I have met in the hotel here is a good specimen of a French *extravagant*. He is "bearded like the pard," and moustached almost to the eyes, boasts of being a *vieux militaire*, is more than 50 years of age yet affects the juvenile in all his acts and gestures, talks Deism, war, and politics incessantly, affects great gallantry towards the fair sex but has too much *laisser aller* in his manner to be truly polite, wears a light-coloured paletot of singular cut and a white travelling-cap with a cameo set in gold in front of it, a neck-chain of immense thickness, three rings on his fingers, and has slung on one side a bead tobacco-pouch and a pipe-case on the other!

Tours, September 11.

I left Orléans this forenoon by the half-past eleven train, and reached this place in three hours and a few minutes. The stations by which the line

passes are La Chapelle, Saint-Ay, Meuny, Beaugency, Mer, Ménars, Blois, Chouzy, Ouzain, Amboise, Verroray, and Montlouis. Of these Blois is the only considerable town. It is seated on the left bank of the Loire, and is of considerable antiquity, with narrow and crooked streets. The Evêché, or former episcopal residence, now the Prefecture, is seated on an eminence surrounded by terraced gardens enjoying a fine aspect. The bridges, the hospitals, the former Church of the Jesuits, built by Mansard, some houses constructed by Philibert Delorme, and especially the ancient Castle, whose western façade is by Mansard, are worthy of observation. The place is still pointed out here where the Duke de Guise was assassinated. Amboise, another small town on the route, where there is a railway station, is interesting as the spot where the celebrated conspiracy, which takes its name from the town, burst forth in the reign of Francis II. Here there is a castle built by Charles VII., from the summit of which is obtained a magnificent view. The streets of Amboise, like those of Blois, are narrow and winding, and both are noticeable as thoroughly old French towns, but Amboise is altogether unworthy of its charming situation. Here and at Blois is seen the genuine and picturesque costume of the peasantry of the Indre-et-Loire and the Loir-et-Cher, merging into southern negligence, the peasants enjoying an easy existence amongst some of the fairest fields of France, with vineyards all around, upon the blooming banks of the Loire. The railway from Orléans

to Tours runs all along the northern bank of this fine river, of which the traveller enjoys frequent and picturesque views.

The entrance to Tours is magnificent, and the *coup-d'œil* presented by the town is very imposing. You pass over an elegant bridge, and enter the Rue Royale. There are several houses on each side respectable in their style of architecture. Both on the right hand and the left the surface of the Loire is covered with charming islands. To the left you obtain a glimpse, from amongst the trees, of the Cathedral tower, than which there is nothing finer in France. The bridge by which you enter Tours, which is the *chef-lieu* of the Department of Indre-et-Loire, is one of the finest on the Continent. It is 1,335 French feet in length (the French foot is a fraction larger than the English) and its width is forty-one feet. It is level over its entire extent, and composed of fifteen elliptical arches, each seventy-five feet in diameter. From the extremity of this bridge extends, the whole length of the town, a handsome street with *trottoirs* at each side, the houses, which have a modern aspect, being all of the same height but in different styles of architecture. The cathedral is a light Gothic construction, remarkable for some fine stained glass. The portal forming the principal entrance, and the two towers, are also well worthy of being inspected. The celebrated Abbey of St. Martin, with its two towers likewise, will repay a passing visit. But here, as uniformly in France, I must resist detailed description. The promenades

and the archiepiscopal palace, deserve attention, and the ancient Royal Château of Plessis-les-Tours, which was built by Louis XI., within twenty minutes' walk of the town. The population of Tours is about 25,000.

An accident of a somewhat serious character occurred a few days since on the railway between this and Orléans. The locomotive was forced off the rails, from one of the switches not being set, and two baggage-waggons were dashed to pieces. Fortunately none of the passengers were hurt. On the whole, I think they are more careful in their railway management in France than in England, and latterly we hear but little of loss of life on their railways. To be sure, they have incomparably fewer lines open; but I think we might borrow a lesson from their prudent administration, and resort more extensively to the principle of state intervention.

The works on the railway from Tours to Nantes are at this moment urged on with great activity, as far as the Department of Maine-et-Loire.

I have just met a party in the suburbs returning from "*la chasse.*" They appear more merry than successful. Their dogs are nothing to boast of, and their game-bags do not rival the paunch of Falstaff. Every man has the velvet sporting cap which I described at Caen, with a leathern belt round his waist, and rather queer boots. They call the cap "English," but it is not English, except upon a race-course and in the vocabulary of Paris tailors. Upon a shooting excursion it gives them the look

of "*des palefreniers endimanchés.*" The sportsmen, as they pass, sing the following snatch of a song:—

Vive la chasse!
Elle surpasse
Tous les plaisirs
Qui charment nos loisirs.

Poitiers, September 12.

I reached this place this evening by the diligence from Tours, a distance of 30 leagues. The stage is altogether a pleasant one, passing through the Departments of Indre-et-Loire and Vienne. You pass the river Vienne at Châtellerault, and also a branch of it nearer Tours. Châtellerault is a thriving town of 10,000 inhabitants, presenting nothing noticeable, however, but its bridge, and a promenade adorned with a fountain.

Poitiers (the ancient *Pictivi*) is the principal town of the Department of Vienne, and has the usual institutions of such towns in France. It is likewise an episcopal see. The town is large and irregularly built; but its population, which consists of about 25,000 souls, by no means corresponds with its extent, the reason being that it contains within its precincts several gardens and cultivated fields. These impart to it much of the aspect of a southern town, and I obtained several glimpses of beautiful vineyards. The town was in existence before the time of Julius Cæsar, and still retains several traces of its antiquity, as the remains of a Roman amphitheatre and aqueduct. But its main interest to

Englishmen is derived from our celebrated victory, and from our long occupation of the town and district. The old church of St. John is regarded by some antiquarians as having been originally a Roman temple. The Cathedral is also worthy of a visit, and the church of Sainte Redegonde, whose nave is sustained without pillars. The church of Montierneuf contains the tomb of the Duke of Aquitane; and within a mile of the town is a fine Druidical stone, called *la Pierre levée,* thirty feet long by seventeen feet in width.

The harvest this year, throughout the French provinces where I have passed (with the exception of the vintage) has disappointed the farmers' expectations. The dry weather at the end of last and commencement of the present year stunted the growth of the crops. When the rains came they arrived too late, and in many parts destroyed crops which had given some previous promise. There have been some terrible storms in the south of France, accompanied in every instance by a deluge of rain, and the harvest in some places was most materially injured. The potato disease appears to be very generally felt; and it is not difficult to anticipate that this esculent, for which we are indebted to the adventurous Raleigh, and which has now been two centuries and a half introduced amongst us, will be much less generally consumed before long, throughout the entire of Europe. Four months back I ascertained, by personal inquiry on the spot, the positive existence of the potato disease to a considerable extent, in Spain and Portugal—

climates so favoured by nature that failure of crops is there an occurrence of the greatest rarity.

Angoulême, September 13.

I reached this place to-day from Poitiers by the Diligence, the distance being thirty leagues, the same as from Tours to Poitiers. These moderate stages of about seventy miles each prevent the journey from being too fatiguing for an invalid, and can readily be arranged, when there is no great rush upon the road, by an agreement to that effect upon taking your place at the Messageries from Tours to Bayonne. The Diligences now throughout France accomplish, for the most part, nearly seven English miles an hour, and when greater speed is desired, or a place cannot be had in the Diligence, the *malle-poste* may be put in requisition.

There is nothing worthy of particular mention on the road from Poitiers to Angoulême, if I except the small town of Ruffec, in the environs of which are produced excellent truffles, that ambrosial condiment of the French *gourmet*.

Angoulême, the ancient *Ecolisma*, and subsequently the capital of an independent principality, is now the *chef-lieu* of the Department of La Charente, and is also an episcopal see. The population is about 17,000. A terraced street runs round the town, from which some fine views are obtained. The Cathedral, with its fine façade, is also well worthy a visit, and the Public Library possesses some fine manuscripts. The river Charente runs

near the town, and enters the Bay of Biscay at Rochefort, ten leagues south of La Rochelle. On the banks of this river, ten leagues from Angoulême, is the celebrated town of Cognac. The brandy which bears that name is likewise manufactured at Angoulême, and this may be regarded as the commencement of the Bordeaux wine district.

I find the results of the late elections to be still felt throughout France, and that ladies even have in some instances been made the victims of the spirit of Opposition. At Royau, situated at the mouth of the Garonne, in this department, occurred a few days since the following outrage, which might well justify Burke's exclamation half a century back with regard to France, "The days of chivalry are gone!" Madame la Comtesse Duchâtel, the elegant and refined mother of the Minister of the Interior, —a lady advanced in years, and irreproachable in character, except through the misfortune of having given birth to a Minister of State, had her house besieged in the middle of the night, or rather early on the *Sunday* morning, by some thirty *jeunes gens* returning from one of the popular balls held at a place called l'Etablissement. They had provided themselves with horns, bugles, kettles, tin cans, waggon-whips, &c., and thus armed, stationed themselves under the Comtesse's windows, where they gave her a *charivari* of unexampled noise and dissonance. The *tapage* was so great as to be heard from one end of the town to the other; and the inhabitants, opening their windows or coming down

into the streets, anxiously inquired into the cause of the enormous clamour, some believing that part of the town was on fire, and the more superstitious that the last day was come. This elegant and chivalrous concert did not satisfy these refined heroes of the Charente, who roared out in Madame Duchâtel's ears a medley of songs and choruses never originally intended to meet them, and apostrophized her in language which is not to be repeated. The election of Perpignan, likewise in this direction, gave rise to still greater excitement, the celebrated Arago, one of the Opposition candidates, having been disseated by the Government candidate, Parès. The *juge de paix*, Davinça, who took an active part at this election, on behalf of the Government, arrived a few days after at Ceret, a town about equidistant from Perpignan and Port Vendres, on the Mediterranean, having a lady seated in the carriage with him. No sooner were his arrival and identity ascertained than a numerous mob surrounded the vehicle, abused him to their hearts' content, and are even said to have threatened him with death. A few leading citizens interfered, and prevented them from falling on the judge; but, the word having gone round that the "lady" was the obnoxious deputy, Parès (Arago's opponent) in disguise, the mob forced open the door of the carriage, declared that Parès was concealed in petticoats and that they must positively "*s'assurer de la vérité*, whereupon they threw themselves on the person of Madame Pons, Davinça's

travelling companion, and yielded themselves up, said my informant, to "*les plus odieuses et outrageantes investigations!*"

The weather has been extremely fine throughout this journey, and the heat of rare intensity.

CHAPTER XI.

Bordeaux; aspect of the town.—The vintage, its quantity and quality.—French and English claret growers.—Fresh provisional committee-men caught.—Runaway British bankrupts on the banks of the Garonne.—Rationale of "free trade" in Bordeaux.—"*Les libres-échangistes* in love with a little monopoly of their own.—Mr. Cobden's reception at Bordeaux.—His successful propagandism, in public and in private.——Adventures of a French soldier who escaped from the late massacre in Algeria.

Bordeaux, September 14.

I ARRIVED in this place in thirteen hours, by the *diligence* from Angoulême. By rail and messageries you can now reach Bordeaux in thirty-six hours from Paris, a distance of 155 leagues, or 380 miles. But as, to accomplish this, you would have to travel incessantly, it is much preferable to divide the journey into stages of the post towns as I have done. As Angoulême does not contain much that is worthy of observation, it was fortunate that the Diligence started in the evening, and thus enabled me to reach Bordeaux at an early hour this morning, so as to have the whole day for observation and inquiry.

Bordeaux, the ancient capital of Guienne, and now the *chef-lieu* of the department of La Gironde,

is a very old and handsome town, situated on the left bank of the Garonne. Bordeaux, as a commercial town, ranks the third in France, Marseilles being the first, and Havre second. It possesses some very extensive *armateurs* or ship-builders, and has a good deal of foreign trade. On your arrival at La Bastide, a village situated on the right bank of the Garonne, opposite Bordeaux, you are immediately struck with the view of the harbour and shipping, which, when I entered, had quite the look of a great and active seaport. Close to the harbour is a handsome city gate, called *la Porte de Bourgogne*, in the form of a triumphal arch, which terminates the *fossés* of Salinières, a kind of boulevard-promenade. To the right of these *fossés* is another gate, under a Gothic building, which was the former Hôtel de Ville. The handsomest part of the modern Bordeaux is the Cours de Tourny, not far from which is the Chapeau Rouge, a fine street containing several public buildings and other houses, of elegant architecture. To the left hand is the theatre, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect Louis, which in exterior beauty is scarcely surpassed. At the end of this street is the Bourse, whose interior is very striking, and a door from which leads to the Place Royale, one of the finest in Bordeaux.

The bridge over the Garonne is really magnificent, and of great length. I must again resist the temptation to detailed description, but amongst the churches must notice St. Andrews, a Gothic structure whose steeples are much admired; Sainte Croix, which dates from the eleventh century, and pos-

sesses some good pictures; the church of the Collége Royal, which contains the tomb of Montaigne; and that of St. Bruno, which is decorated with frescos executed by the celebrated Berenzague. The tower of Payberlan will also repay a visit, and the Château, now the Mayoralty, where there is a gallery containing some good pictures. There are several fine public promenades, especially those called *Les Quinconces,* where some magnificent public baths have lately been constructed. The new civil hospital should also be seen, the interior of which is well arranged, having iron bedsteads for 600 patients, while the exterior is decorated with a handsome Doric façade. Bordeaux possesses extensive manufactories, two handsome covered *passages* like those of Paris, a synagogue, and two Protestant churches, besides a library containing more than 100,000 volumes. It is likewise an archbishop's see.

They are now in the midst of the vintage here, and the accounts are very favourable. The district of Macon led the vintage this year. The great heats have been extraordinarily favourable to the vine, and the vintage of 1846 is likely to be long remembered, and tippled with peculiar *gusto.* The accustomed effect of the extreme heat has been to reduce the quantity, but *en revanche* the quality is expected to be super-excellent. The fermentation of the wine will not be reduced for some days, and until this crisis shall have passed, it will be impossible to pronounce on its quality.

I have just stept in to see a wine-press in

operation, in the suburbs. The process does not materially differ from that which I had seen before at Cadiz and Lisbon, except that much more care is evinced in the gathering and selection of the grapes, in rejecting the rotten and damaged bunches, and in the subsequent treatment of the wine. Owing to the heat of the summer, which unquestionably, had there been a sufficiency of grapes planted, would have produced very good wine in England, the vintage is advanced throughout France a full fortnight, and the general harvest in some places was five weeks in advance of the usual period. The consequence is that the shooting season, which is not usually declared to commence before the 1st September, was here opened in the middle of August. The heat continues to be intense.

There is some pleasant English society in Bordeaux and its vicinity, in consequence of some of our countrymen being resident wine proprietors. The usual results of capital, care, and perseverance, are displayed in the management of their vineyards, and a rivalry of excellence has been established between them and the French "claret-growers." Much ingenuity is displayed in the treatment of the vine, and amongst other processes resorted to is that of stripping the grapes of the adjoining leaves, at an advanced period of their ripening. Opinion is divided as to the advantages of this plan, the benefit of an increased access of the sun's rays being counterbalanced by the danger of the grape suffering from rain, without the pro-

tection of the leaves, which Nature has certainly not placed there without reason. This season the "strippers" have had it all on their side, the sun having *fait fortune*, and the drought having left the grape little exposed to rain.

Those Wandering Jews, "the provisional committee-men," whom the bursting of the railway bubble in November last has deprived, poor men, of a home and a country, are to be found even here. I met some of them strolling on the banks of the deep Garonne, who seemed to shun the sight of an Englishman as an old partridge at this season does the sportsman's gun. Too many of our countrymen at present in France might be set down in the Sporting Calendar as "shy, old birds." The provisional committee-men are becoming great connoisseurs in claret and French cookery. My appearance being a little foreign, I have involuntarily overheard not a few English conversations, in which the parties made mutual confession of runaway bankruptcy.

Bordeaux has long been the head quarters of the comparatively few free-traders of France. The secret of this is that it is the chief wine-growing and exporting country in this kingdom; and its interests are consequently bound up entirely with the export trade, and not in the least connected with domestic manufacture. While, therefore, they were giving Mr. Cobden a brilliant reception, they were likewise going the best way to work to help themselves and their trade. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the more of British manufactured goods France

takes, the more French wine will England import, which clearly accounts for the milk of beneficence in the Bordeaux cocoa-nut. I have found precisely the same principle at work at Cadiz and at Lisbon. All those who were interested to the extent of two-and-sixpence in the production or sale of home-manufactured goods were keen abettors of monopoly; while all concerned exclusively in the wine growth or export were flaming free-traders, every reduction in the tariff being, necessarily, in their favour. "Man falleth not asleep," saith the proverb, "while he boileth his own pot."

Some dirty inconsistencies, however, peep forth at times. A day or two before I reached Bordeaux, and within a week of the grand Cobden banquet, MM. Couran et Aman, the leading ship-builders, launched from their *chantiers* a very fine merchant-ship of 1200 tons burthen, called the *Pescatore*, built by them for a firm at Havre. This vessel is specially destined for the transport of tobacco from the United States, the exclusive right of which conveyance has been reserved by the finance minister to the French flag during the entire of the present year. A Bordeaux "free-trader" expressed himself thus to me on this subject:—"I trust that the Government *will persevere in a decision whose justice is not to be disputed* (a decision, observe, going even beyond the odious principle of differential duties, and establishing an utter and exclusive monopoly, of which England may have little right to complain, but which is grossly unjust to the United States). The transport of tobacco is a

'considerable element of freight,' and has already imparted much activity to our ship-building and mercantile marine (a Frenchman's thoughts are always running upon the extension of the navy). We entertain a well-founded hope in Bordeaux that the promises so often and so recently held out to us will not be vain, that the confidence of the French *armateurs* (ship owners and builders) will not now be deceived, and that such admirable specimens of naval construction as the *Pescatore* will become numerous in France and make our navy ascend to the highest rank. It is for the Chambers of Commerce, and Deputies of our sea-port towns, to sustain these claims by energetic protestations." I need hardly add that these very candid confessions of a "free-trader" would scarcely have been made to me, did I not speak French with some fluency, so as to prevent my being an Englishman from being suspected — a suspicion still further removed by the fact of my complexion being tolerably embrowned by the sun of Spain, Portugal, and Madeira.

I found these sentiments to be entertained by more than one member of the "*Association Bordélaise pour la liberté des échanges.*" These gentlemen's horror of monopolies does not extend to universal proscription. It reserves this little monopoly of exclusive transport for *le pavillon Français,* because Bordeaux is a ship-building town; and plays very complacently the part of *Maître Jacques,* appearing successively in the mantle of the protectionist and the blouse of the

free-trader. They did not tell this to Cobden while he was at Bordeaux!

In politics, stage management, quackery, and all such matters as live on publicity, a handy name is of the greatest importance. "Free-trade" was a very handy and a very taking name, and "free-traders" became the designation in England of a party or rather power in the state. The French were long puzzled for a handy, equivalent name, to describe the party which is a very small indeed, but, I believe, a growing power. They solved the problem at the banquet given here to Cobden on the 1st inst., by styling themselves "*les libres-échangistes.*"

The banquet took place in a plain but neat building, the very name of which contained a compliment to the Anglo-Saxon race—*la Salle* Franklin, "Franklin Hall." The impression which Mr. Cobden has left behind him at Bordeaux is of the most favourable character. His speech was more admired there than that which he delivered at Paris, and was read with greater satisfaction in the metropolis, although the first was likewise much admired. The critics remarked that the second speech possessed "*plus de solidité.*" I believe Mr. Cobden to have had some view towards political *propagande* in his journey to Bordeaux, and as usual, he has been successful. In public and in private he is equally active in what the French call "*la puissante propagande de la parole.*"

A good deal of curiosity has been excited here by the arrival of a French soldier from Algeria, whose

personal history possesses some interest. Many of the Bordélais flocked to see him, and I went with the rest.

He was one of the two solitary persons who had the good fortune to escape from what is commonly known in France as "*le massacre de la Deïra d'Abd-el-Kader*," the other being a trumpeter named Rolland. The hero to whom I was now introduced was born at Cahors, in the department of Lot, some twenty leagues north of Toulouse, and his name is Joseph Delpech. He was made prisoner on the 23rd September, 1845, with a numerous party of French soldiers who fell that day into the hands of Abd-el-Kader, and were all massacred, with the exceptions I have mentioned; Delpech returned to the port of Lalla-Maghrina on the 2nd of August in the present year, when, in consequence of the terrible hardships which he had endured, he obtained his dismissal from the service, and now returned to his family. His recital, which appeared simple, natural, and straight-forward, was as follows, and was committed to writing, of which I obtained a copy:—

"We were encamped on the banks of the Moulouia, in the midst of an extensive plain, from which we could see an immense distance in the direction of Djemma Ghazouat. The Deïra of Abd-el-Kader was about a league distant, towards the sea-coast. We were planted in the midst of the regular troops of the Emir. We were lodged in what are called *gourbis;* and to enable us to be more conveniently guarded, we were surrounded by a rude enclosure of stakes and branches of trees,

rising to the height of a man's head. The Emir's soldiers were stationed outside in groups of five and six.

"The day on which the massacre took place, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we saw Colonel Cognord carried away, together with all the officers and some few of the men. We immediately gathered together, and agreed that the officers had been removed because it was intended to kill us. The Colonel appeared to have overheard us, for he sent the *maréchal-des-logis* Barbier, and the sergeant Andrieux, to tell us that he was invited to a feast at the Deïra, and would be with us again on the following day. No doubt, he had been made to believe so, because if he had had any suspicion of the result, he would never have gone. He had all along continued to encourage us, and had already several times refused to separate himself from us, saying that, as we had been made prisoners together, we would return all together.

"When the officers had left us, we were told to come forward at the *appel*, with all our effects, because we must set out during the night. We accordingly came forward at the *appel*, and were then distributed by sixes amongst the *gourbis* of the Emir's regulars. The *fourrier* Bellot and four other soldiers were with me. We had no longer any idea that they were going to kill us, after what the Colonel told us; when they separated us from each other our notion was that they were going to employ us in the harvest, and we made a fire at the entrance to the *gourbi*.

"When night came on, the soldiers of Abd-el-

Kader told us that we must go to sleep. We returned, and threw ourselves on the ground. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awoke by loud cries, accompanied by much noise, from the adjoining *gourbis*. My comrades and I were immediately bound with cords. We had no time given us to arrange measures for our defence, and we did not yet understand that they were going to massacre us. I thought they were killing some of my comrades, who had endeavoured to make their escape in pursuance of a plot which had not come to my knowledge. Presently they came to take us forth. At first they made us sit down at the entrance to the *gourbi*. An Arab carried off the *fourrier's* great-coat. I immediately now perceived the fate which awaited us. The *fourrier* was sick, and shivering with cold asked for his great-coat again. I told him that it was useless, for presently none of us would have need of clothing.

"Immediately afterwards we were led into a ravine on the banks of the river, by seven or eight of the Emir's regulars. I was led by a rope tied round my neck; the others had the cords tied round their hands. We were then made to march a short distance in front of the Arabs. I was at the extreme right hand in the ravine, and we were then made to turn round. I thus found myself in front of an Arab soldier, who took aim to shoot me. His fusil missed fire. While he was cocking it again, I rapidly unfastened the cord which was happily tied loosely round my neck, and ran off at full speed in the direction of the Moulouia. Having no

hope whatever of saving my life, I plunged into the river, preferring death by drowning to being assassinated by the Arabs. For an instant I allowed myself to be carried along by the current, which was very rapid, my first impulse being to die thus easily. But immediately after I regained hope, and endeavoured to struggle against my misery. I took off my clothes one by one in the water, and gained the opposite bank; but as it rose rather high in that part, I swam as fast as I could down the river, with a view to land at some distance.

"During this time, which lasted, I think, about twenty minutes, I saw the Arabs running along the banks of the Moulouia. They flung some stones at me immediately after my escape, but fortunately none of them reached me. While I was stretching out in swimming, I once placed my hand on the dead body of one of my comrades, who, carried along by the river, had his further progress stopt by a rock. At last I set foot on the right bank of the Moulouia, about ten o'clock. I had divested myself of all my clothes in succession, and was now stark naked. I saw a strong light which appeared to proceed from a fire set to the *gourbis* where we had been encamped, and I heard gunshots for a considerable period.

"I took the direction of the mountains of Beni-Nassen, with a view to pass over them and thus reach, if possible, close to Djemma-Ghazouat. I walked during the whole night, and did not halt until five in the morning, when I lay down in a thicket and remained there during the day. On

the following night I walked along the crest of the mountain until daylight, when I hid myself again. The third night I resumed my journey, and at daybreak had the happiness to see the mountains of Djemma-Ghazouat. Again I was obliged to conceal myself in a thicket. Two Arabs came there during the day to gather fruit, and stopt till they had eat it. On this same day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the rain fell in torrents. About four o'clock I again set out on my journey.

"I had proceeded but a short distance, when I met a young shepherd watching some oxen. He was astonished to see a naked white man appear, and fled instantly. About the same time I perceived four or five other natives at a short distance. The one who was at the head of the party rode on a mule. He made a sign to me to approach, threatening me at the same time with his gun, from which he took off the cover. I walked up to him, and told him in the best Arabic I could, to take me to the French, who would pay him for his trouble. He declined to do so, but tore off a piece of a tent which he had packed on the mule, and made signs to me to cover myself with it. I did so, and he took me with him to his house, and gave me some food: I stood greatly in need of it, for during three whole days I had had nothing to support life but a handful of barley which I had gathered in a field, and a few wild fruits which I had the good fortune to meet with. I remained with this man, who treated me well. He appeared to me to be in tolerably good circumstances, for his house, though

rude, was somewhat commodious. He was the owner of a negro and a negress. I worked at the harvest with him, he having promised that, when this labour was ended, he would bring me to the French. But, when the harvest was ended, he failed to keep his promise.

"On the 23rd July, I again saw a Ben-is-Nassen, whom I had met on the day when I came into the hands of my present master. I had not seen him since. I was gathering some Barbary figs when he came up to me. He addressed a few words to me in Spanish, and showed me a paper written in French, which came, as I afterwards learned, from Captain Aymard, *chargé des affaires Arabes* at Lalla-Maghrina. As I was under the surveillance of the negro, I did not attempt to follow him. At the end of three days, the negro told me that I might go, and had nothing to fear, for the *patron* was absent. I set out during the night with the man who had come to fetch me. During the same night, this man sold me to the Arab who carried me to the French post. This latter first brought me to his house, where I remained three days, and then he brought me to Lalla-Maghrina. My comrades were overjoyed to see me once more, and in consideration of the hardships which I had undergone I obtained leave to return to France, the officers interesting themselves greatly for me, and supplying me with money to assist me in the journey."

CHAPTER XII.

Improvements in Bordeaux.—Splendid steam-packet service *en papier*.—Protocol, not funnel, smoke.—The railway to La Teste.—Under-estimated population; tricks in taking the French census.—Splendid vintage.—Suppression of the Reform banquet; French "Liberty."—*Pyroscaphes*.—Ridiculous sign.—Bayonne.—Trait of recent Gasconism.—Great thunder-storm.—The Castle at Bayonne.—The Château Marrac.—Increase of robbers on the Pyrenees.—The Telegraph; France and Spain about to be formed into a "compact Kingdom."

Bordeaux, September 15.

This city has been greatly improved of late. The entire of the central part near the river is in great measure rebuilt, and upon a scale of considerable splendour. But while this portion of the town, which is occupied by the rich merchants and wine proprietors, may be regarded as, on the whole, magnificent, the older and more retired parts are quite unworthy of the central show, and much of the town is even unlit with gas; while in regard of cleansing in the bye-streets one is soon convinced of the fact that he is in a southern town.

A brilliant announcement was made some time since of a new line of steamers to start from this,

regularly each month for the Northern Spanish ports, and for Lisbon, Mexico, and South America, but like most other similar French projects, it only figured for a time on paper. A Treaty even, endued with every solemnity of form, was entered into with the Portuguese government. All the protocolling, however, ended in smoke—the smoke not of steam-engines but of diplomacy. There is only one small steamer running from La Teste, on the Gironde, to San Sebastian and Santander, which performs the service most irregularly. A railway has been recently opened to La Teste, a distance of fifteen leagues, which is performed in two hours.

The population of Bordeaux is now 120,000. It is set down, however, in the returns as only 100,000. "*Mais nous y trichons,*" said a Bordélais to me frankly, and explained that, if, in making the census, they were to exceed a return of 100,000, the entire town, including the municipal officers who conduct it, would be subject to one-third more taxes. Hence the stated population is only 100,000. It is probable that from similar causes the population of many French towns is under-stated, and that the actual number of the entire nation exceeds the ordinary calculation.

From every quarter of the Bordeaux wine country I hear the most glowing accounts of the vintage. From the champagne district, from Aï especially, the account is equally magnificent, and the same from Burgundy. Octogenarian inhabitants say that they remember no such vintage, and that the celebrated comet year will be surpassed.

A considerable feeling has been excited here by the suppression of the Reform Banquet, which it was proposed to hold upon the occasion of the close of the Elections. The only reason Monsieur Guizot condescended to assign was that "the speeches might be dangerous." And this is the great French Nation—with its National Guard—with arms in their hands!

We have no "arms in our hands" in England —no parade of citizen-soldiers. Yet what government would dare to suppress such a meeting—to crush and trample down the most harmless form of political re-union—a cheerful, animating banquet? And this too in France—the nation of cooks. If we "are a nation of shopkeepers," we are likewise a nation of *bon vivans* in a modest way. And if we cannot quite dress dinners like the French, we can eat them when and how we please—which is more than our neighbours can say. A "nation of cooks"—and yet not dare partake of their own cookery! *Corbleu*, it might stir the soul of a stewpan to revolt. Ah! when I remember the nonsense that I heard talked in Paris in 1840, about the fortifications being raised *contre l'étranger*, and see how serviceable they are now made for suppressing Reform banquets and marrying a French Prince in despite of all the sound opinion of both France and Spain, *je me hausse les épaules un peu*, and remember the answer I gave to a French *exalté* at that period, when he declared that the *bût* of these fortifications was *l'étranger*;—

"*Le bût, mon Dieu, c'est vous-mêmes!*"

The French are very fond of fine scientific names, and attempt, often erroneously, to form new derivatives from the Greek. Their common name now for steam-boats is *pyroscaphes*.

Our English signs are, many of them, foolish enough. I have just seen one over a haberdasher's in Bordeaux which yields to nothing Britannic in absurdity. On one side of the board is painted a gouty rat standing up on his hind legs, and with his fore-legs supported on crutches, and on the other is a cat spitting her spite at him over a stream which she is afraid to pass, while underneath run these lines:

En dépit des envieux,
Vivra le rat goulteux!

Bayonne, September 16.

I arrived here per *malle-poste* with satisfactory speed, being anxious to reach the Pyrenees without delay. The road from Bordeaux passes through no town of note, but the country, after passing through the commonplace Landes, becomes at every step more beautiful as you approach the Pyrenees, until its romantic character acquires a touch of wildness. No wonder that such scenery has nurtured the grandiose and extravagant Gascon nature.

I shall merely stop to record an amusing trait of recent Gasconism which I heard on the road:—A swaggering native was brought as a witness in

some petty case before the judge of one of the Cours Correctionnelles.

"Witness," said the judge, "before deposing you must swear"——

"*Eh bien, sacrebleu!*" roared the Gascon.

I find Bayonne all alive with passengers to and from the Peninsula, and couriers and expresses running daily, almost hourly, between Paris and London and the respective embassies at Madrid.

Here I witnessed the scene of the last event of the Peninsular War—the sortie on the night of the 13th April, 1814, originating in the incredulity of the French Governor as to the fact of Napoléon's abdication, which our brave countrymen signally repelled, but not without the lives of 2000 brave men on both sides being forfeited.

While I was here a terrific storm occurred in the neighbourhood, from which I happily escaped. The real fury of the elements, and the wonders of meteorological development, are witnessed in genuine majesty in this Pyrenean district. The appalling flashing of the lightning, and plashing of rain, astonished and alarmed me no little, although accustomed to the semi-tropical storms of southern Spain and Portugal. Some of the effects produced by this tempest were of a very singular kind. It lasted for more than an hour, raining in torrents all the time, accompanied by vivid lightnings and tremendous thunder-claps. Near Bidart it fell upon a little mountain hostelry kept by a man named Raguette. It penetrated into the kitchen, where several persons were seated at the time, and, without doing

any one of these the slightest injury, it shook off and tumbled to the ground, with the clatter which may be conceived, all the pots, pans, caldrons, casseroles, and other kitchen implements, which were suspended from the walls by nails all round the apartment. It was an odd and *bizarre* effect enough, yet attested by the peasantry of the district through which I passed, that a drinking glass which one man present was holding to his lips disappeared entirely from his hands, being shattered to pieces by the electric fluid, thus proving once more that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," (one of our few rhyming proverbs, by the way, which is perfectly Spanish in its form). The man thus brusquely dispossessed of his liquor was a noted *buveur*, and there were not wanting several old women in the district to declare that it was a just judgment, and a special intervention of Providence. It remains to be shown how Providence in its justice would punish the drinking-vessel by shattering it to pieces, and leave the drunkard untouched. But neither in the Pyrenees nor elsewhere are old women accustomed to logic. This storm, which was so violent and yet so rarely indulgent to human life, was heard all over the Pyrenean range. The volume of rain which fell within the hour was so immense that two inhabitants of Pau, returning to that town from Lassenbe, had the water up to their horses' breasts upon the road, and met a poor woman drowning upon the highway, whom they saved by lifting to the crupper of one of their saddles.

Our passports were here examined, and obliged to receive the *visé* of the Spanish and English Consuls, with fees and other nuisances. But it is useless exclaiming against these things, which are a matter of course on the Continent. No man should travel, especially in Spain, who has not a touch of romance in his nature, and here we are on the borders of that romantic land, which, with all its drawbacks, has more of originality and interest in costume, character, and manners, than all the rest of Europe put together.

I left this matter of the passport in the hands of a *commissionnaire* of the Hotel (de St. Etienne) and strolled through the neighbourhood, obtaining glorious glimpses of the Pyrenees; I likewise visited the Castle, where Catherine de Medicis, in concert with Alva, planned, in 1563, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. I then proceeded to the Château Marrac, a short distance outside the Porte d'Espagne, where Bonaparte eased Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. of the Spanish crown, matured his great plan of invasion, and assembled the actors for his farce of Spanish Notables, whom he graciously permitted to accept his new-fangled constitution.

There is much talk here of an increase of robbers on the Pyrenees. But let me not be mistaken for an alarmist. These things do not at all affect passengers by the Diligence. They are only proximate perils, which it forms an agreeable excitement to talk about; the Diligence and even private vehicles are safe on this great road. But, as I

have set out with the determination of telling the truth and the whole truth, I must narrate that the class of *trabucarios*, or robbers armed with blunderbusses, has for some days past been rather extensively in movement on the Pyrenees, and that brigandage here just now is by no means a fable. The career of these worthies of the blunderbuss is, however, more inland than the coach-road, which keeps pretty close to the coast. The chief scene of their depredations is from Saint-Jean-de-Luz to Lerida, where a proprietor named Perpignan was some time since carried off by a band of robbers, and detained for ransom—a systematic plan amongst the Pyrenean *trabucarios*. The sum which they demanded for the poor man's rescue was 6,000 dollars, or about £1200! This is doing business wholesale, and the amount, I understand, or the greater portion of it, has been paid. In the mountains bordering the Departments of Tarn and Hérault (in a rather unpleasant proximity to where I now date from) a band of malefactors lately took to the road *en grand*, and in one night five parish churches suffered sacrilegious spoliation. They were active and rapid in their movements, for the parishes covered the extent of country from Labastide to Rouairoux. No forced march of Napoleon's could surpass them in celerity of destruction. From each of the five parish churches they stole the sacred vessels, and even the priestly vestments and ornaments. In one church the sacred particles were taken out of the *ciborium*, and scattered about the altar! The party appears to have consisted of

ten robbers, who have formed their abode in the thick forest of the Commune.

When there are symptoms of inquietude at Madrid, the Spanish Pyrenean district invariably gives evidence of the fact by becoming disturbed. A band of a hundred Carlists has just made its appearance at Seo d'Urgell, on the northern frontier of Catalonia. It is headed (*Cosas de España!*) by four priests, and has done its best to raise the surrounding villages—but happily without effect. The entire garrison of Seo d'Urgell went out in pursuit of these *facciolos*, and succeeded in speedily dispersing them. Such is the intelligence communicated to us this day at the table d'hôte, by a person whom I suspect to be a political agent and propagandist. But, whether true or not, the disturbed district is too far distant from us to give us any uneasiness.

The French government has just given instructions to have the telegraphic station of Bayonne connected more effectually with the Spanish frontier. The Montpensier marriage and the shrewd eye which Louis Philippe has to the Spanish succession for his youngest son, make it desirable that the telegraph and every other *moyen* of French centralization should exist henceforth in full perfection on both sides of the Pyrenees—in order, I presume, that France and Spain may form one compact kingdom!

The production this year of cheese, which is an important element of the prosperity of the Basses Pyrénées, has unfortunately fallen short, but the maize crop, which is the chief subsistence of the

hardy peasantry, has been happily more than an average. The railway from Bordeaux to Bayonne will shortly be proceeded with, and a branch is spoken of to Toulouse, Pau, and the Basses Pyrénées.

CHAPTER XIII.

Journey from Bayonne to Irun.—Saint-Jean-de-Luz.—Justice of the Duke of Wellington's military sway here, still partially remembered.—Anhoue.—Urugne.—Irun.—Spanish custom-house perquisitions.—How to deal with an Iberian *douanier*. —Passage of the Bidasoa.—Fuéntarrabía; its erroneous association with Roncesvalles by Milton and other poets.— Journey from Irun to San Sebastian.—Local mountains.— —Lines of the Carlists and Cristinos.—Wooden sculpture at Passages.—Description of San Sebastian.—Recollections of the siege in 1813.—Increasing importance of the town, owing to the excellence of its sea-bathing.—A Bordeaux-man; curious character.—Graves of the English who fell before the town.

Irun, September 17.

I FOUND by good luck a place in the Diligence thus far, a distance of near seven leagues. The intermediate towns are Bidart, Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and Urugne. At the first of these towns we entered the Basque country, whose sturdy inhabitants, in their plain mountaineer costume, with flat caps and jackets, take a pride in the belief, that, though subject to the French crown, they are in reality neither Frenchmen nor Spaniards. Saint-Jean-de-Luz, on the Nivelle, is remarkable as having been

the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington in the winter of 1813-14, when the justice of his military rule, and the admirable regulations which he established for preserving the peasantry from plunder, acquired for him amongst them a most gratifying popularity, of which I found some traces still to subsist. On the heights of Anhoue, to the left of this road, our countrymen defeated the French under Soult, on the 10th November, 1813, and captured fifty-one cannon. Urugne, which is the last French post-town on the road, is situated at the foot of the Pyrenees. We crossed by a new wooden bridge over the Bidasoa, (ever memorable by the Duke's celebrated passage of an entire army on the morning of the 7th of October, 1813,) and lighted in this which is the Spanish frontier town. Here the Spanish custom-house-officers examined our luggage with the utmost minuteness. I was not aware of having anything contraband; but they pronounced about a dozen books which I carried with me to be absolutely prohibited, because they were bound! Such, as I have since ascertained, is literally Spanish tariff law. The books would have been seized, had I not feed, *i. e.*, bribed the officer. But I am an old hand at this necessary piece of *savoir-faire* in the Peninsula. I gave him a dollar, and he took it almost openly, with great apparent appreciation of my bounty. Not, that if you tip him a dollar before he begins, a Spanish *douanier* will find anything contraband in your traps, though you should have them stuffed with cigars, the great object of their search (tobacco being here

a monopoly and its entrance absolutely prohibited) although he will perform the perquisition with great apparent minutia, and under the immediate eye of a superior officer. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

I immediately felt entirely at my ease, and proceeded to note the great localities connected with the scene of this memorable passage of the Bidasoa. The remarkable mountains of Haya, San Marcial, and the grand Monarque, rose majestically around, as on that morning of thunder-storm when their crests bristled with cannon, and the French fortifications, the work of months, were laughed at by our men, who before night had planted their right wing firmly upon the soil of France. San Marcial was likewise the scene of a memorable action, in which Soult was entirely defeated, on the 30th August, 1813.

I found the Posada de les Diligencias tolerably comfortable, and in most Spanish towns, where but a short stay is meditated, I recommend the traveller, from my own experience, to adhere to these, which are the regular coach-inns. Irun is a poor town of about 4000 inhabitants, possessing little interest, except from its rapid river, which forms the boundary between France and Spain, and here you at once feel that you have entered the latter country.

A short distance up the river is Fuénterrabía, an ancient, but ruinous and now inconsiderable place, which Milton, Scott, and other poets, have celebrated under the more musical name of "Fontarabia" (It is a Basque corruption of "fons rapidus,"

and in the pronunciation of this peculiar language almost every syllable in the word "Fuenterrabia" is accentuated) with which the poets mentioned have confounded Roncesvalles, and supposed that the horn of Roland resounded in the former place. Roncesvalles is, in fact, nearly forty miles distant!

The mistake is easily accounted for: Milton, having perused the line,

"Where Charlemagne and all his peerage fell,"

in designating the locality chose to exercise a curious originality. "Roncesvalles," though a fine rough name, was a little too rough for poetry, and "Roncevause" was hackneyed. He glanced at a map, and probably saw "Fontarabia" set down by the very side of Roncesvalles, for geographical ideas in those days were not over accurate, and forty miles upon a small map scarcely sunder space. The musical name decided him, and it stands for ever identified (although having nothing to say to them) with Charlemagne, Roland, and Bernardo, in some of the finest poetry of the language.

A carriage-road having just been completed between Irun and San Sebastian (a distance of about four leagues) I engaged a place in the Diligence, and invite all travellers, who have time, to make this short détour, which will amply repay them. It will be wise to engage a place likewise, before leaving Irun, or indeed at Bayonne, from Tolosa for Burgos, and from thence to Madrid, the road being at many periods of the year (particularly in the autumn, after sea-bathing) very much

crowded. The traveller will fix the period of his stay at San Sebastian and at Burgos, allowing three hours for the journey from Irun to the former place, and the same for the distance from San Sebastian to Tolosa, where he will again reach the high road and the Diligence from France.

San Sebastian, September 18.

The weather continues magnificent, and I found the drive here in the small Diligence, drawn by five mules, extremely pleasant. The road is very romantic, alternating constantly between fascinating glimpses of the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay. It passes under the long and curious mountain of Jaizquibal, and through what, during the period of service of the British Auxiliary Legion, were the boundaries of the Carlist and Cristino lines, by the small town of Pasages, whose church contains some fine painted sculpture in wood, in the style peculiar to Spain.

San Sebastian is a very pleasingly situated town; its position is peninsular, between its harbour to the south and the small river Urumèa to the north. Its fortress, La Mota, rises upon a conical hill immediately over the Bay of Biscay, to a height of 400 feet, and its castellated summit, of a circular form, presents a most commanding object, which is visible from the main-land at some leagues distance. I sailed all through the harbour, and round the sea front, the weather continuing delicious, though a little too hot for comfort. What must it be now on the sultry plains of Andalucia? The difference in

the climate was immediately felt on passing from the French to the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, and from the moment that I passed the Bidasoa, the heat became gradually more intense, till, having left Pasages behind me, and entered San Sebastian by the Estrada de Bayona (Bayonne road), I was fain, on lighting at the Hotel Laffitte, commonly known as the Fonda Francesa, to dispossess myself of most of my exterior integuments, my waistcoat with the rest, put on a pair of the thinnest duck trousers and an Alpaca coat not weighing more than a few ounces, and even thus I felt that, had *les bienséances* permitted it, to step forth *en chemise* would have been more desirable.

The fortress-crown of La Mota, finely terminating the Peninsula, upon the shoulder of which the town is built, under the protection of this gigantic guardian, is balanced by two heights of almost equally commanding elevation, upon either side; the river Uruméa, to the north, and the harbour, to the south, running between. The height on the further side of Uruméa is called Monte Olía; that to the southward beyond the harbour presents the ruins of the ancient convent of La Antigua; and right in front of it stands the rocky isle of Santa Clara; planted there as it were by nature for an additional and salient guardian to the town and harbour, while beyond the isthmus and fronting the town inland are the Chofre hills, where Graham had his chief breaching battery planted in the memorable siege of 1813. All the several points which I have enumerated bore an interesting part

in the siege. It was by the isthmus that our advances were made, by way of entrenchments, in the face of more than one gallant sortie by the French, and we succeeded at last in planting a useful battery there, while heavy guns were drawn up Monte Olía, by enormous labour of oxen and men, till a battery was established on its summit, which commanded the French batteries upon Monte Orgullo, the loftiest part of the citadel. Again, towards the close of the siege, the British captured the island of Santa Clara, at night, by an admirably executed *coup de main*, in which our soldiers and sailors equally took part; and the town and fortress being thus absolutely surrounded, and the breach declared practicable, on the morning of the 31st, that memorable assault and storming took place, which is unparalleled in all history.

I met a Frenchman at the Hotel at breakfast, who having spent the ten previous days at San Sebastian, volunteered to be my guide, and with him I traversed the town, which, though containing about ten thousand inhabitants, lies within small compass, the consequence of its being fortified. The houses are lofty, for the most part four stories in height, in which a number of families are packed away like herrings in a barrel, which accounts for the large population within a limited space. The houses have for the most part a neat appearance, and the streets are very clean, possessing in this repect a considerable superiority over the generality of towns in the Peninsula, and even in the South of France. There are some new houses in the course of construction,

but these will not increase the extent of the town, being raised on the site of other dilapidated and inferior houses, which were pulled down for the purpose. The new houses are in a respectable style of architecture, and some of them will form hotels, which the growing reputation of this place for its *baños de mar*, and the increasing fashion of bathers resorting to it from Madrid and other parts in the interior, render a desirable speculation.

The first object of interest with me was of course the walls which witnessed so dauntless a display of British valour; and here it may be necessary to say a few words about my French Cicerone. He described himself (I believe truly) as a superior *employé* in the municipality of Bordeaux, who had got into a scrape there through having given a *soufflet* to another *employé* in the same department. Of course there was talk of satisfaction, as *l'honneur Français* does not easily put up with a slap in the face—at least without talking of *un duel à mort!* My Cicerone gave his antagonist a rendezvous at San Sebastian, in foreign territory—a step made necessary by the official position of both parties, which rendered the avoidance of an *esclandre* and hostilities between two custodians of the peace upon French soil desirable; *notre héros* put his leg in the steamer which sails from La Teste, near Bordeaux, for San Sebastian and Bilbao, and signified to his antagonist the course which he was about to pursue. The other cavalier, however, like Sancho Panza, had *una muger y hijos para sustentar*, "a wife and children to support," and declining the test which our

testy peace-officer applied to him by embarking in the *Teste* steamer, preferred the safer course of giving information to his brother authorities of the Bordeaux municipality, and a warrant was issued for *notre héros'* arrest. He now awaited at San Sebastian the arrangement of the affair *à l'aimable*, and in the mean time had the advantage of taking *les bains de mer* at San Sebastian, to the great advantage of his health, as he assured me, for his figure exhibited a considerable tendency to obesity, and his rosy cheeks and pendant ventricle all the appearance of a *bon vivan*, "*Mais quel vin de Bordeaux on boit ici!*" he exclaimed every now and then "*Je le trouve exécrable—et si cher!*" It was only two francs the bottle, which, compared with London prices, may be regarded as dog-cheap. Yet this Bordeaux *libre-échangiste*, of the true French school, who talked to me likewise now and then of "*votre grand Coabdong*," inveighed against the rigour of the San Sebastian custom-house, and the enormity of their port charges, though his favourite wine is only mulcted a few pence the bottle. He had no corner in his heart for real sympathy with my indignation at the sentence of absolute exclusion levelled against my few *livres de voyage* at Fuéntarrabia, all his rage being reserved for the few pence per bottle charged on his indispensable *vin de Bordeaux*. Free trade in these parts is an excellent thing for all that one consumes oneself, but the principle in its general application is little understood or cared for.

We reached the curtain-wall where the greater

breach was made, close to the bastion of St. John, and where the English did not succeed in entering until after the terrific cannonade which Graham sent over their heads.

"*Là ont peri vingt cinq mille Anglois!*" exclaimed my veracious Cicerone.

"*Cinq mille au plus,*" I quietly replied.

The Bordelais proceeded to contend that the number was that which he had mentioned, and based his allegation on the statements in sundry French histories which he had read. I did not think it necessary to say more in reply than that the returns of killed and wounded were always kept with rigid exactness in the English army lists. *Mon Bordelais* gave a kind of polite but negative assent, and I despatched him shortly after with a *petit verre* at the Café del Comercio, which he took diluted in water, with considerable gusto.

My feelings would not permit me, with any degree of satisfaction, to gaze on this scene of English heroism and matchless devotion, by the side of a babbling and bombastic Frenchman, and, when I had despatched my volunteer-Cicerone, I immediately returned to the wall, and began to muse upon that terrific Peninsular contest, which may be said in some degree to have been here decided, and to reflect with a melancholy yet buoyant pride on the deeds of which true English hearts are capable, and the irresistible power of true courage and patriotism even in the face of the most frightful obstacles. There ye perished, ye gallant men, whom not the most formidable

works, nor the most galling and terrific fire, sustained for hours from every description of artillery and small arms, could make recede one inch! There your corses in hundreds strewed the grisly breach, and the living and the dead became intermixed in a horrible chaos of carnage. There ye stood indomitable, while profound traverses yawned between you and the town, unshaken while each instant thinned your gallant numbers, incapable of acknowledging the word "impossible," and while Graham's cannon poured its streams of fire aloft, maintained your terrible footing on the gory débris, and entered the town amongst the thickest of the death-storm! Accept the tear which I shed to your memory—no drop of weakness, I trust, but of sympathy and of pride, which exults in the glorious contemplation that, though British intelligence rejects with a daily growing horror the arbitrament of war uncompelled, the hearts of Englishmen are bolder, if possible, to-day, instead of growing degenerate, and but the other day gave evidence of their readiness to renew such great exploits. There sleep, beneath the green sod that covers your remains in thousands. A soldier's grave is your's, and a nation's gratitude—for ye fell upon the field of honour!

The bodies of our brave countrymen who fell before San Sebastian, are buried in an indiscriminate heap at the foot of Monte Orgullo, the fortress-hill. A few trees wave over the spot where their remains repose, beneath no pyramid or obelisk, and the dews of Heaven, which fall night

and morning, are the only tribute offered them, if I except the reminiscences of a passing countryman. The Spaniards point coldly at these evidences of the Islanders' valour, and little gratitude —I may rather say, none whatever—is shewn by them. Yet surely never was a more brilliant service performed, nor one more deserving to be held in eternal memory.

Justice compels me to add, that the excesses committed by our soldiers after the capture of the town, the wanton firing of it throughout its entire extent, and the scenes of drunkenness, outrage, plunder, and murder, which ensued, go far to excuse any considerable want of sympathy. These outrages were doubtless greatly exaggerated at the time, and the statements put forth by the local Junta, and other Spanish authorities, were characterized by utter falsehood; but these statements had sufficient foundation in truth to make it needful to draw a veil over the scene, and point to it as one of the most terrible illustrations in history of the fiendish horrors of war.

CHAPTER XIV.

Promenade at San Sebastian.—The Church of St. Vincent.—The Cathedral.—The Harbour; its desolation.—The *Plaza Nueva*.—An impromptu bull-ring.—Costume of the female peasantry.—The fruit-market.—Abundance of orchards in the country round.—*Chacolin*.—Multiplicity of *pimientos* or red peppers.—Volubility of the peasantry in their Basque dialect, and seeming (but only seeming) disposition to quarrel.—Table d'hôte, and characters thereat.—Odd pair of English travellers.—A Spanish dinner, the *olla*.—Britannic French.—Hare stew; look "how the cat jumps."—A feline quadruped bolted with *gusto* by an Englishwoman.—*Rosbif*; how unlike the real thing!—The two crutches or stilts of a Frenchman's conversation.—Desirableness of San Sebastian as a sea-bathing residence for an English family.—Moderate price of living.—Constant visits of the Queen and first families of Spain to San Sebastian, during the summer months.

San Sebastian, September 18.

THERE are some pleasant promenades at San Sebastian, chiefly formed by the walls and ramparts. The destruction of the town, consequent upon its storming, has been beneficial to it in one respect, by causing it to be rebuilt upon a much superior scale. A very few of the original houses are standing, as are likewise two of the ancient churches,

that of St. Vincent and the Cathedral. The former is a building of little merit, only noticeable by the Spanish taste in which its interior is fitted up, with profusion of gilding upon woodwork, in a fantastic *pasticcio* style, upon the four altars at the several sides. There are no paintings, and the images, in the painted wood which prevails through Spain, are nearly all ill-executed. The Cathedral, however, is a fine structure both interiorly and exteriorly. The façade is striking, especially the porch, which is circular and hollowed out, possessing some fine stone images of Saints. The interior is very imposing, and will amply repay a minute inspection. The architecture is of a hybrid character, half-Greek, half-Gothic, the roof being sustained by four pillars at wide intervals, in which Ionic volutes are intermingled with fantastic and bizarre ornament altogether *sui generis*. But the building is open and spacious, and nearly circular in its interior aspect, and the walls and columns of a pure white, with which the gilding on the altars contrasts agreeably. The roof springs in well-opened arches from pillar to pillar, with a graceful effect. Over the principal altar is a painting of Saint Sebastian, the patron Saint of the town, tied to a tree where he has just been transfixed by the arrows of his unconverted fellow-soldiers of the Theban legion, and rendering up his soul, which angels descend from heaven to receive. The picture has little merit, the attitude being awkward and the drawing not very correct; but the colouring is fresh and lively. The painted sculpture in wood throughout

this church is for the most part of a superior character, and not unworthy of the land, which in this *genre* has produced the wonders of Moralès. An altar dedicated to St. Peter, and marked beneath with the triple crown and keys, possesses some remarkably well-executed images in painted wood of SS. Peter and Paul, and some angels above; and an altar at the same side, nearer the entrance, dedicated to "*Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*" is equally noticeable as containing a statue of the Virgin dressed entirely in black, and with a veil of the same colour thrown over the head, to represent her mourning during Christ's passion.

The harbour of San Sebastian is fine and spacious, capable of receiving shipping of great tonnage, and of a very extensive commerce, if the suicidal prohibitive system of Spain did not utterly neutralize these natural advantages. While I was here, with the exception of a few small vessels engaged in fishing and in the coasting trade, no vessel of consideration entered except a Spanish merchant steamer. The Basque peasantry are active and laborious, but their arms are fettered by an ignorant and unenterprising Government. The chief square at San Sebastian is called, as usual in Spanish towns, the *Plaza de la Constitucion;* it is more commonly, however, called the *Plaza Nueva.* It is in a respectable style of architecture, composed of houses four or five stories in height, with handsome balconies running along their fronts, and an arcade extending along the four sides of the square. Upon the visit of Queen Isabel twelve months since, this place was en-

closed, and converted into a very convenient arena, in which took place the indispensable bull-fight; the arcades beneath, and the windows and balconies in the houses around being all filled with spectators, while the youthful Queen and Court beheld the ensanguined spectacle from the principal balcony in the Casa Municipal, which forms the great feature of the square, occupying one whole side, and being adorned with a not ill-executed Grecian façade.

When I passed through this square, I found it occupied as a fruit and vegetable market, the women, old and young, seated on low stools beside their baskets, in plain gowns chiefly of bluish calico, with a "Barcelona" handkerchief thrown over the shoulders of each, and a smaller handkerchief tied round the head *en foulard*, pretty much in the style of the French *bonnes*, but more picturesquely, in consequence of the ends being twisted round the hair, a small portion of which is gathered underneath on the crown of the head, the main bulk descending in one or two plaited tails as far as the waist, and sometimes even lower. The fine black locks, which are universally met through Spain, appear to considerable advantage in this style of *coiffure;* and the effect, to English eyes, accustomed to see this style at home prevailing only amongst young girls and children, is not a little striking. I saw these plaited tails descending on the backs of several hags, and often perfectly gray, nay, sometimes even white! The women of San Sebastian, like those throughout the Basque Provinces

generally, are rather remarkable for good looks. They are for the most part of clear complexion (often even fair), and their eyes and teeth are of conspicuous lustre. Their figures likewise are generally good. They are not, of course, to be compared with the bewitching Andaluzas, amongst whom I passed some pleasant days three years since at Cadiz, Xerez, and Seville, but they are considerably beyond the average of Spanish female beauty. The fruit offered for sale by these damsels and matrons of San Sebastian consisted for the most part of the fine apples and pears (chiefly the former) with which the surrounding district abounds; there was also an interspersion of good grapes, and excellent melons, immeasurably superior to those which I had tasted in France. All this fruit is to be had here for a song. The vegetables are of the usual class, with a preponderance of very brilliant tomatas (love-apples) and green peppers in the pod. The country round is chiefly an orchard district, growing the very finest apples in immense abundance, and cider is the chief drink of the town. There is likewise a poor thin red wine, called *Chacolin*, which is drunk, however, more at Bilbao than here.

Amongst the primitive appearances of the market, which at once suggests the semi-oriental character of Spanish life, and in some degree justifies the *mot* that "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," is the fact that shoemakers work at their trade here in the open air, and hammer away in the public market in the midst of the basket-women, keeping up

a lively dialogue from time to time, in the Basque idiom. Still more primitive and Oriental is the occupation of the basket-women, almost all of whom are occupied with the distaff and spindle, identically those described by Homer. These they ply incessantly when not engaged in chaffering with a purchaser; and some are employed at the angles in winding upon reels the thread thus spun by their sister market-women.

I passed through the same square at twilight, and saw about a dozen heaps of the finest *pimientos* (red peppers) in the world. They were the stock of a market-gardener divided, not by weight or measure, but primitively *en gros*, amongst as many different market-women, who used their tongues with more than Billingsgate volubility. Each lot I believe bore the same price—I say I believe, but I cannot be quite certain on this point, for though sufficiently well acquainted with the Spanish, the Basque idiom is quite as unintelligible to me as to the rest of the world. The enterprizing Barrow appears to have decided that the Basque and Balearic dialects are an off-shoot of the Tartar language, and the affinities in the very peculiar grammar are certainly most remarkable. Mr. Ford, whose learning and knowledge of Spain and Spaniards cannot be too highly extolled, has shown that the language spoken to this day in the Vascongadas or Basque Provinces, whatever be its origin (and it is decidedly Oriental) is the ancient Iberian language which was spoken throughout every part of the Spanish Peninsula, before even the Phœni-

cian settlement, and it is in fact to be traced everywhere in the names of headlands, mountains, and provinces, which are those to which the aboriginal designations usually cling most tenaciously. A Frenchman, puzzled with the difficulty of the language, very coolly pronounced that "the Basques did not understand what they spoke themselves," an impudent enough way of getting through the Gordian knot. Most certainly my fair friends of the market-place understood each other thoroughly, for their flashing eyes and brandished arms seemed clearly to indicate that no ordinary electricity was passing from side to side with the rapid movement of their amazingly active tongues. The squabble, however, was soon over, and without the *dénouement* of "wigs on the green;" for, having given their volubility full vent, and thus, I suppose, vindicated the privilege of the sex, each remained contented with her own lot, and after the Xantippean storm came a calm that was quite refreshing. The peppers were all, in appearance, of the finest description, and nothing but a predetermination to be very peppery could have induced the most captious person to quarrel with any lot amongst the dozen. But the nature of the article in dispute, I suppose, imparted itself to the disputants, as "the dyer's hand becomes subdued to that it works in."

The four most constant articles of Spanish food over the length and breadth of the Peninsula are, onions (*cebellas*), garlic (*ajo*), peppers (*pimientos*), and chick-peas (*garbanzos*). No *olla* is complete

without these, and in one shape or other they are served up at every meal.

Table-d'hôte to-day at five. The company consisted of my Bordeaux municipal hero, an Italian gentleman of distinction, a Spanish-born élève of the Académie Royale de Musique at Paris, who is now giving concerts at San Sebastian, and an English gentleman and lady, who, after spending the summer in the French Pyrenees, have taken a run over here from Bayonne for a couple of days, to have it to say that they have been in Spain, and, as they themselves declare "to form an idea of the country!" Both the Italian and the Spaniard rated them politely, but soundly, on the utter futility of supposing they could form any adequate idea of Spain from a momentary peep at a province so entirely *sui generis* as that of Guipúzcoa, and repudiated even the notion of their forming any sound notion of the Basques from a two days' residence amongst them. But our broad-headed countrymen are not to be shaken in their determination so lightly, and to-morrow accordingly *ils reviennent sur ses pas* after "making a tour in Spain:" I wonder will they write a book!

Though this be called the "Hôtel Laffitte," and the landlord be a veritable Frenchman, yet the *cuisine* and service are entirely Spanish, and not a single domestic in the house understands a word of French, "*Safa, pour un hôtel Français!*" said my Bordeaux friend. Our dinner was copious, and for the country excellent. We commenced with a veritable *olla*, not partaken of, however, in

quite the legitimate manner, for the soup was poured into and served out of a tureen, while the savoury eatable portions were displayed upon a huge dish. These consisted of beef, fowl, and small sausages highly flavoured with garlic, reposing on a vegetable compost of cabbage, carrots, and *garbanzos*, to which an oily coating was imparted by the intermixture of a few slices of very fat bacon. There be those whose *Españolismo* is so violent (and Mr. Ford is amongst the number) as to prefer this kind of thing to all those

> —— savoury messes,
> Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses

at home. For my part, having a weak stomach and no ostrich-like digestive organs, I must avouch my preference for a simpler and less omnium-gatherum style of cookery, even though for the avowal I should again incur the good-natured wrath of the *Edinburgh Review*, and be pronounced incorrigible in my preference for a tender rump-steak, and pint of porter sweet from the pewter.

The Gallico-Spaniard was particularly polite and pains-taking in expounding to our countrywoman both the name and composition of the Olla. First he gave her the correct pronunciation, *ollya*, which she with great dexterity hit by calling it *oily*, declaring to her helpmate that the name most perfectly described its character, a pun at which the latter laughed even through all the pains which it cost him to digest the original.

"Mais, Monsieur," she continued in truly Bri-

tannic French, "où est *le* soupe *de qui* vous *etez* parlé?"

"Madame, vouz l'avez mangé."

"On ne dit 'manger' *de le* soupe," she rejoined, "on dit 'boui,' je pensais."

She looked round the table with an appealing glance of triumph, but all, except where there may have been a devil lurking in our eyes, were grave as mustard-pots. Alas! my poor countrywoman, thou didst only indeed display thy ignorance. In England, it is true, we do not say that we eat our soup—but in France and Spain we always do, for soup in these countries is never served up in a perfectly fluid state—*et voilà toute la difference.*

After disposing of the Olla, we had several *guisados* or Spanish stews—one of veal, another of mutton, a third of hare—peppers and garlic, in limited quantity, however, in each. The two former I partook of, and found them as savoury as of old, but a little tough. The latter I banned—"touch not, taste not." It is well known to all who are a little initiated into the mysteries of the Spanish *cuisine* that cats do service for hares in this sort of *guisados* incessantly. Knowing, therefore, how the cat jumps as well as the hare, I should as soon have thought of eating a slice of my grandmother as meddling with this very black-looking compound. My countrywoman, however, who was too *entêtée* to take a gentle hint which I threw across the table, would taste every thing, in order to "form an idea of the country," and carry home a spicy narrative of her two days' trip to Spain. I hope the feline quadruped

was as well spiced as will doubtless be her future stories, for I saw her, oh horror! bolt a leg of the animal with great apparent gusto, and exclaim, on concluding the operation,

"*Vraimong, je trouvé lé bieng bong!*"

Next we had a fine gray müllet, served up almost cold, unhappily, and rather spoiled by the sauce, the chief ingredient in which was a very strong oil, which the fastidious might be inclined to pronounce rancid. The sauce was poured over the fish before brought to table, so "*il n'y avait point de remède.*" But to an English family resident here during the bathing season, I would suggest that they should have their fish brought to table just as it comes from the pot, and add their own sauce afterwards. They will find oil and vinegar in moderate quantity, after a few trials, make an agreeable sauce, especially during hot weather—giving the vinegar rather the preponderance. Or they can bring out their Harvey sauce, soy, catsup, cayenne, and other condiments, from England, and by the application of a little plain, pure butter (which is of respectable quality here, the pasturage being very fine) and taking care to have the fish brought up hot to table (which they can do at this hotel through the medium of the French language, for at first I would despair of their being able to express their wants in Spanish, as I would equally despair of the possibility of melted butter), they might luxuriate over this portion of their meal at least, for the fish caught here is excellent and in great variety. We had next white beans, excellent

and extremely well dressed with butter, and happily without the visitation of oil—the roast fowl, and a dish of fine Spanish onions stuffed with minced veal and bread-crumbs highly peppered (an onion the size of a man's closed fist may be had here for a farthing), and finally roast-beef, which commonly now winds up at all tables d'hôte in France and Spain—a compliment to the English who so frequently make their appearance there. This *rosbif* is generally to be eschewed rather than chewed, but that of San Sebastian I find better than one generally meets in France, the cattle being a small mountain breed, and much more tender than the tough ones of Gaul, and the green carpet with which Nature has bespread the Pyrenees supplying them with a pleasant pasturage which exempts them from the skin-and-bone appearance one meets too often in the rest of Spain. They *will* spoil their *rosbif* in this country by soddening it, and serving it up with a composite sauce, a bad habit which they have caught from the French, whose beef is so bad that it must be disguised and helped off with a piquant sauce. Note well that (excepting the houses of a few English residents and foreign connoisseurs) there is no such thing over the whole continent as genuine *roast* beef—all is baked or stewed—and when it is served up in a good lump then it is called *rosbif;* all the cooking is done by charcoal, and of course roasting is impossible. At Lisbon and Oporto ranges are beginning to be introduced amongst the English residents, and of these I have one at Lisbon with a roasting apparatus. But you might as well

expect a Peninsular to divest himself of his political passions as supply himself with one of them. To return to *nuestra comida* (our dinner) at San Sebastian; the dessert was excellent, consisting of a delicious *omelette aux confitures*, grapes, apples, pears, nuts, walnuts, raisins, and an incomparably fine melon. The melons of Spain and Portugal are truly excellent, better beyond all comparison than the finest of the North of France. You might pay three or four francs at Paris for the choicest melon in the market, and it would be nothing in the proof to this, which has cost just two-pence.

"*Ah, quel melon, mon Dieu!*" said the *Bordélais*, with all the liquorishness of an elderly epicure, "*c'est délicieuse, c'est vraiment superbe!*" Nota, that the two words, "*superbe*," and "*magnifique*," are the two crutches or stilts of a Frenchman's conversation, without which he can no more get on than a balloon without gas.

I have been detailed and mean to be more so in my description of San Sebastian, because I would tempt some of my countrymen to spend an autumn there, and enjoy perhaps the finest bathing in the world, and some of the most splendid scenery, for an infinitude of excursions to the Pyrenees is within an easy distance. The *trajet* can now be made easily. I would not recommend any one to yield to the temptation of the announcement of a Spanish steamer which occasionally sails from Havre to San Sebastian; since detention, dirt, and discomfort would be their probable lot. But the journey may be easily accomplished by steam and rail through

Paris, as far as Tours, thence by diligence to Bordeaux (no very fatiguing distance), and from Bordeaux you reach La Teste, a distance of fifteen leagues, by railway, in less than two hours, whence you may cross over to San Sebastian in the small French steamer in nine hours, the charge in the principal cabin being only thirty francs, or twenty-four shillings. This steam-packet service is as yet but imperfectly organized, and the departures for San Sebastian which are announced for every Tuesday do not take place regularly. A few days' delay may be thus incurred, but Bordeaux is a fine city, which will repay attention during the interval. Or those who are more adventurous may proceed to Bayonne, and cross the Pyrenees, as I have done. For a family, however, to wait for the steamer will be preferable. MM. Rothschild, now sole proprietors of the Teste railway, will undoubtedly soon organize a good steam-packet service from the northern ports of Spain, to increase the traffic on their railway, and no delay may be hereafter apprehended. San Sebastian may thus be reached with great ease, and a delightful variety established to those continental trips with which our countrymen are so much in love. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most charming towns in Spain or France.

The price of living here is very moderate. Persons arranging themselves *en ménage* might do it for a song; but as this supposes some knowledge of the language, I would not quite limit the migratory habits of our countrymen; they will of course give

the preference to an hotel. The most comfortable is that at which I am stopping. There are three others, the Posada de Sta. Isabel, the Parador Real, and a new hotel built outside the walls, near the sea-bathing tents, called *el Campamento.* The latter, which is quite new, is a very convenient and commodious residence, with coach-house and stables of great extent attached. But I need scarcely say that, though the roads are very good, and Macadamized (as are all the great roads of Spain), the English visitor will scarcely bring his carriage here, the duty payable on all such vehicles being perfectly prohibitory and almost equal to the first cost. A carriage, besides, in these localities would be rather an incumbrance than a convenience. A hired carriage will be the most convenient for country excursions, and in and around the town walking is very much preferable. You may pass two or three of the summer or autumn months here very pleasantly. The strand is one of the most delightful for bathing in Europe, being composed of the finest sand, the harbour stretching in a perfectly crescent form, and being protected by the island of Sta. Clara, which stands like a breakwater in the midst, from the violence of the occasional winds. There are several comfortable bathing-houses on the strand, composed of reeds or canework covered with tent cloth, and hence they have received the name of the *encampamiento.* I have ascertained from M. Laffitte, the proprietor of the French hotel, that he will board people going to make some stay for six francs a day per head, children about half price.

You may thus live very comfortably for 35*s.* a-week, with a very good and even sumptuous table d'hôte, and may also arrange to have particular dishes served up without oil or garlic, and in a good deal of the English taste. By coming here at the commencement of July, you would see nearly all the first people of Spain, the baths of San Sebastian having latterly become quite a "rage" in the Spanish metropolis during the months of July and August. During the present summer there were signed at Madrid no fewer than 900 passports for San Sebastian, and the addition to the population of the town during the summer has been between 2000 and 3000! The Queen and Court likewise came here very frequently during the summer, and will do so during future seasons. In her former visits Queen Isabel stopt at the hotel called the Parador Real (Royal stopping-place), a house belonging to a private individual, the two lower stories of which are occupied as an hotel, and the upper parts resided in by different families: to this patriarchal and primitive simplicity of admixture the Spanish Royal family accommodates itself perfectly, and the young Queen last year prolonged her stay to some six or eight times the period of duration which was originally contemplated. Boating and fishing parties, and excursions to the country, constituted the Royal amusements, together with witnessing the sports and dances of the country people both in San Sebastian and the vicinity, which take place invariably on every Sunday and holiday, after the mass and other religious ceremonies of the day are concluded.

Here may be witnessed the spirited Basque dance, the *Zorcico*, to the accompaniment of the Basque drum, a species of tamborine.

A great number of visitors during the sea bathing season are Grandes and Titulos de Castilla. The latter designation includes all who have titles of nobility, only the highest amongst whom are Grandes. The appearance and manner of these, and of numerous other specimens of the national character from the various provinces, may be conveniently studied by those who do not wish to incur the trouble and inevitable "roughing" of a journey into the interior of the country; the Basque localisms themselves are of the highest interest; many singular customs may be seen in full force; and even a bull-fight is pretty sure to be held in the Plaza Nueva every summer.

CHAPTER XV.

Basque names.—Blissful ignorance of Spanish females.—Stroll through the *alamedas* (public walks).—The mantilla.—Costume of the male peasantry and better classes.—Contrabandistas; smuggling tobacco.—The San Sebastian boat-girls.—Twilight view of the fortifications.—Present appearance of the spot where the storming party entered.—Folly of keeping up the fortifications.—Facility of bombarding the town.—Strictness of the regulations.—Splendid view from the old convent of St. Bartholomew fronting the town.—Fresh amusement afforded by *mon Bordélais;* a Frenchman's horror of growing obesity.—New roads.—Habits of tippling caught by *mon Bordélais* from an Irishman.—Enthusiastic effusion in praise of claret.—Magnificent panorama of the harbour and surrounding country.

San Sebastian, September 18.

THE names that one sees over the shop doors here are nearly all Basque, and as peculiar in look as in sound:—"Ordozgoite," "Minteguiaga." The name of the celebrated Carlist chief, Zumalacarregui, is likewise of the same cut. He was a native of this district, and is still a hero amongst the Basque peasantry; who to this hour are for the most part Carlist. The peasantry, and even the generality of the lower orders at San Sebastian, are as little ac-

quainted with the Castilian as the Welsh peasantry with English. The Government is endeavouring to introduce the Spanish language by establishing schools, but the work of assimilation, if accomplished, will be but slow and tedious. Nothing but Basque is pattered in the markets, and Basque in the streets and squares. Yet, even the peasantry seem not unacquainted with the difficulties of their native language. On my requesting a pert-looking *femme de chambre* to speak a little Basque this morning, she prefaced an oriental-sounding sentence with the remark, in broken Castilian, "*Ah, mi Dios, es muy difficil!*"

The simplicity of Spanish girls in all matters of human learning is truly delightful. I entered a shop just now which had the aspect of a bookselling establishment, and desiring to obtain some minute information as to the Basque Provinces, mentioned "Roncesvalles" for the purpose of ascertaining if they had any republication of ancient ballads or other works relating to it. The shop-girl had never heard the name! She called to "Luisa," I presume an elder sister or cousin, to assist her with her more mature information. Luisa was equally ignorant. I pulled out my travelling map of Spain, and showed it marked within a few leagues of San Sebastian. They both seemed as amused as savages. It was something new to them.

Presently, the elder girl, assuming a learned air, said, "*Ah, ese la Geografia!*" (Ah, that is Geography).

Eight p.m.

I have just returned from a stroll beyond the walls of the town, the great bulk of whose population (as in the generality of Spanish towns) is poured out on the different *alamedas* and *paseos* (public walks) in the hours approaching and after twilight. The ladies universally wear the *mantilla*, as elsewhere in Spain; some few walk forth in their hair without covering of any kind; a shawl fastened over the bosom with a cameo or showy pin of some kind, being regarded as a sufficient covering for the street. The men are drest in European costume, with a Spanish *reading*; those of the lower orders are very poorly clad, many without jackets or covering for the head. The only cap worn is a flat blue cap; the *faja*, or red belt, so loved in Spain, is occasionally seen; the trousers are as Heaven sends them, for the most part of a coarse blue stuff, wide, loose, and patched; the shoes are often merely a hempen sandal catching the naked toes. Now and then you see a stray Contrabandista, in veritable Spanish costume, with round velvet hat and tags, black sheep-skin jacket, breeches, and leathern leggings left knowingly open at the sides of the legs. This, like all other Spanish sea-ports, is occasionally visited by the Contrabandists, for professional purposes, and the more especially because San Sebastian enjoying, amongst the other Basque *fueros*, an exemption from the duties on tobacco, these gentry drive a

flourishing trade by smuggling it into the other provinces of Spain.

The walks on the outer works and outside the walls are the pleasantest at San Sebastian. The isthmus connecting the town with the main land is much of it a kind of paddock, over which foot-paths extend in various directions. Here, at the approach of twilight, I met crowds of the townsfolk walking, and proceeded as far as the wooden bridge over the Uruméa, a primitive and picturesque structure, by the side of which I saw some of the San Sebastian boatwomen and girls who ply for hire, chiefly when the water runs so high as to isolate the bridge, and at other times to other points, or engage in the fishing in the harbour and round its mouth. The costume of these nymphs, like that of their sisters of the Bidasoa, is not quite so elegant as that described by the lively Frenchwoman, Madame d'Aulnoy, in the last century. Their short petticoats (*sayas*) are however, usually red, displaying beneath a rather vigorous muscular development, their legs and feet being often naked, and their hair, upon which they seldom wear any covering, is like that of all the women here, almost the only part upon which they expend any coquetry, being nearly always black, glossy, very clean (at least externally), and most carefully plaited in one or two tails extending down the back. The profusion of dark hair upon the heads of young Spanish girls is often very remarkable. On some of these boat-girls the plaits

extended almost to the knee. Their complexions are for the most part a clear brown, lighter than that of the generality of Spaniards (this is a Basque peculiarity), and some that I saw were even fair, with a few isolated instances of auburn hair. The speech, gestures, and acting of these boat-girls, and of all the lower orders in San Sebastian, are lively and animated to a degree that might lead a stranger into the mistake of supposing that they were quarrelling. Their voices are seldom pitched at a low key, and they can be as abusive as any females in the world. But their hands, though somewhat rough and sinewy, are seldom applied to any purpose more violent than that of rowing. Although hundreds of the town and country-people are gathered together on every Sunday and festival, such a thing as a dispute is almost never heard of, and the Basques may fairly be pronounced a hardy, laborious, and virtuous population.

On re-entering the town, I had a fine view of the principal or land part of the fortifications. There were only two gates, the Puerta de Mar, and Puerta de Tiena. A little to the right of the latter rise the bastion of St. John, and the curtain-wall in which the greater breach was made, by which our gallant countrymen who formed the storming party advanced. It has been rebuilt with additional strength since the siege. As I gazed upon the spot, which loomed still grander and more terrific beneath the falling shadows of night, I could not help feeling amazed at the heroism which ascended and mas-

tered such enormous works. The curtain is fully thirty feet in height, and commanded by bastions and outworks in every direction, from which the artillery of the besieged played incessantly, while death was poured from above in every shape on the heads of the beseigers. A *paseo* or public walk extends along the spot where that horrible carnage was witnessed, and a few tall trees, with mantled *señoritas* tripping coquettishly beneath them, occupied the very ground which was strewn with the ruins of the breach and with many a gallant red-coat, thirty-three years back. As the shades of night thickened I re-entered the formidable town-gate, the works above and around which, and the still bristling cannon, were far more calculated to strike the spectator with awe in the imperfect light.

The fortifications of San Sebastian are maintained with tolerable care, and the regulations of a fortress strictly observed. Why this should be the case, it is not easy to divine; for, if the fortress hill of La Mota be excepted, there is no real strength in the town. It could be destroyed with shells in a couple of hours, lying compactly within its walls as if to form the better aim. Not so the fortress of La Mota, which is absolutely impregnable, unless through famine. This would require it to be surrounded by sea and land, which might readily, however, be effected. The rock is almost precipitous, the pathway up it winding round like a serpent, and against such a natural bulwark no troops could act. In the siege of 1813, Rey, the French Governor, held out here for nine days after the town

had been taken by storm, and did not yield until the fortress was covered with our shells. The regulations of a fortified place are very strictly observed at San Sebastian, the gates of the town being rigorously closed at eight o'clock, after which you are inevitably excluded until next morning at six. I was very particular in timing my return, having tasted the sweets of exclusion three years since at Gibraltar, where the gates are closed at gun-fire about seven in the evening. I had waded through the dry knee-deep sand a little to the east of Catalan Bay, and the inelastic material through which I had to pass retarded my return until five minutes after the terrible gun had been fired. I was forced to pass the night on the Neutral Ground, and should have been obliged to pass it by the fire in the guard-house, but that the sentinel civilly directed me to the house of a Spanish market-gardener. I roughed it for the night in a very dungeon-like chamber, with nothing but a floating oil-light, after, however, a very tolerable supper. In San Sebastian, those who are excluded have the advantage of the new hotel outside the wall.

San Sebastian, September 19.

I rose this morning at six, and took a most agreeable walk by appointment with *mon Bordélais*, along the Bayonne road to the height of St. Bartholomew, fronting the town. Passing the bathing-ground, we saw some of the most active in the pursuit of health enjoying this delightful exercise and refreshment; to me, alas, for years denied, since in

serious pulmonary complaints the use of the bath might prove fatal. *Mon Bordélais* expressed his deep regret that I could not bathe, which he would have been delighted to do with me, adding that the salt water of San Sebastian was "*la plus douce et agréable du monde.*" In fact, my chance-met friend is overflowing with good-nature, good-humour, and health—not to say with excellent *vin de Bordeaux*, and occasional fillips of *eau-de-vie*, which have given him the rosiest of gills, and warm for the greater part of the day the very tip of his nose, while his other *bon-vivant* propensities have given him an abdominal development which, if not always comfortable, is at least cozy. Whether it be that he does not feel altogether comfortable about his *ventre*, or the coquetry which haunts all Frenchmen be the real moving cause, he candidly confessed to me that the genuine reason for his being so desirous to take the baths of San Sebastian is, that he wishes to reduce himself to more genteel proportions: "*Ah, monsieur, que je souffre quelquefois de cette obesité croissante!*"

Winding round the very beautiful circuit which the water takes at the extremity of the harbour of San Sebastian, resembling, as he remarked to me, the harbour of Bordeaux, but on an *infinitely* smaller scale, we reached the new road which is now in the course of construction, and which is to lead into the interior of the country. More than a hundred labourers, men and women, are constantly engaged upon it. Only a small portion, close to San Sebastian, has as yet been completed;

but it is admirably macadamized. We examined the two hospitals, which are situated near this spot, outside the town, one of them civil, the other military. Like most such things in Spain, they are upon an extensive scale, but ill kept up. Next we passed the new hotel, which is very large and supplied with excellent apartments; but the fittings-up, as usual in Spain, are likely to be meagre. It will probably, however, combine as many comforts as any reasonable person should desire—and Spain is no land for the over-fastidious to enter. The coach-house and stables are upon a really grand scale. *Mon Bordélais* found his way to what answers here for a bar, and tipped off two glasses of brandy with a dexterity and rapidity which somewhat surprised me. His explanation was quite satisfactory: he had caught the trick from one of my ante-and-anti-Mathewite countrymen, a gentleman named O'B—, who died some time since at Bordeaux, and with whom he had been on terms of the greatest intimacy. He spoke of O'B— with the greatest rapture, as a man of charming manners and of the highest talents, "which clearly," I thought, "accounts for the tippling." Then he launched into the praises of claret, O'B— having been connected with some wine estates, and a great man, *mon Bordélais* added, "*je ne sais quoi de grand et magnifique* in his own country." O'B— doubtless told him so. Apropos of claret O'B—, struck by the rigid adherence to water, which my health rather than virtue enforces, he apostrophized me thus as he tipped off the second glass—

"*Oh, que c'est dommage, monsieur, que vous ne pouvez pas boire le vin de Bordeaux! Que c'est délicieux, le veritable vin de Bordeaux—pas cette odieuse composition de Saint-Sebastien, mais le veritable boisson—mon vin de Bordeaux!*"

And a sigh rumbled through all his diaphragm and echoed through the cavities of his expansive chest, until it escaped from his mellow lips, at the thought of how unhappy he was not to have a hogshead of the veritable ichorto cheer his exile. And his gills grew rosier and his nose more ruby at the very idea of the growth of the Gironde.

Ascending the hill, we arrived at the ruined convent of San Bartolomeo, of which there remains only the skeleton of its vast proportions—peeped through the broken outer walls at the chapel, choir, and cloisters, and surveyed the low square belfry upon the top of which the English (having first expelled a detachment of the French, who had previously turned out the monks) placed some cannon which were used during the siege very effectively against the town. The position is most commanding, and from a low wall in front we obtained a magnificent view of the entire panorama—the isthmus with the river and harbour on either side, the fortified town with its rocky mountain rising almost perpendicularly behind it, in configuration and general appearance a perfect Gibraltar in miniature, and the two commanding heights of Monte Olio and Monte del Yeldo, with the tall but now ruined light-house, stretching one upon the right hand and the other upon the left. The

harbour looked magnificent—a perfect mirror glancing in the sunlight, which had nothing fierce or oppressive at this early hour. Inviting wavelets rippled to the crescent shore. The air was pure and balmy to a degree which it is impossible to describe. The fortress-crown of La Mota, with its circular belt, the telegraph on the same height to the left, the various and picturesque fortified points, were beautifully defined in the clear morning air. The slender stream of the Uruméa, it being now only half-tide, looked like a thread of silver to the right. At such an hour as this, and beneath such a smiling sun, it was forded by our gallant countrymen, rushing beneath the goad of disciplined valour and the impulse of high spirits, to carnage and to death! The rocky island of Santa Clara stood like a gigantic outwork in the mid-tide, while boats and sails in considerable number (mostly engaged in fishing) studded the mouth of the harbour and the distant horizon, and far to the right were seen the distant summits of the Pyrenees. It would be difficult to conceive a finer view, beautiful in its reality as it spread before me, and possessing an undying interest to Englishmen from the great achievement which was there accomplished. I engage every one who visits San Sebastian to obtain this view at morning or evening from the low wall fronting the old convent of San Bartolomeo; and I only wish that some painter of ability would consign it to the living canvass.

Mon Bordélais rather marred the romance of the prospect by interposing some remarks, which were

but natural to a Frenchman, about the fortress never having been taken by the English, though the town, to be sure, was, but that was *an easy matter*. I did not contradict him—it would have been absurd. The French Governor surrendered on the ninth day, but the fact, though historical, he of course would not have admitted.

"*Ah, monsieur*," he exclaimed, "*voilà la forteresse que vos compatriotes ont trouvé être impregnable!*"

We returned to the town, making the circuit of the walls, and after an excellent breakfast at the table-d'hôte, combining fish, meat, coffee, and fruits in great variety (including a repetition of the excellent melon of the day before, and presenting a fresh ground for inviting some of my countrymen to try San Sebastian) I took leave of *mon Bordélais*, whom I found an excellent specimen of a good-natured and agreeable Frenchman, not exempt from the national prejudices, but eminently kind-hearted, and overflowing with the milk of *bonhomie*. I availed myself of a letter of introduction, to ascend the fortress of La Mota. No one who has stopt some time here, and presents his passport, with a proper application, to the General commanding, will probably find a difficulty in obtaining this permission. But as Spaniards are unnecessarily chary in permitting an inspection of their fortified places, the better course will be to have a letter of introduction. The hill is so steep that to ascend it otherwise than circuitously would be a work of great difficulty; but the way up winds so conveniently

round that it is not difficult even to an invalid. Although, with my lungs, it was undoubtedly imprudent to ascend, I could not resist the temptation any more than I could the much more difficult task of passing through the galleries and up to the very summit of the Rock of Gibraltar three years since. I was rewarded by the view on both occasions. Seaward here I obtained a very extensive prospect of the Bay of Biscay, and of the French coast extending towards Bordeaux, while landward from San Sebastian, with its beautiful harbour and river at my feet, my eyes stretched over a wide extent of the Basque Provinces, until turning to the left they reposed on the giant forms of San Marcial and Jaizquibel, and the broken and rugged summits of the Pyrenean range in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

The great road from Bayonne to Madrid about to pass through San Sebastian.—Sketch of the proposed new line.—Topography of the adjoining country.—Excellence and abundance of fish.—Wild-fowl shooting.—The valley of Loyola, with a reminiscence of the founder of the Order of Jesuits.—Appearance of San Sebastian since the rebuilding.—The extra-mural *barrio* of St. Martin.—The public cemeteries; mode of burial.—The dismantled convents for men, and the still subsisting nunnery.—Import and export trade.—Recollection of the services of "The Legion" at San Sebastian.—Dolorés del Arco; a simple story.

San Sebastian, September 19.

THE fascinations of this sea-port are so manifold that I cannot refrain from recording some further particulars relating to the town and its adjuncts, the more particularly as the Camino Real from Bayonne to Madrid will immediately run through it, taking leave, from about the commencement of the present year, of Urnieta, Ernani, and Oyarzun. This important change, which will henceforth bring all travellers by the diligences and silla-correo, or mail, through San Sebastian, makes these new particulars essential to a work like this, which will comprise, with other features,

that of a complete itinerary from London to Lisbon.

The new road which I noticed a few pages back, as in the course of construction near San Sebastian in the direction of the great line to Madrid, will very speedily be completed. The Camino Real from Madrid to Bayonne will then branch off at Andoain, along to the bay of Pasages, and pass by Lasarte to San Sebastian, thence to Rentería, a league distant, (whose fine land-locked harbour will now be probably cleared of the deposits which render it almost useless) and from Rentería to Irun, a league and a half. The new route will comprise four new bridges, one at Lasarte, 42 feet in length, another at San Sebastian, of 440 feet, which will replace the present old wooden bridge of Santa Catalina, over the Uruméa; a third at Rentería, of 50 feet, and a fourth of 24 feet at Primaut, close to the Ventas of Irun. This new line of road will present the advantage, not only of passing through a town so important as San Sebastian, but of avoiding the tedious heights of Oyarzun, while the entire distance will be about the same. The diligences and mail from Bayonne will thus be able (through the more level road) to economize *two hours* of time at least, and the traveller will be enabled to enjoy, even without alighting, the beautiful views of the crescent-bay, called by the Spaniards the *coucha*, of San Sebastian, and the bay of Pasages.

The singular mountain, from its position at the foot of which San Sebastian derives so much of its

picturesque appearance, although now universally known as Monte Orgullo (literally Mount Pride) was originally called Urgull, a Basque designation. The tongue of land, or isthmus, which connects the town with the mainland, and extends in an easterly direction, is 390 varas, or rather more than 400 yards in length. This isthmus is named from St. Martin, and by it San Sebastian communicates with the Camino Real to Madrid, and by the wooden bridge over the Uruméa with La Herra, Pasages, Irun, and France. The harbour and river Uruméa, which surround the isthmus, at low water are only a gun-shot distant from each other, and at full tide the distance is considerably less, so that the town then seems almost insulated, presenting a charming view to those who descend from the direction of Ernani, and appearing like a castellated city floating in the ocean. Fish is excellent, abundant, and cheap, including magnificent turbot, gurnet, mullet, and john-dory, and in winter there is plenty of wild fowl shooting. The adjoining country is for the most part pleasing, and sprinkled with considerable cultivation, while the *coup d'œil* is varied on all sides by mountains, sierras, hills, and plains, the hills inland being clothed with oaks, walnuts, chestnuts, and underwood. The beautiful valley of Loyola, distant only a mile from the town, should by all means be visited by the traveller who has an hour or two to spare. Here there are some picturesque farmhouses and a wooden bridge over the Uruméa,

which winds through the valley as far as Astigarraga. This valley gave its name to the family of the celebrated founder of the Order of Jesuits, Ignatius Loyola, whose birth-place is at Azpeitra, a few leagues distant.

For three years after the storming, San Sebastian remained a wreck, but was rebuilt in 1816, upon a uniform plan, approved of by the Council of Castile. The streets run now for the most part in straight lines, "*calles hechas á cordel*," as the Spaniards call it, and the houses are of equal height and nearly uniform in appearance, almost all being supplied with balconies. But the circumstances of a walled town having compelled the streets to be unpleasantly narrow, the effect, on the whole, does not present much to be admired.

The extra-mural *barrio* (quarter) of St. Martin contains the hospital and *Misericordia*, which are administered by a special Junta, but present rather a ruinous aspect. The fiery scourge which passed over the town visited there likewise. In this same *barrio* are the two public cemeteries, one for the poor, the other for the rich. The latter, called *el campo santo*, is neat, orderly, and deserving of praise; the former differs little from a dog-hole, in which the poor man's body is flung without ceremony, and usually not more than a foot and a half underground. I witnessed a pauper's burial here yesterday, and can vouch for the fact that the corpse was thrown as near the surface as I state. There is no more marking feature of Spain than the

customary disregard for human life and death. It is fortunate that these cemeteries are near the sea, and therefore well ventilated.

Here, as all through Spain, may be seen the footing on which the religious houses are placed since Mendizabel fulminated his decree of dissolution in 1836. Terrific has been the quantity of human suffering, which has resulted during the ten intervening years. The convents for males were entirely abolished; those for females were left standing, with a clause for their gradual abolition in time. Within the walls of San Sebastian there were three convents, two of men and one of women. The two former have been closed these ten years, the latter still subsists with its nuns somewhat reduced in numbers. The uncloistered males (*frailes exclaustrados*) were promised a sufficient subsistence by the State, but their chief subsistence now is alms, thanks to a faithless Government and a turbulent people; and the same may be said of the *monjas* or nuns.

The inhabitants of San Sebastian are for the most part engaged in trade of some description. The import trade consists of "*generos de ultramas*," such as sugar, cocoa, coffee, and tobacco from the Spanish colonies, for the supply of Guipuzcoa and the Pyrenean district. There are likewise a few local manufactures in imitation of those of England and France, and a very extensive manufacture of cigars. The export trade is very limited, being confined chiefly to iron in the rough state, of different sorts and sizes, and to wrought iron from the mountain forges in the province of Guipuzcoa. There is

besides, the Contrabandist export, chiefly of cigars. The "*arancales vigentes*," or existing tariff, prohibiting nearly every sort of importation, except from the few colonies of Spain, afflicts the export trade with a corresponding paralysis; and the fine port, like that of Cadiz, is "not dead but sleepeth," although of considerable capacity, and having sufficient water at its mouth for the entrance of the largest ships of war.

The military traveller will have a separate set of recollections awakened by a visit to San Sebastian, in addition to those connected with the siege of 1813, and I cannot guide him better than by placing him in front of that Convent of St. Bartholomew, the view from which I before noted as so magnificent. The convent was in the possession of Don Carlos in 1836, and converted into a fort for the purpose of battering the town during the siege of that year, as were likewise the neighbouring Misericordia, and one or two other points. The garrison sallied forth on the 10th February, and overcame and dispersed the Carlist forces, regaining possession of St. Bartholomew's and the other fortified points. On the 6th May, the Carlists were again defeated before this city, with a loss of near 300 men; on the 6th of June in the same year, the Cristino lines were attacked by ten Carlist battalions with two pieces of artillery—an attack which was vigorously and triumphantly repelled, the Carlist loss being estimated at 1000 men *hors de combat*, while the Constitutionalists had only 200 killed and wounded; and lastly, on

the 13th December in the same year it was gallantly protected from an attack of the Carlists by the Legion under Colonel Arbuthnot.

Before taking leave of San Sebastian, I must record a plain but affecting story of which it was the scene a short time since :—

Dolorés del Arco was an orphan girl of seventeen years of age, who supported by her labour a brother of still more tender years. These interesting children had been gently reared from infancy, and left desolate in the world by the hand of God, a year or two before the period of this simple story, when both their parents were removed by a brief sickness and an ill-provided death.

Dolorés had been instructed by a careful mother in the useful arts of life, and had likewise been taught Castilian, which she knew as well as Basque. Her needle found the means of livelihood, her hands prepared their little meals, and regulated the economy of their narrow household. They occupied the Qaquizami or garret of a small house, in the quarter of the town next the port-gate, whence her familiar name, "del Arco," and Dolorés there took in as much needlework as she could procure, including domestic linen, the simplest portions of female attire, and shirts for men. Her little brother Manuel, a boy of fourteen years, carried the work, when executed, home to her employers, and when her hands were empty inquired for more. The interesting appearance of both Manuel and his sister obtained for them numerous customers, and when at the Ave Maria or sunset hour Dolorés thrummed

her guitar at her open casement, and accompanied it with her clear and gentle voice in Seguidilla or Cancion, there were no lighter or gayer hearts than her's and Manuel's in all San Sebastian. On Sundays too they often repaired to Lasarte or the Vale of Loyola, to dance the *zorcico* to the sound of pandéro and guitar.

But it is a morose and frowning world that holds us, and there are certain restless demons in the shape of human passions, whose activity mars the most Elysian pictures with all those pangs of grief and agony which are commonly charged on fiends. The lower part of a house, about twenty doors distant from that in which Dolorés and Manuel lived, was occupied by a family named Sanchez, who kept a *tienda* or small grocer's shop, where the orphans commonly purchased their supplies, and sometimes paid for them in needlework. Sanchez was a good-humoured, kind-hearted man, uniting popular manners to good looks; his wife, Catalina Sanchez, was, on the contrary, of a dark and sombre character, and fearfully predisposed to jealousy. The bright eyes and pleasant countenance of Dolorés had already excited her envy and groundless dislike, during the necessary visits of the industrious girl to the *tienda*, and a few good-humoured banterings, and gay but harmless conversations between her husband and the girl, wherein the latter never was wanting in the modesty which so well became her sex and years, served to impregnate the savage heart of Catalina with a rooted jealousy. Her gloomy and moody disposition added, by brooding

over her imaginary wrongs, fresh fuel to the hidden flame which raged with true southern intensity, and was on the point of consuming her, when she conceived and executed a characteristic plan of revenge.

An unknown messenger left one evening in the *tienda* a parcel containing a valuable piece of linen, with a verbal message to have it made up by Dolorés into shirts for the Captain of a Sardinian vessel lying in the harbour. The wind was then unfavourable, and it was expected that the vessel would be detained some time. The linen and the directions of its owner were duly delivered to Dolorés. Two days after, a fresh and favourable breeze sprung up, of which the Captain was too happy to avail himself, and having taken in all his cargo, and made the preparations for his voyage, he cleared out and sailed without delay, sending another verbal message by one of his sailors, stating that he would require the shirts to be completed upon his next voyage, but could not at present delay for another hour.

This message Catalina Sanchez never delivered; but the moment the ship sailed, with an eye glittering with infernal joy, she repaired to the Consistorio, and gave information to the municipal guard that she had been robbed of a piece of valuable linen by Dolorés del Arco, or strongly suspected the girl of the theft, she having lately employed her to do some needlework in her house, and none else could be the thief! Even the municipal guard, from the well-known character of Dolorés, disliked to move in the matter; but pressed by the urgency

of the woman Sanchez, they were compelled to yield obedience, and proceed to search Dolorés's apartment. The plot was laid with too deep and hellish malignity to fail here, the piece of linen was found, larger and more valuable than it was probable any one would intrust to so poor a person. In reply to the inquiries of the municipal officers, Dolorés's account was vague and confused. She neither knew the sea-captain's name, nor the name of his vessel, nor whether the vessel or he was still at San Sebastian. She did not know the messenger's name, nor what kind of man he was, nor when she was to have the shirts ready, nor how much she was to be paid for making them. In short, she told no falsehood, but blushed at the charge, which was interpreted to signify conscious guilt; her statement was disbelieved, and she was arrested. Catalina Sanchez swore hard to the identity of the linen, and triumphantly pointed out the secret marks, which she had mentioned before to the officers. Dolorés, utterly confounded, and unversed in the ways of the world, said nothing, but burst into a flood of tears when these marks were pointed out, of which she knew nothing, and in fact had not observed. Like many an innocent girl before her, she was confounded, and flippantly pronounced guilty, then lodged in the town Carcel. Her brother cried and roared like one distracted, and besought the officers to allow him to share his sister's prison. But in vain. There was no charge preferred against him; and the law must be allowed to take its own inexorable course.

Poor little Manuel knew not what to do in his despair. At length he bethought himself of Dolorés's guitar, of which he had acquired sufficient knowledge from her to play tolerably a few simple airs. Armed with the beloved instrument, like himself now orphaned, he placed himself outside the prison before day-break, and played a Basque *seguidilla*, which he accompanied with the following words in Castilian, simple but appropriate to Dolorés's situation :—

Su bondad y su virtud	Be virtue thy support
Te hagan feliz, hermana mia;	In chains, my sister dear;
No pierde tu alegría,	Despair not, though the sport
Aunque en dura esclavitud!	Of man's injustice here!
Niña aun, sin reflexion	So young, so little used
Ni esperiencia, no es estraño,	To wrongs of earthly fate,
Ay, que sucumbas al daño	What wonder should you sink
De esta horrible situacion.	'Neath sorrow's direful weight?
Su bondad y su virtud	Be virtue thy support
Te hagan feliz, hermana mia;	In chains, my sister dear;
No pierde tu alegría,	Despair not, though the sport
Aunque en dura esclavitud!	Of man's injustice here!

Dolorés though deprived of her instrument, took up the *seguidilla*, when Manuel ceased, as follows :—

Quées nuestra pobre existencia	Oh, what's our brief existence worth,
Sembrada de sinsabores,	Thus strewn with sad, vexatious care,
Cuando infames opresores	When vile oppression flings its chain,

Nos quitan la independencia?
El pintado pajarillo,

Que vuela de rama en rama,

Libre en sus deseos ama
Con un afecto sencillo.
Cuando el aura matutiña

El horizonte colora,

Libre saluda á la aurora,

Libre y bullicioso trina,
Libre vaga entre los flores,

Libre atraviesa los mares,

Y sin acerbos pesares

Canta libre sus amores,
Mas ay! si en barbara liga

Perece su libertad,

La dulce felicidad

Tornase en dura fatiga.
Y solo cesan sus penas

Cuando se rinde á la muerte;

Que el morir es grata suerte
Para quien vive en cadenas!

And gives us to despair?
The little bird from bough to bough
With glittering plumage joyous flies,
Still free to love where'er it will,
Where'er desires arise.
When morning breathes its balmy gale,
And glows the horizon gold and red,
Free trills its carol through the skies,
And free its praise is shed;
Free, free it wanders through the flowers,
Free passes o'er the sea, the grove,
Without one bitter thought or sigh,
And free it sings its love.
But, *ay!* if barbarous men conspire
Against the songster's liberty,
Its rapturous joy and ardour turned
To sadness instant see.
Within those frightful bars 'tis Death
Alone can end its griefs and pains;
For Death is the most joyous lot
Of those who live in chains!

Manuel replied with this poor attempt at consolation :—

Su heroica virtud	Be virtue thy support
Te haga feliz, hermana mia;	And shield, my sister dear;
Y no pierde tu alegría	Despair not, though the sport
Aunque en dura esclavitud.	Of man's injustice here!

But Dolorés rejoined, apparently with more meaning than before :—

Y solo cesan sus penas	Within these frightful bars 'tis Death
Cuando se rinde á la muerte;	Alone can end my griefs and pains;
Que el morir es grata suerte	For Death is the most joyous lot
Para quien vive en cadenas!	Of those who live in chains!

Next day, when the gaoler entered the gloomy hole in the town Carcel into which Dolores had been thrown the night before, he found the unfortunate girl's body hanging by the neck from the iron bars of the window. It was with her father's handkerchief from her head, on which she had worn it, like the majority of San Sebastian women, that she consummated the fatal deed. She was cold dead!

With the point of a pin she had scratched on the plastered wall beside where she hung, these words: "God and the Virgin know that I am guiltless—but my heart is broken—I am a brave *militar's* daughter, and cannot outlive this shame."

These eloquent dying words set many heads inquiring, and Catalina Sanchez' husband gave such information to the municipal authorities as materially shook the credit of his wife's statement. She was summoned before the Juez de Primera Instancia, and strictly interrogated, but persisted in

the truth of her original story. She was on the point of being dismissed, when a man came forward, and confronted her at the bar as a perjurer. It was the messenger whom the Captain had sent with the parcel containing the linen, and who recognized a portion of the paper in which it was wrapped. Catalina Sanchez expiated her crime in a prison; her justly indignant husband never would see her after; and the poor little trebly-orphaned Manuel, deprived at his tender age of father, mother, and mother-like sister, found a protector and a home for life in the good man Sanchez's *tienda*.

CHAPTER XVII.

Journey from San Sebastian to Tolosa.—New road, well macadamized.—Costume of the Basque peasantry.—Simple mode of living.—General appearance of the people and their houses.—The *fueros*.—Exemption from duties on tobacco.—These provinces the Paradise of smokers.—Enormous quantity of the weed consumed by temporary residents.—Secret of Espartero's unpopularity amongst the Basques.—Andoain.—Villabona.—Productions of the country round, and "notabilities" born in these two towns.—The anchor factory and iron foundries.—View of the Basque provinces generally.—National symbol.—Carlism of the peasantry the consequence of the invasion of their Fueros.—The Black Prince tricked out of the Lordship of Biscay.—"*Christianos viejos y rancios.*"—Character of the people.—State of agriculture.—Costume.—Music and dances.—Language.—The entrance to Tolosa.

Tolosa, September 19.

I took leave of San Sebastian to-day at one, and proceeded by Diligence to this place. This Diligence is a small one drawn by five mules, and the charge is very moderate. The distance from San Sebastian to this is only four leagues, half a league having been cut off the old road, which passed through Ernani, by the formation of a new road recently opened. This new road, which is well macadamized

throughout, passes through a very pleasant wooded and watered country, where the rude industry of the Basque agricultural population is apparent in a series of maize-fields interspersed with melons. These, together with a number of orchards, form the entire cultivation. The apples are extensively converted into cider. The melons and choice apples go to market. The maize and the humbler fruit form the peasant's simple fare. The province is that of Guipúzcoa, the north-eastern of the three Basque provinces. The costume of the peasantry differs little from that which I described in the humble classes of San Sebastian. They are generally very poorly clad, the men wearing for the most part flat blue caps, and loose, ungainly trousers, with here and there the *faja*—and the women having a coloured handkerchief twisted round their heads, or going bare-headed, with their hair falling in plaits down their backs. The people live for the most part in towns and villages. The few houses that I passed on the road-side were very rudely constructed with stones, wood, and mud, a vine being, however, often trained in front. The gable-ends were never completed, but the last two or three rows of stones were omitted, as a means of lighting the upper part of the house. This mountain district is well watered, and the road passed through several picturesque and charming valleys, with rivulets running through them apparently most inviting to the angler, and forests of dwarf oak intermingled with elms and chesnuts. The towns of any note through which the road passes are

Andoain, with its fortified heights, and Villabona, each of which has its little Plaza, or market-place, and its one or two churches, presenting nothing, however, worthy of observation.

The well-known Fueros of the Basque provinces have undergone several vicissitudes of late years. They were abolished by Espartero, but the bulk of them were restored by Narvaez's government. Those which now exist in full force are exemptions from all payment of duties on stamps, silk, and tobacco. This district may therefore be considered the Paradise of smokers. You smoke very good cigars in San Sebastian for less than a halfpenny each, if you buy them in quantity. There is a considerable number of cigar-makers there and in Bilbao, who work of course at great advantage, importing excellent tobacco from the Spanish colonies of Cuba and the Philippines at the cheapest rate, and not paying a farthing of duty subsequently. The consequence is that smoking, a vice elsewhere in Spain, is here carried to a ludicrous excess. The *aficionados* temporarily resident here make tobacco their "meat, drink, washing, and lodging." The cigar is never out of their mouths. Three dozen weeds per day is a common allowance for each cloud-compelling Jupiter Serapius. *Mon Bordélais* blew his cloud at all hours like the rest, and moistened it regularly with the *petit verre*.

The secret of Espartero's greater unpopularity amongst the Basques than in any other part of Spain is, that he had the boldness to abolish these *fueros*. His soldiers likewise, after the Convention

of Bergara, blew up the Oak of Guernica, which figures in Wordsworth's sonnet, and which the French had before cut down during the Peninsular war but our countrymen re-planted.

We arrived at Tolosa shortly after four.

The road leaves to the left Ernani, memorable for the misfortunes into which the Legion was led there more than once, owing to the customary failure of their Spanish allies to bring them promised assistance—and enters

ANDOAIN, a thriving town of 1430 inhabitants, distant two leagues from San Sebastian. It is situated on high and broken ground on the banks of the small river Oria, which abounds with excellent trout. Small as this town is, it has its Ayuntamiénto or municipal chamber. This is the point at which the road from San Sebastian falls into the great line of road from Bayonne to Madrid, and the latter road will be immediately changed for that which we have now left. Andoain contains the *parada* or stopping-house of the *silla-correo*, or mail, from France, where the mules are changed and a hasty meal taken. The parish church will repay a visit, the interior being spacious and constructed chiefly of jasper, with curious painted statues of saints, in wood. There is an iron foundry in this town, and the country round produces in tolerable abundance, corn, maize, chestnuts, *aluvias* (a white bean), turnips, and flax. Andoain is the birth-place of the Jesuit Larramendi, author of the trilingual dictionary, Latin, Spanish, and Basque.

The road, on leaving the town, passes over the

river Leizaraun by a neat stone bridge of two arches, and continues through a pleasing country with a few clusters of houses on both sides of the way, till it reaches

VILLABONA, a league distant, and situated in a plain near the margin of the river Oria. The town contains 980 inhabitants, including the neighbouring Amasa and suburbs, and has two churches besides one of those *ermitas* common in Spain, being small chapels erected on spots where persons supposed holy resided. The inhabitants exercise their industry in a manufactory of anchors for ships of all sizes, two establishments for forging iron in bars and square, a nail factory, &c. This town presents a fair specimen of the industry of the Basque population, very many of whom, like those of the neighbouring Asturias, are engaged unremittingly in reducing to use the iron with which their mountains abound. Villabona is the birth-place of Fray Diego de San Pedro é Ibarra, confessor of Charles V., from whom he obtained for it the privilege of being called a "*villa*" or town.

The surrounding district grows the same productions as I noted in speaking of Andoain, and I observed here and there in the fields in passing, the Basque women and children toiling at agricultural labours of the rudest description, while the adult males of this industrious population are engaged in their still heavier iron-work.

This province of Guipuzcoa is the smallest of the three Vascongadas, but is the most densely peopled,

being so at the rate of 2,000 to the square league. They are the same rugged Cantabrian race that they were of yore, indomitable at periods of invasion but pacific and hard-working in ordinary times. The representative form of government is of great antiquity amongst them, and the three provinces cling together—wonderfully for Spain—the common bond being the Fueros, which they are determined to preserve, and the alliance being aptly represented by their national symbol, which is three hands joined together.

The Kings of Spain are Lords only (Señores) of Biscay, and upon their accession they have always sworn to maintain the Fueros. These Fueros have often been menaced, but were never positively assailed until immediately after Ferdinand VII.'s death, when Cristina's Government abolished them. The result was that the Basques took up arms for Don Carlos, and the bulk of the peasantry to this day are Carlist. The Government found it necessary to restore a portion of these Fueros (which had been abolished by Espartero) in 1844.

It will interest all English readers to mention that the lordship of Biscay was ceded to our Black Prince, in the fourteenth century, by Pedro the Cruel, as a recompense for the services rendered to him at the battle of Navarrete. But with characteristic perfidy Pedro sent private instructions not to allow the Prince to take possession, and the reward of British intervention, and of the lavish expenditure of British blood and gold, was as barren then as it is to-day in the Peninsula.

The natives of these provinces are all held to be noble, and call themselves *par excellence* the "*Cristianos viejos y rancios*," the latter word signifying literally "very old, rancid." It is their boast to have no taint of Jewish or Moorish blood. Their complexion is for the most part fairer than that of the rest of Spaniards—a result partly attributable to a successful invasion of Northmen in the ninth century. The manners of the people are rude compared with those of the rest of Spain. The Basques are too self-willed to make good soldiers, but their courage is unquestionable and they make excellent *guerrilleros*. The land is, happily, much subdivided into small freeholds, but the agricultural processes are very backward—rude, in fact, as in the primitive times, and the toils of the female population in the fields are immense. Spade husbandry with a mattock, called *laya*, is much practised. The houses are almost as primitive as the agriculture, but there is much less of squalid misery here than in the mud-built huts of both the Castiles; and the hills are green, and often beautifully wooded with oak and chestnut, while in Castile immense tracts are burnt up and calcined by the sun. The Basque Provinces are the only part of Spain where there is anything like a dense population, and here there is ever a competition for land and a necessity for continual labour, things as little known as relished throughout the rest of the Peninsula. Maize, potatoes, chestnuts, milk, cheese, and apples, are the staple food of the people. Chestnuts are ex-

ported from this, in considerable quantities, to England.

The costume of the female peasantry I have already described, and likewise the ordinary costume of the male peasantry. The flat blue cap is very general. In some districts, and generally in winter, they wear hats, which are far from picturesque, being loutish in shape and generally old and rusty. The men go for many days together unshaven, and are generally much more indifferent as to costume than the bulk of Spaniards. Shoes are little worn, but in dry weather hempen sandals (*alpargatas*) are preferred, which exhibit the greater part of the foot, including the toes. These I have likewise seen nearly all through Spain. In wet weather they wear a very coarse shoe, called *abarcas*, made of untanned skins loosely tied with thongs, and sometimes, but rarely, wooden shoes, called *madreñas*. In wet weather the women cover their heads with a hood, called *capuz*. Their amusements consist, for the most part, of dancing on Sundays and holidays to the sound of their peculiar musical instruments, which consist of the Basque drum or *pandéro*, the *Gaita* or bagpipe, rude fifes, and a flageolet which they call *silbato*. Their dances are likewise peculiar: the Zorcico (more correctly spelled Zorzico and in some cases Zorzicoá, as a Basque informed me) in which eight dancers take part, a lively and capering movement, and the Espata Danza, an intricate and warlike evolution, in which the male peasants flourish their cudgels. These dances,

which are often performed on hill-tops, are accompanied by a concert of their numerous and primitive musical instruments, in which noise is much more conspicuous than harmony. The language is to European ears as rude as the sports of the people. It is a well-known joke in the rest of Spain that "the Basque writes Solomon and pronounces it Nebuchadnezzar." Borrow, in his "Bible on Spain" appears to make out a tolerably clear case of the Basque being nearly identical with the Tartar language. It has undoubtedly great affinities. But it is now well ascertained that the Basque was the aboriginal language of Spain, as proved by the names of mountains, headlands, and other unalterable appellations, many of which are clearly Basque.

The road from Villabona passes by the small village of Irura, where there is a foundry, and a little further on by a solitary *ermita*, till at little more than a league's distance we reach the outskirts of Tolosa. Here we pass by two factories, to the right hand of the road—the first of copper, the next of paper. The latter is very extensive, and placed in a fine building, supplied with a steam-engine which is employed when there is a dearth of water. The town is admirably situated on the rivers Oria and Arages, by which it is bathed on every side, with excellent manufacturing facilities. On the left hand we pass the Casa de Misericordia, or Hospital, and the new cemetry, and crossing an excellent stone bridge over the Oria, enter Tolosa. The distance from San Sebastian is only four and a half leagues, but as it rained during the latter part

of the journey, and was now past five o'clock, I was very glad to rush into the dingy inn (of which there are only two in the town that can be so designated, fronting each other in the same street) called the *Parador de las Diligencias Generales*, and roar lustily for dinner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A hungry Frenchman; Monsieur Le Sac.—The devil amongst the female waiters.—A Spanish Parador and its Muchachas.—Eating *por vinganza*.—A French bagman's notion of politics.—The bugbear of Repeal.—Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria.—The Paris Jockey Club, and the races in the Champ de Mars.—Portraits of French sportsmen drawn by a fellow-countryman.—A *badaud* blown up by his own fowling-piece.—The tailor and the mountain-bandit of Cevennes.

Tolosa, September 19.

The sight of a hungry Frenchman is very consolatory to a man in a Spanish Posada on the look-out for a dinner. I was so fortunate as to light on an individual of this description in the Parador at Tolosa—a *commis-voyageur*, as I presently discovered, who was pretty well acquainted with the ways of the country, and foraged a tolerable repast with an effrontery so consummate as to afford me almost as much amusement as astonishment. With the primeval simplicity of this country we were set down to dinner together, without asking us whether the intercourse was agreeable, and as the youth (for such he was), whom I shall call Monsieur Le Sac, manifested as much *bonhomie* as he did the

absence of modesty, we managed to get on pretty well together. Almost everything set before us was horribly overdone, but *en revanche* we had some passable grapes and a delicious melon which Le Sac had the coolness to insist upon the female servant (they are all female servants in the Spanish Paradors and provincial Posadas) going out to the market to purchase! There were of course no bells—not even a handbell—but Le Sac kept up a continual fire of "*Muchacha! Muchacha!*" (Girl! girl! the mode here of calling for the female waiter) until the patience of all the female servants in the house, of whom there were three, became exhausted in attending on his repeated calls. Mustard, pepper, salt, plates, knives, forks, all either unsupplied or not supplied in sufficient quantity, Le Sac's imperturbable coolness demanded in swift succession. The wine was not to his taste, and he tried every vintage in the house, the cheese was execrable, and for this, too, he wanted them to go out to the market, where he declared he had seen an extremely rich cheese offered for sale in the Plaza. This, however, the Señoritas would not "stand," and with true Spanish independence became impudent in their turn; for though with kind treatment the servants here are tolerably willing, they are a rough race, and turn immediately upon the least manifestation of a spirit of opposition. Though tolerably well versed in the ways of the country, Le Sac, like the bulk of Frenchmen, was but a poor linguist (his *effronté* character leading him to force his French every-

where down the throats of the people, as a *passe-par-tout*) and in some cases I had to interpret between him and the *muchacha*. Some of the phrases which she used towards him were by no means polite—indeed untranslateable—and I disliked at first to give them to him in their full force; but, as he insisted, I gave a literal version of one or two of them, whereupon his wounded self-love caused his face to redden, and he poured out a torrent of abuse, which, as it was for the most part in French, and composed chiefly of "*sacrrrrés!*" the girl, fortunately, did not understand. He next resolved to revenge himself by eating, which he did *à quatre*, calling thrice successively for grapes, of which he demolished at the least some three pounds. The *señoritas* had their *vinganza* in turn, for the one who was compelled to execute his order called in the others, each in succession, to see the strange animal eating, and it was amusing to observe them "spotting" him from the door, raising their eyes to Heaven and shrugging their shoulders in affected astonishment. Le Sac seemed rather to enjoy their fun, and had no objection to trot himself out for their admiration, eating and drinking like a true *gourmet*.

Over our coffee we entered into a conversation of which some specimens may be interesting. After execrating Spanish cookery and lauding *la cuisine Française*, he trusted that the effect of the Montpensier *régime* would be to establish *la civilisation Française* universally throughout Spain. "Are you quite sure," I asked, "that the Montpensier *régime* itself will be established?"

"*Mais, mon cher monsieur,* with your agricultural slaves in Ireland—those victims of the iron English oppression—it is needless to say that your Cabinet dare not take any steps for the maintenance of her position in Europe."

"Think you so?. Dream not that Irish loyalty has been so utterly worm-eaten. The band of rebels that bellow for Repeal comprises all that is most worthless in the country. The bulk of Irishmen are still keenly alive to the dictates of truth and honour."

"Band of rebels! *Et ce grand O'Connell?*"

"The leader of the band," I quietly proceeded. "And, if he were sincere, the most criminal amongst them. But his late repudiation of physical force shows that he never means to go for Repeal, which he merely brandished as a bugbear to extort the most that he could from England. From this execrable double-dealing all that is noble and simple-minded in Ireland, all that is sincere, and truthful, and generous, must needs revolt, and the power of the Repeal agitation, except for insane mouthing, has long evaporated."

"*Mais les journaux Irlandais.*"

"Ah, it is a trade, which you must be well acquainted with in Paris. The journalist's policy is to obtain notice, *coûte qu'il coûte*, and as your "best possible instructors" these did their utmost to precipitate Europe into a war in 1840, so the unprincipled scribblers of an unscrupulous provincial press have raked up earth and hell to make Celt and Saxon cut each other's throats by thousands. But in vain! The throat-cutting has commenced

amongst themselves, and Young Ireland and Old Ireland are too disunited now for any combined action at which England need do more than laugh. A *gouffre infranchissable* sunders them :—

> "For never can true reconcilement grow
> "Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep!"

"*Parole d'honneur! monsieur,* you throw a new light on the subject!"

"It is amusing, is it not," I observed, while Monsieur Le Sac was cracking some very bitter walnuts, "to see the new position which Louis Philippe has taken up towards Queen Victoria. After all his professed friendship, after all his grotesque attentions?"

"The bathing-box at Tréport," said Le Sac, laughing immoderately.

"The omnibus-coach in the Park at Eu, the picnic-ing, the transmission of portraits and drawings innumerable, and the presents of game by special messengers—the visit to Windsor and to London, the fatherly regard, the ogling, and the demi-semi-blubbering—it is ludicrous, is it not, to see what an *arrière-pensée* was at the bottom of all this pretence, and how the septuagenarian *Reynard* has taken *la poule blanche* in?

"*Très amusant.* But you know that England had her two candidates for the Royal maidens of Spain, Don Enrique and Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, and as those would not be accepted, had not France the right to step in and do her best for her own interests? The advantage of this brilliant *coup* is

that, while we consolidate French interests in Spain, we prevent England from establishing an influence hostile to our country. The marriage may now be regarded as *un fait accompli*, and they are preparing here for the Duke's reception."

It was in vain that I denied that England had championed any particular candidate, and assured him of what the whole world knows, that the *nodus* of the question lay in the fact of our declining to champion the Coburg marriage when Queen Cristina strongly presented it to us. Le Sac, like the bulk of his countrymen in political argument, *would not* be convinced, and persisted in asserting precisely what he pleased.

"Had you succeeded with your two men," he proceeded, "you would have annihilated the influence of France in Spain, made the journeys of French commercial men for orders nugatory (I could perceive that this was, in his mind, the gist of the argument), and rendered your manufactures as current there as at Birmingham. In short, you would have realized the plan which England has pursued for two centuries, and would have converted Spain, like Portugal, into a satellite of England."

I burst into a fit of laughter in my turn, as the only mode of replying to such arguments, and while discussing a second cup of bad coffee, inquired modestly of Le Sac "how, in the teeth of the prevailing *Españolismo*, this astounding miracle was to be accomplished?"

"By throwing yourselves," he replied, "into the

arms of the Progresista party, which is devoted to England, because from her alone it expects the realization of its Revolutionary hopes, and by British assistance would upset that sober constitutional government which France is so eager to maintain!"

"Bravo, Monsieur Le Sac," I exclaimed with a roar of laughter.

Our conversation now became more general, and turned upon the rage which has latterly set in in France (to which the Montpensier marriage, however, and its results, are likely to prove fatal) for imitating English costume and manners, especially in racing and sporting. Le Sac informed me that he was a native of Bretagne, and instanced the magnificent style of living of a young English nobleman there—Lord Cassilis—who had been *retrenching* for some time past on an allowance of 10,000*l.* a year—as turning the heads of the poorer young French aristocrats, and driving them into insane imitations of John Bull's expenditure. He spoke like a true Frenchman of his class, who did not disguise his hatred of England, and there was a fund of good sense at the bottom of all his prejudices.

"Sporting amongst the Parisian *badauds*," he said, "is the very quintessence of absurdity. At the races in the Champ de Mars, Lord Seymour and the few members of the French *haute noblesse* who run English horses, of course win all before them. What is especially ludicrous at these gatherings is the absurd attempt at imitating the 'knowing' English style on horseback. The

mode in which they *baragouinent* the jargon of your stables: '*jockei*,' '*grom*,' '*stut*,' '*blut*,' '*redinvip*,' (riding-whip) '*torrabrut*' (thoroughbred) is in itself a most amusing treat. But still more exquisitely absurd is their style of dress, which they themselves think to be eminently *à l'Anglaise*. Skin-tight coats, red, bright green or rose colour, with collars nearly imperceptible in their excess of dandyism, *satin* or softest jean breeches, highly japanned boots with toes so critically pointed as to render spurs on the heels a totally unnecessary incumbrance, 'tops' of unblemished kid, embroidered waistcoats, cravats starched to such a degree as to render it impossible for the 'sporting' character to twist either ear an inch aside, pale crimson or kid gloves, gold eye-glasses, chains, &c., surmounted by the most eccentrically trimmed beard and whiskers,—such is the mode in which our genuine French aristocrats (for none other are admitted into the jockey club) caricature your English sporting gentlemen. Yet even this monstrous Centaurship is as nothing compared with the figure which the minor *badauds* who hire a lanky, spavined, roaring brute for the day, cut upon these occasions, imitating the 'turn out' of their betters in humbler materials, and betraying the most killing uneasiness lest an eccentric movement on the part of the rickety animal they have defrauded the knackery of for a day should fling them in the mud, to the disarrangement of their dearly-cherished neck-ties and discoloration of their *incroyables* unmentionables."

"Our Cockney sportsmen at home," I observed, "going forth on a shooting excursion, have long been the fertile theme of our caricaturists' ridicule. Yet even their intensity of absurdity is surpassed by those of Paris. I do not remember anything better in its way than the following incident, which occurred during my residence at Paris some years since. A *badaud* bethought himself it would be a very dashing thing to rig himself out for a day's shooting. Accordingly he equipped himself in velvet from top to toe—a velvet jacket like that of Massaroni, bedizened with all manner of frogs—a velvet cap with a gold tassel—velvet inexpressibles—sarsnet leggings. An original idea had entered his noddle, and was duly acted upon—that pouches, bags, &c. were an inelegant encumbrance, and accordingly he stowed away his powder and shot in two breast pockets. Behind his back, down to the heels, swung a sort of sabretache, in which he was to bag his game. His borrowed gun was shouldered military-fashion (such is the universal, uneasy, and inelegant mode in France), a cigar was stuck in his mouth—for none of these gentry can stir out without this appendage—and, thus equipped, he sallied forth upon his murderous *battue*, with something between a bull-terrier and a starved chiffonnier's cur, at his heels. He took the road to the Bois de Boulogne, as being the most frequented, and that upon which he was most likely to be seen—his sole object. Upon the outskirts of the wood an unlucky thrush made its appearance—a number of ladies were sauntering in the adjoining avenue—and as a

point of honour the thrush must be popped at. Being an outrageously bad shot, he could not take aim without removing the cigar from his mouth. The burning stump was hurriedly thrust into his left pocket, the gun raised to the shoulder, and a loud explosion instantaneously followed. The thrush twittered in defiance and soared high over head. It was clearly undamaged; the fowling piece remained undischarged—but the *badaud* measured his full length on the green sward. The lighted cigar had come in contact with the powder in the left pocket, and literally *blown him up*. Fortunately it was only his finery that was frittered to pieces, the hero himself being only blackened, frightened, and laughed at."

"*Ah, vraiment*," said Le Sac," your are as *malin* as if you were *né Français*."

Le Sac, with the volubility of his craft and country, told me several marvellous stories while discussing a cigar previously to sallying forth to see the lions of Tolosa. I can only find room for one of them, which possessed a local interest, as he alleged it to have occured close to the neighbouring Pyrenees.

"Sir," said Le Sac, "it was a tailor that captured the mountain-bandit of Cevennes. Pierre Fouqué was the bandit's name. He belonged to the commune of Cavagner. The mountain fastnesses of this bold and wooded line, which runs perpendicular to the Pyrenees, harboured him in the intervals between his daring incursions on the rich farms of the lowland districts. The witnesses against him in former trials were desperately maltreated by

him; he penetrated to their houses in the midst of the villages where they lived, at night, and beat them, to the imminent peril of their lives?"

"But what of the tailor?" I inquired.

"You shall hear all presently. He succeeded constantly in escaping the ambuscades of the authorities, and went about armed with a double-barrelled gun and pistols."

"What! the tailor?"

"No, but the bandit. Numerous batteries of gendarmes, and even large bodies of cavalry sent out against him were unsuccessful. The mountainous nature of the country favoured these perpetual escapes. Every one despaired of securing his person, when at length he got into a fatal collision with two young men named Amiques, one of whom was —"

"A tailor?"

"No—a soldier—was, or rather, had been a soldier. I prefer had been, as more exact and circumstantial. They were returning together from the fair of Carcassone, when they perceived Fouqué at some distance before them, evidently, from his manœuvres, bent upon stopping their progress. Now it so happened, that the tailor went always about armed with pistols."

"What, a tailor armed with pistols?"

"Undoubtedly. He was one of those who had given testimony against Fouqué. One of these pistols he gave to his brother, the çi-devant soldier, who walked up calmly with the intention of shooting Fouqué through the head. Fouqué immediately

knocked down the quondam dragoon with the butt-end of his gun; but, even when lying on the ground, the latter was able to arrest the robber's arm, while taking aim at his brother. A struggle *corps à corps* ensued between them—a terrible struggle, believe me, during which the brother thus engaged discharged his pistol, but without effect. Then came the tailor's turn. *Mon Dieu*, it is the fashion to revile tailors. But here was a tailor whom I may justly describe as *un héros tout fait pour l'immortalité.*"

I assured him that I by no means shared the illiberal prejudice against gentlemen of the shears, and could perceive a certain twitching in his lip and nervousness in his manner which made it just possible that Le Sac himself sometimes travelled in the tailoring line. I declared it very possible that this tailor might be "cut out" for immortal fame, and inquired how he acted when his brother was in this predicament?

"*Le tailleur, monsieur —.*"

"*Oui, monsieur, le tailleur —.*"

"*Le tailleur, monsieur —.* The tailor" proceeded Le Sac, "fired his pistol at the bandit, but unsuccessfully, so intimidated was he as—that is not the word—so disconcerted in his aim by dread lest he should take the life of his brother. He then managed—I'll warrant you will not readily match me this tailor—to wrest the gun out of Fouqué's grasp, fired, and wounded him in the shoulder. The wound produced not the slightest effect upon the robber, who was fast choking his prostrate ad-

versary, when the tailor, seizing the gun by its barrel, broke in the bandit's scull with a tremendous blow of its butt-end. Fouqué died instantly; and his brains were spattered over the tailor's face and hair!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Description of Tolosa; the church; the factories.—Blockade of Diligences.—"Notabilities" born in this town.—Conduct of the inhabitants towards the British Army during the Peninsular War.—Tolosans of old victorious over the French.—Itinerary from Tolosa to Bergara; Alegría; Legorreta; Villafranca; Beasain; Ormastegui; Zumarraga; Villa Real; Anzuola; Bergara.—The vice of gambling in lotteries.—The memorable "Convention."—Circumstances which led to it.—Recent publication by Maroto.—Exposure of French indifference to constitutional liberty in Spain.

Bergara, September 19.

Tolosa, which is eight leagues distant from this place, has an antique and venerable look. The streets are narrow, but the houses lofty, and many of them display ponderous escutcheons (some double) over the portals, which sufficiently evince the pride of the old Basque proprietors. These mansions, called *casas solares*, are sombre-looking and stately, without having any pretension to elegance, but the number of quarterings on many of the escutcheons quite distances our "pomp of heraldry" at home. The houses are for the most part very solidly built, and the better sort are supplied with iron *rejas* (window railings) which give them quite an exclu-

sive air. The eaves project enormously, with heavy and often richly carved soffits, which in showers of rain inundate the unfortunate foot-passengers underneath. Tolosa has recently been made the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, a dignity of which San Sebastian was deprived by the Queen's Government, and the effect has been to produce great jealousy between the two towns. Tolosa belongs to the diocese of Pamplona, and is situated in a narrow valley between the mountains of Ernio and Loazu, on the rivers Oria and Arages, which quite surround the town. It contains, by the last census, 5030 inhabitants, and is divided into two parishes. There is a convent of nuns still subsisting, and a dismantled convent of friars. The town is composed of six streets running in straight lines, crossed by three other streets, with three *plazas* or small squares, the largest of which, that "*de la Castitucion*," has a good *juego de pelota* or fives-court, which is to be found in all the Basque towns. Here the Deputation from the Province of Guipuzcoa meets, in a house presenting nothing noticeable. The fine old gates were defaced by the French, but the bridges and their approaches are good. The churches are rather noticeable for their extent and capacity—the parish church of Sta. Maria especially, whose construction is neither Gothic nor classical, but yet is imposing in its general effect, with a modern portico which springs forward from the body of the edifice, and looks rather stately.

At the two extremities of the Façade, are two small towers which terminate in spires, and a larger

tower between, for the bells. There was a fine *retablo* (altar-piece, gilt and adorned with sculpture) in this church, which was destroyed by fire, in 1781, together with the sacristy and archives. This part of the church was proceeding to be rebuilt in 1806, when the work was suspended by the French invasion in 1808—lucky suspension, for had any fine work been erected, it was sure to have been dashed to pieces. It was again resumed in 1814, and the intercolumniation of the "*trascoro*" was executed in marble of the country, being composed of two Ionic columns, thirty-six feet in height, as well as a fine tabernacle. Scarcity of funds has prevented the completion of the work. The factories which I have already mentioned are worth a visit, as well as a new cloth factory, and another of cotton-spinning, which will speedily be opened by a company of French and Spanish capitalists. There is a great deal of manufacture in Tolosa, of a variety of different descriptions, and the town is thriving and creditable to the country. How absurd to suppose that we English are jealous of these things, or that we would not wear Spanish broadcloth if it could be supplied cheaper than the produce of our own country! There is also a national factory here of bayonets and other arms. The country round Tolosa is fertile, producing corn, maize, flax, chestnuts, and all kinds of vegetables in abundance, with several varieties of beans. The fruit consists chiefly of apples, of which a tolerable cider is made. The rivers afford excellent fish. The passage of the diligences and other vehicles between

France and Madrid, as well as many others to San Sebastian, Bilbao, Pamplona, and Zaragoza, give life to the streets, and there are likewise several *mensagerias* and *galeros* (a kind of long, covered carts, drawn slowly, for the most part by eight mules) between the same points. There is frequently a great concourse of travellers. The two Paradores which I have mentioned deserve little commendation, but they are on an extensive scale, and often at their *mesas redondas*, or tables-d'hôte, forty guests sit down together, while in the space between these two substitutes for hotels, so many as eight diligences may be sometimes seen drawn up together, forming quite a blockade.

Tolosa is the birth-place of Domenjon Gonzalez de Andía, Colonel of the Legion sent by the Province of Guipuzcoa, during our civil wars, to assist the dashing Edward IV., who decorated him with the Order of the Garter. This good feeling had quite evaporated at the period of the Peninsular War; for the authorities here not only refused all assistance to our soldiers who were fighting their battles, but ordered the inhabitants not to give it even for payment! In addition to this kindness, they plundered our magazines, and refused to give back the fruit of their robberies. It is not surprising, therefore, that I find them now engaged in very active preparations for the *avatar* of Montpensier, providing fire-works and a temple on a great scale, and teaching their local dancers, their *bordon dansariz*, to practise and have in readiness all their best steps to gratify a brace of princes, sent from

that country which, some thirty years back, taught themselves to dance a very pretty hornpipe in fetters! It was not so in ancient times, for Tolosa is the birth-place of another Andía, Anton Gonzalez, who gallantly recovered San Sebastian and Fuenterrabia from the French by force of arms in 1521, and of Alberto Perez de Regil, a "*famaso capitan*," who routed them in 1512, on the Sierras of Belate and Elizondo; as well as of Yurreamendi, who headed the Guipuzcoans at the siege of Grenada under Ferdinand and Isabella; of Miguel Elizalde, a distinguished sea-captain at the battle of Lepanto, and of Idiaquez, secretary to Charles V. and Gaztelú, who drew up that monarch's will. The costume and manners of Tolosa do not differ from those which I have previously described.

The diligences from France did not arrive until near half-past seven, and to my consternation, so thronged is the road that I could not obtain a seat in any part of the vehicle which stopped at the Parador where I was staying, the "*Generales*." Fortunately, however, the good-humoured brogue of an Irish passenger, long settled in Madrid, attracted my ear, and in the course of conversation with him, I learned that I had a chance in the diligence at the opposide side of the way. I flew on the wings of hope, and was lucky enough to secure the only vacancy—a seat in the Impériale (called here *banqueta*), which, though deficient in comfort and—especially at night—most undesirable for an invalid, I readily accepted rather than undergo the chance of being detained perhaps for days

in this somewhat dismal town; the more especially as the lofty seat afforded an opportunity of seeing the country. I need not enter into any detail of fares, it being sufficient to state that they are generally reasonable, and that the *coupé* here, as in the French diligences, is the most desirable part of the vehicle. I found my *compagnons de voyage* almost invariably affable and courteous, and think politeness a quality more indigenous to the Spanish than even to the French soil.

We set out shortly after 8 P.M. At about three miles distance from Tolosa, we passed the village of ALEGRIA, situated on a plain at the foot of the high mountain of Aldava, on the banks of the Oria, with about 900 inhabitants. The village is composed of one long street, and contains a large foundry, and a flour-mill, on the Amezqueta, close to its confluence with the Oria. These streams abound with trout. The productions of the country round are the same as at Tolosa; cider is the common drink of the people. The next village, at a league and a half's distance, is LEGORRETA, containing 580 inhabitants (including the *caserios* or farm-houses in the vicinity), with a parish church, municipal house (a sort of caricature upon such institutions), four *ermitas*, and two windmills. This little town has two ancient fairs, and the country round is fertile and well watered, being also diversified by orchards, oaks, and chestnuts. Half a league distant is

ISAZONDO, on the Oria, with 1000 inhabitants (including the *caserios* round) a parish church, a *ba-*

silica or church erected by the devotion of a private individual, an *ermita*, and a municipal house. Here there are two *fraguas* (forges), and the country round is very fertile and rather carefully cultivated. The Oria abounds with eel and barbel, and the Zubin, a small mountain stream, with trout. The water in the neighbourhood is delicious, and at the distance of little more than a mile is the fountain of Iturriaza, whose mineral waters are purgative and beneficial in the cure of many diseases, especially those of the nephritic class. Half a league distant is

VILLAFRANCA, situated on an elevated plain, and containing 800 inhabitants. The town is compact and surrounded with walls, having four gates. The *plaza* in the middle of the town has a fountain with excellent water. The palaces of the Marquises de Valmediano and of Zabala deserve some attention, the gallery of the former containing some pictures by good masters. In the consistorial or municipal house is preserved an iron cannon won by the inhabitants in the battles of Charles V., and with it Philip V. was saluted when he passed through the town, precisely as they are preparing to receive the other French prince, Montpensier. There are some pleasant walks about Villafranca. The country round is fertile, and prunes are grown in this neighbourhood. There are some looms in this town for linen and coarse cloth.

Fray Andrés Urdaneta, a great navigator of the days of Charles V., was born here, and having been sent forth by the Emperor on an expedition, dis-

covered the small island of Luzon. He was an Augustine Friar, yet a *gran piloto*, a rare conjunction. A mile distant is

BEASAIN, with 1000 inhabitants, (including, as usual in the Spanish census, the surrounding farmhouses) situated on rugged ground, and with two churches, four *ermitas*, and an *ayuntamiénto*. This town gave birth to a Spanish Saint, San Martin de Loinaz, canonized in 1627. There are several streams in the neighbourhood, amongst which is the Langata, which abounds with trout. At the distance of half a league is

ORMASTEGUI, with 550 inhabitants, the birthplace of the celebrated Carlist chief, Zumalacarregui. Don Tomas, better known as "Tio," or Uncle Thomas, was born in 1788, and was therefore advanced in years at the period of his death, which was the consequence of a shot in the leg, received at the first siege of Bilbao.

One of the most famous events in the Carlist struggle was this siege of Bilbao, which was raised by the Cristino General Cordova, after the most famous of modern Guerrilleros, Zumalacarregui, had received his death-wound. Had this most energetic of the Carlist generals lived, the war might have had a very different termination. It was he who, on the wretchedly unprovided state of his men as to arms being remarked to him, pointing to the muskets in the Cristino battalions, said: "There are their arms!" and contrived to arm them very respectably by stripping the Cristinos in repeated brilliant surprises. The circumstances of this rude but

powerful hero's death are recorded in the Cristino song :—

Ya vienen Chapelchurris
Con corneta y clarin,
Para entrar en Bilbao
A beber chacolin.
Mal chacolin tuvieron,
Y dia tan fatal,
Que con la borrachera
Se murió el general!

At a league and a half distance we reach

ZUMARRAGA, situated on the left bank of the Urola, with 1,000 inhabitants, generally of a poor class and little engaged in pursuits of industry, except some few in the iron-work and carpentry. This town is separated by a stone bridge of a single arch over the Urola from

VILLA REAL, which is situated on the western bank of the river, and contains 800 inhabitants and two *plazas*, one of which is connected with a very convenient *lavadero*, which facilitates public washing, and contributes much to the cleanliness of the inhabitants. In the parish church exists what is stated to be the body of St. Anastasia, which was presented to the town in 1676 by one of its natives, Cardinal Necotalde. The country round is fertile. The inhabitants are engaged in the manufacture of *sombreros* (the country hats), *alpargatos* (hempen shoes), tiles, and bricks, and there are also here some looms. Two leagues further is

ANZUOLA, a town of 1200 inhabitants, situated in a sort of ravine surrounded by heights. Between

this and the last-mentioned town is the mountain-pass or *puerto* of Descarga, where a small detachment of troops is always stationed in a little barrack to the right of the road, the object being to keep it clear of robbers. On these heights Zumalacarregui obtained a victory over Espartero, driving the Cristinos, with his brave guerrilleros, into Bergara. A new road will soon be opened from Oñata to Ormaztegui, by which this pass will be avoided. The country round Anzuola is fertile, producing corn, maize, chestnuts, apples, and vegetables in abundance. The vine also grows here in tolerable perfection. The road passes by three different stone bridges over the Anzuola, and after little more than half a league enters

BERGARA, a town whose name is more frequently spelt by the Spaniards "Vergara," in consequence of the permutability of the labials "b" and "v," which led Scaliger to perpetrate a neat joke upon the subject :—"Beati inter quos idem est *vi*vere ac *bi*bere!" The fact is that everywhere in Spain (especially in the north, and as far as Madrid) I have met the *b* put for *v* indifferently, and have seen written over many a wine-shop the invitation: "Aqui se *b*ende *v*uen *b*ino." Bergara is well known throughout Europe in consequence of the memorable Convention, of which I shall speak presently. The town is situated in a pleasant and fertile valley on the banks of the Deva, surrounded with mountains, and containing 4,000 inhabitants, with the usual institutions, besides two primary schools, one for each sex, an institute of secondary education, and a *liceo* or higher school.

There is unfortunately a branch of the Madrid lotteries here, which keeps up the spirit of gambling amongst the population. This vice I have found to prevail all through the Peninsula, in Lisbon and the smaller Portuguese towns as keenly as at Madrid, and domestic servants are constantly parting with their little savings in these absurd ventures! In the principal *plaza* here is the Municipal House, supported by twelve arches, and of rather imposing aspect. The fives-court is here very good. The townsfolk are generally engaged in agriculture, and have extensive herds of oxen and swine. There is now in course of construction a factory for spinning and weaving cotton. More than 300 springs of good water are to be found within the *termino*, and, as may be supposed, the lands around are very productive. Turnips are grown extensively here, and cattle are largely fed on them.

Here, on the 31st August, 1839, was concluded, after lengthened previous negotiations, the well-known "Convention of Bergara," between Maroto and Espartero, which made the name of the former equivalent in the Carlist party for "traitor;" but which, there is no doubt, was well-considered and greatly beneficial to Spain. Don Carlos was incapable of continuing the war to advantage, and his personal qualities were quite unadapted for military achievements, for controlling the dissensions which then prevailed in his camp, or for giving a suitable direction to the enthusiasm which the peasantry wasted in his cause, and of which he was utterly unworthy. Whatever may be thought

of Maroto's part in the transaction, this Convention put an end to a wasting civil war, with all the terrible disasters in its train. The site of this act of "fraternization" is called "*El campo del Abrazo.*" General Maroto has just published a work which he designates, "A Vindication and a Clear and Rational Exposition of the Causes of the Convention of Bergara, of the Executions of Estella, and the other Remarkable Events that preceded it, Justified and Proved by Fifty Documents." Amongst the *pièces justificatives* is a very remarkable one, the publication of which has caused immense excitement at Madrid, evincing as it does the perfect indifference of Louis Philippe and Marshal Soult to the rights and liberties of Spaniards, and their willingness to consent to the establishment of a son of Don Carlos on the Spanish throne, without making any condition whatever for the maintenance of the Constitutional system—a cold-blooded indifference, which Spaniards now repay by opening their arms to the French matrimonial alliance. The document in question is a letter written by M. Duffau-Panillac, aide-de-camp to Maroto, in June, 1839, from Paris, to which place he had been sent by the Carlist genefal to negotiate with the French government on the subject of a plan proposed by Maroto for the termination of the civil war. This plan was submitted in consequence of several severe reverses which the Carlists had previously sustained, including the battle of Ramales and other successes of Espartero, which had reduced the Pretender's army to a state of almost complete disorganization: and

at Estella, on the 17th February, before Maroto executed six of his brother commanders (mostly generals) without form of trial, upon an allegation of treason, which he endeavours to substantiate in the present publication. Duffau-Panillac states in this letter that he had no fewer than seven interviews with Marshal Soult, each of which lasted three hours, and that at the last of these interviews the following propositions were made to him formally in writing by the Marshal, at the desire and with the authority of Louis Philippe, at the very period when the Carlist cause was so utterly prostrated:—(Marshal Soult's words are here literally translated.)

"His Majesty and I receive with pleasure, gratitude, irrevocably, formally, and officially, the overtures made, through you verbally, by your General; but your General will have to make the same in writing, and commission a Spanish personage, selected by himself, to conclude forthwith a definitive treaty. Our resolution shall not change, and the King and I desire, and we shall see with pleasure, the personage just mentioned accompany you, in order that there shall be no revival of the difficulties that we have overcome together, and to accelerate the conclusion of the affair.

"Deeply afflicted at the unhappy condition to which Spain is reduced, the King and I will see with the greatest pleasure the certainty of remedying that condition; and we shall stop at no sacrifice to save that interesting country from the abyss into which she is about to be plunged, and to raise

her to the condition to which she is entitled. This resolution is serious and firm; but your General must understand that we cannot fling ourselves, like *enfans perdus*, into adventurous projects; and, first of all, it is necessary to ascertain—

"1. If Don Carlos and the Duchess of Beira are willing to renounce the throne, we binding ourselves in such case to place at their disposal whatever residence they may select, and in whatever part they please, out of Spain, as well as to treat them with all the honour and respect due to them.

"2. We bind ourselves to compel Doña Cristina to quit Spain forthwith, to effect the marriage of the Prince of Asturias with Doña Isabel, as King and Queen, governing in a collective name, if it be necessary, in order to irritate no party. We should prefer the second son of Don Carlos, because he possesses more talent, but the good opinion held of the Prince of the Asturias, and the desire not to raise any more difficulties, make us decide in his favour. Rumours have been afloat of communications taking place between Maroto and Espartero; it is necessary that the second named General should declare that France, desiring to settle irrevocably the affairs of Spain in the manner it is now and will be hereafter explained, will contribute with her, and with her General, to bring about a result so much desired by the Government, the armies, and the people.

"The Government will be reasonable.

"The ranks obtained on both sides shall be pre-

served; and I have already said that all necessary sacrifices will be made to aid Spain.

"It must be well understood that the Basque Provinces and Navarre are to preserve their *fueros;* such ought to be their greatest desire and that of your General.

"If the renunciation of Don Carlos, and of his august spouse, do not proceed from his own desire, after the example of the Emperor Charles V., to save his country and preserve peace, religion, and the crown in his family, the influence of your General and of other persons of weight—such as Fathers Cyril, Gil, &c., will incline him to do so by the most fitting means, and will make him comprehend that a battle lost, or an insurrection, would produce difficulties the most insurmountable.

"The Prince of Asturias being seated on the throne, a law will settle the succession, as before, in order to avoid the chance of any new revolution.

"The propositions of your General being reduced to writing, the nomination and the faculties of the personage to be selected by him, the renunciation of Don Carlos and the Duchess of Beira, as well as the declaration of Espartero being made, we shall then pass to the treaty itself, and its execution, without the least delay:

"If we cannot succeed in procuring the said renunciation, we shall have to obtain the co-operation of the Count D'Espagne and Cabrera.

"In any case you must write to us immediately in conformity with the instructions I have given you."

Dated June 25, 1839.

While Louis Philippe and his ministers thus consented to the establishment of a Carlist dynasty, without the slightest regard for the constitutional liberties of Spain, and without even a suggestion in their favour, Lord Palmerston, in his correspondence with Col. Wylde, the British Commissioner at Espartero's head-quarters, exhibited the utmost anxiety for the maintenance of the constitutional system, and so strongly opposed the idea of marrying Queen Isabel with the son of Don Carlos, that the convention of Bergara was happily arranged upon other and more fitting terms. This correspondence of Lord Palmerston has likewise just been published at Madrid, and the Spanish people can

"Look on this picture and on this!"

CHAPTER XX.

Itinerary from Bergara to Vitoria.—Field in which the Convention of Bergara was consummated.—Mondragon.—Arechavaleta.—Escoriaza.—Castañares.—Salinas de Leniz.—Ullibarri.—Betoño.—Entrance to Vitoria.—The Diligence at a dead-halt.—Novel mode of Floor-scrubbing; a business-like *Cachucha*.—Description of Vitoria.—Climate.—The old and new towns.—The Plaza Nueva and Municipality.—The Hospicio.—The public walks; the *Florida;* the *Prado*.—Ancient history of the town.—Productions.—The Church of Sta. Maria.—San Miguel.—San Francisco.—The Dismantled Convents.—Costume.

Vitoria, September 20.

The road, after leaving Bergara, which is eight leagues distant from Vitoria, passes by a stone bridge over the river Anzuola; there it approaches the river Deva, between which and the road is the field in which took place the reconciliation of the Carlist and Cristino armies, under the convention of Bergara, called *El Campo del Abrazo;* presently it crosses the Deva by two stone bridges, and passing by two *ermitas* (an old and a new one) dedicated to San Prudencio, it crosses the Deva again, one of the most winding of rivers, by no fewer than five

stone bridges of one arch each, and at the end of two leagues' journey enters.

MONDRAGON, which is finely situated in a valley between the rivers Deva and Aramoyano. This walled town has 2,500 inhabitants, and the usual institutions (including a branch of the Madrid lotteries), and is formed of three streets with a Plaza containing a *casa capitular* built of jasper, which contains a small armoury, an archior, a prison, and a royal palace on a very limited scale. At about two miles' distance are the hydro-sulphuric baths of Santa Agueda, which enjoy considerable celebrity. A good road was made to these baths in 1845, to enable Queen Isabel to repair to them for the benefit of her health. At another half-league's distance from Santa Agueda is Aramoyana, which also possesses sulphuric baths. These baths are little frequented, but the proprietor of the baths of Santa Agueda has a very fine establishment for the accommodation of guests, and coaches and horses to communicate between his establishment and Mondragon. The people of the latter town are extensively engaged in iron works, and in a manufacture of arms, which is connected with the national *fabrica* of Plasencia. Mondragon is the birth-place of Estaban Garibai, the first writer of a general history of Spain. There are three fine iron mines in the neighbourhood, El Campanzar, La Cueva de Udala, and La Mina de Hierro Helado, literally "the mine of frozen iron," which may serve to explain the much disputed text of Shakspeare, "the ice-brook's temper." At three miles' distance from Mondragon is

ARECHAVALETA, situated on a plain to the right of the Deva, with 730 inhabitants. This village is composed of a single street, and the inhabitants are chiefly engaged in iron works, with some looms. The country round produces abundance of fruit of various descriptions, and the rivers are alive with fish. Crossing the Deva, we leave to the left the baths of Arechavaleta, which are much frequented in the season for cutaneous diseases, and again passing the Deva by two stone bridges, we reach

ESCORIAZA, about half a league distant. This town is situated in a plain surrounded by mountains, contains 1760 inhabitants, and is bathed by the Deva and Bolivar rivers. The parish church is spacious and handsome, the *retablos* and sculptures being in rather good taste, and the nave and transept worthy of notice. Here there is an hospital founded in the fifteenth century by Don Juan de Mondragon y Ascarretazabal, which, through misapplication of the funds, is now empty. There is a good bridge of cut stone over the Deva, composed of a single arch, of the description called by Spanish architects *escarzano* (the curve being less than a semicircle), forty-six feet in span. The townspeople are generally engaged in iron-works, but the country round is cultivated up to the very summit of the hills, as is the case on nearly the whole road from Tolosa. The road passes by two other stone bridges over the ever-winding Deva, and in half a league reaches

CASTAÑARES, a small village containing about 100 inhabitants, all engaged in agriculture. Many of the hills around are wooded with great varieties

of trees, and here there is abundance of game as there is likewise fishing in the Deva. Passing this river by another stone bridge, in half a league we reach

SALINAS DE LENIZ, the last town in the province of Guipuzcoa. It is situated on the left bank of the Deva, which rises in its immediate neighbourhood, and is surrounded by lofty mountains, which make the temperature cold and humid. This town has about 800 inhabitants. Here there are salt and iron-works. The road now descends the *cuesta* or considerable slopes of Salinas, where the province of Alava is entered, and soon reaches the pass of Arlaban, where Mina, in 1811, surprised Lafitte with a rich convoy laden with Massena's plunder of Portugal. The booty seized was so immense as to become a great stimulus to the formation of other Guerrilla bands. A league and a half from Salinas we reach the small village of

ULLIBARRI DE GAMBOA, then pass by a good bridge over the Zadorra, and in half a league reach Arroyave, another small village situated on a *cerro* or isolated hill close to the river Zadorra. The road then passes at short distances through the little villages of Mendivil, and Durana, till it reaches Betoño, through a thickly-peopled country studded with small hamlets. One of these, about a mile distant from the road, is called Zurbano, a name which will suggest mournful recollections. The country here is very picturesque, studded with hills many of them wooded, and some with villages perched on their summits, while orchards, chestnut

groves, and green copses are to be met on every side. The women, as we passed, were everywhere working in the fields, it being now about eight in the morning, and this severe toil, for which nature has not destined the sex, gives to all but the very young a worn and haggard look. The costume of the female peasantry is as coarse as their pursuit, the only distinguishing feature in it being that they generally wear white handkerchiefs. The *bereta*, or flat blue cap, is generally worn here by the men, and the *abarca*, or brogue of untanned leather. From Betoño the distance is half a league to Vitoria. The road at the approach to the city passes through a fine avenue of trees, and the aspect of the clustering houses and noble edifices which form this ancient town, seated on its gentle eminence, was in the highest degree imposing.

At our entrance to Vitoria, whose wide and clean streets appear to great advantage after the narrow and gloomy ones through which I have for the most part passed since entering Spain, and which quite realized the expectations formed of a considerable provincial capital, a curious scene occurred in attempting to turn the sharp angle of a street leading from the suburbs into the centre of the town. The long team of mules, eight in number, did not pull together at the proper moment when the lumbering vehicle was brought opposite to the street down which we were to turn, at right angles with the road; and as the golden opportunity was lost we came to an instant stand-still. Twice the *mayoral* or driver essayed to make the *coup*, assisted by

the *moze de porta* or postillion, who rode the only horse in the team in front, and had each time to turn the whole train of eight animals completely round. Vain was every effort, and fast stuck the Noah's Ark on wheels on which we were perched for full ten minutes, till the mayoral, plucking courage from despair, and aided by several picturesque-looking helpers whom the *ruido* had assembled, with voice and whip stimulated his team to the work, while his *zagal* or assistant flew and leapt about like a demoniac, now cudgelling the *macho*, now belabouring a brace of she-mules, now picking up a stone and flinging it at the unmounted leader; and full half a dozen stable-men and town-ragamuffins each sticking it into one of the team, while the postillion cracked his whip and plied his spurs, and kept up a full duet with the mayoral in their strange Houyhnhnm language, till at length the difficulty was surmounted and the *pons mularum* passed.

The hotel at which we stopped was the Parador Nuevo, a well-regulated, clean, and rather comfortable house, in which we were supplied with a tolerable breakfast (price about 18*d*.) Here, *par miracle* in the Peninsula, there are bells veritably hung and answering to the touch. The floors are waxed and polished, and a lusty Basque *muchacha* was engaged in this toilsome work as we entered, the scrubbing-brush which she used happily not requiring the slavery of descending to her knees, but being fastened by a leathern thong over the instep of her right foot. Thus accoutred, she skated away right merrily with her left hand on her hip,

an energy that almost rivalled Ellsler, and an occasional grace of attitude that to a very fanciful mind might recall a reminiscence of Taglioni. And as the polished brush shone beneath her æsthetic foot, it was impossible in the distance not to confound her movements with those of the *Cachucha*.

As the Diligence stopped three hours at Vitoria, I had abundant time to emerge after breakfast and see the town. It has undoubtedly a noble aspect, being on an open and grand scale, and the houses for the most part of respectable architecture. Some of them would be creditable in any city of the world. The balconies are large and commodious, and the *rejas* supplied generally with globular gilt heads, which have a pleasing effect. Vitoria is a fortified town, and has about 12,000 inhabitants. The original name is *Beturia*, which in Basque signifies "a plain," and *Vitoria* is therefore a "canting" name, suggested by the jingling resemblance of sound. The glorious victory which Wellington achieved here has made the designation most happily appropriate. Vitoria is the capital of the province, and military *comandancia* of Alava, the most southern of the three Basques. In winter the temperature is cold, especially during the northerly winds, fogs being very prevalent, particularly in the morning. In summer, however, the climate is delightful, the heats being genial, yet moderate. An English family would find it a pleasant residence at that season, the living being cheap and comfortable, and the public walks not exceeded by anything in Europe. There is also a theatre here with a neat

façade. The town is divided into the old and new, which are essentially distinct. The houses in the former part are very ancient and inconvenient, and the streets narrow and tortuous, but the modern portion is excellent. The new *Plaza*, which was ten years in building, and completed in 1791, is entirely of cut stone, forming a square of near 230 English feet, sustained on each side by nineteen arches and a portico, and paved with square-cut stones, on which the idlers of the town are constantly lounging. Here is the *consistorial*, or town-house, of handsome architecture and imposing aspect. The motto over it is curious: "*Viva Isabel II.—viva la Constitucion!*" The Hospicio (a kind of middle term between an hospital and poor-house) was erected in 1638 by Fray Lorenzo Jordanes, a Franciscan, and a very good architect, and has an air of noble simplicity combined with richness in some of its parts. The façade fronting the church of San Ildefonso has two rows of Grecian architecture, the first Doric, and the second Ionic, with eight columns each, of a very dark stone, producing a singular and stately effect. The stone is from the quarries of Anda.

The public walks (to which I have already referred) are the *Florida* within the walls, full of fine trees planted in rows, (including some cedars,) seats, and marble statues, with the other attractions of a garden, through which I took a stroll, and found it charming; and outside the walls the *Prado*, of considerable extent, in which there are only some rows of trees, the ground being covered

with green turf, and here the lively Basques meet on Sundays and holidays and dance for hours togegether (the dances I have already described). The inhabitants are engaged in a great variety of trades and manufactures, and the leather is especially celebrated. It was Don Sancho, surnamed *El Sabio*, King of Navarre, who in 1181 augmented and fortified this place, and gave it the name of *villa*, or town. It was subsequently invaded by the Moors, but conquered in 1200 by Alonso VIII. of Castile, who incorporated it with his crown, and in 1431 Don Juan II. conceded to it the title of "*ciudad*." Vitoria has not given birth to one celebrated person. The country round is very fertile, growing corn and vegetables in abundance, but not favourable to the vine. The other fruits, however, are excellent. There is a third respectable inn (besides the two I have mentioned), called the Casa de Portas, and there are also some good cafés, and a *circulo*, or kind of club, where card-playing and gambling flourish.

From the belfry of the church of Sta. Maria may be seen to great advantage the vast plain of Vitoria, which is said to contain not fewer than 168 villages. The porch leading into this church, surmounted by the belfry-tower, is adorned with niche-work and ancient statuary, more curious than of merit. Within the church is a good picture or two by Ribera, one of the best painters of the Spanish school—in the grand style. A curious custom prevails here: widows, on the anniversary of their husbands' death, prostrate themselves be-

fore the high altar, on a black cloth, the church being lighted with yellow waxen tapers. The church of San Miguel is likewise deserving of notice. Fronting the porch are two wide aisles, and much awkward statuary, in niches. By a singular exception in Spain, these figures are not coloured. The church of San Francisco, like a great many of those which one meets in this part of Spain, is surmounted by a structure comprising three openings like doors, in which bells might be suspended, but which are not thus used, and crowned with pinnacles. Many of the churches throughout the Basque Provinces have belfry-domes, shaped very much like pepper-boxes. This church of San Francisco has likewise its double porch below. In the Plaza Vieja there is a commodious fountain, with a poor statue. The square has an antique look, and will please many more than the modern one close to it. Maidens, with their hair plaited, (as all the way to San Sebastian,) and often falling as far as the leg, come here for water with antique-looking pitchers, and bear it off on their uncovered heads in very Oriental fashion. The cloister of the convent of San Francisco is finely arcaded, but is now a store; and that of Santa Clara opposite is offered for sale. Here I met an *exclaustrado*, or uncloistered friar, who was extremely polite and communicative, and whose penury was such, under an indifferent government and unquiet people, (which make light of their monetary engagements both to God and man,) that I was very near offering him a *peseta!*

In Vitoria we begin to get rid of the Basque peculiarities of costume. The plaiting of hair is not universal here amongst the women, and some heads are tied up in inelegant handkerchiefs. The peasants' hats begin to be of velvet, peaked and with tags, and sometimes pink rosettes or ribbons fastened across them. Tufts are also common. The picturesque costume of the monks and friars is much missed, but the priests still wear the black cloth cloak without cape, and enormous coal-scuttle hat, which distinguish Basil in Beaumarchais' celebrated opera.

The news has just reached us here of the escape of the son of Don Carlos, and of Cabrera, from the surveillance of the French police, and has produced an extraordinary sensation. Here, so close to the theatre of their exploits, I cannot do better than supply my readers with a sketch of their appearance, character, and career. "Who puts his finger into the family pot will draw it forth scalded," but as I have no special love for Carlism, "I will not leave a comma in my ink bottle." Therefore, "to keep the slices distinct from the broth," and learnedly discuss our Olla, I will consign them to a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Don Carlos Luis, the present Pretender to the Spanish crown.—Chances of a Carlist invasion.—Sketch of the life of Cabrera.—He begins as a "spoiled priest."—The first Carlist insurrection.—The mountain-fortress of Morello.—His début as a guerrillero.—He obtains the rank of Colonel.—Details of his mother's execution.—His horrible reprisals.—Is raised to the rank of Major-General.—Rids himself unceremoniously of his rivals.—Don Carlos's wretched breakdown before Madrid.—Extraordinary seizure of Morello.—The Siege.—The flaming breach.—He is made Conde de Morella.—His raid in the *huerta* of Valencia.—His victory at Maella.—His frightful cruelties. The second Siege of Morella.—Cabrera falls sick.—Espartero enters the place without striking a blow.—He captures Berga.—Cabrera retires into France.—General estimate of his character.—Balmaseda.

Vitoria, Sept. 20.

Don Carlos Luis, the son of *the* Don Carlos, in whose favour the latter some time since resigned his pretensions to the Spanish crown, is not much more favoured by nature than his father, nor more likely to secure a party by the ties of personal attachment. The Prince, who has taken the name of the Conde de Montemolin, is in his 28th year, and in height about five feet five inches English. In aspect he is as little of a hero as in stature. His hair and complexion are dark, and a peculiarity is

imparted to his appearance by a very black beard worn *en collier*, a projection of the upper lip and teeth (which in conversation become rather strikingly visible), and an imperfection in the left eyeball, which sometimes turns in so as to show the entire of the white. His forehead is rather narrow, his nose long, large at the point, and a little bent on one side; it is not precisely what you would call a crooked nose, but it is certainly not one that you would be thankful to your portrait-painter for limning. But what is still more particularly remarkable in his appearance is, that his knees turn in, which is more especially noticeable in walking—a defect which is more or less shared by all the Spanish Bourbons. The Prince, or Count (as he prefers the latter designation), seems to be quite aware of this imperfection, for he generally endeavours to hold himself very erect; but in locomotion the defect is not the less visible from the awkward attempts to disguise it. He is not wholly destitute of a party; but of a Carlist restoration in Spain there is not the shadow of a chance. The Count de Montemolin has never yet shown any ability, either military or civil, and in this respect is the counterpart of his father. The adventures of this young Pretender in France, and his rather ingeniously-contrived escape to London are fresh in the recollection of my readers; but that escape was, politically speaking, of no consideration whatever; and, except that it released him from a surveillance little better than durance, it need have produced no more sensation than a laugh at the French police,

who three months before had secured equal ridicule of their vigilance by allowing Prince Louis Napoléon to escape from Ham.

The most active military adherent of the Carlist cause (since the death of Zumalacarregui) and the person on whom the Conde de Montemolin most relies to place him on the throne of St. Ferdinand, is General Cabrera, who made his escape from the hands of the French police about the same time as the Count de Montemolin.

Don Ramon Cabrera was born at Tortosa, in 1809, the very year after the French invasion. From his Catalan origin he derived all the rough energy and enterprising activity which distinguish those of this province amongst the natives of Spain. He is now thirty-seven years of age, and his stature is the same as that of Napoléon (I should think the resemblance between them ceases there), his height being about five feet four inches English. He is meagre as well as little, and altogether insignificant in appearance. His complexion is dark, and his hair and beard very black, but weak and thin, contrary to the usual exuberance of this portion of the Spanish man, before the visitation of age. He is somewhat stooped, and has a general appearance of weakness which makes his reputation surprising. His mouth is large and has an expression of ferocity, suggesting at once a reminiscence of the cruelty by which he used to shoot scores of Cristino prisoners by way of relish to his breakfast. His fore head presents nothing remarkable; his eyes are a greyish-brown, with a cold and unsympathizing

expression, and glancing from beneath brows of the blackest and bushiest thickness. The uninviting character of his aspect is completed by the fact of these ominous eyebrows coming quite close together, and of his having a scar on the forehead over his left eye, while in conversation he rarely looks you in the face. Should he meet Nogueras, the murderer of his mother, in London, (which is likely enough), he will probably give him a taste of steel. Cabrera's most memorable exploit was holding the mountain-castle of Morella for several weeks against the Cristino army, which eventually retired, a service for which he obtained such patents of nobility as Don Carlos could confer. He subsequently, however, yielded it to Espartero with a degree of comparative weakness, which even his illness makes inexplicable. His mother died most heroically, and realizes the often-repeated observation about the superior qualities of women in the Peninsula. She was truly a Spanish Amazon, and a descendant of the heroines of Appian, and her death was the cold-blooded revenge of Nogueras for a victory obtained over him by her son, who now is in exile, like so many hundreds of Spain's better children,

> "Perezoso no alcanza
> Vitoria in triunfo alguno."

Don Ramon commenced his career, like very many leading Guerrilleros, as a *voleur de grand chemin*. His father was a poor sailor, and his mother was of the *poissarde* tribe. His education

was like that of most children of his class in Spain, during an era of invasion and civil war—in other words, he received no education at all. The first fifteen years of his life he passed in playing on the banks of the Ebro and through the streets of Tortosa, with the boundless liberty of a young savage. When his beard began to grow he was destined *for the ecclesiastical state*, and was placed as *famulo* (half-servant, half-clerk) with a canon of the Cathedral, named Don Vicente Presivia. There is no university at Tortosa, and there was then no college nor even tolerable school. Those who desired to enter holy orders were obliged therefore to place themselves under the tutelage of some of the local priests, for whom they discharged every household duty, being taught *en revanche* some Latin, and theology, and a smattering of Aristotle's philosophy. The wild and dissipated character of young Cabrera but ill accommodated itself to this docile and studious life. All the good canon's lectures were thrown away upon him. He was at once the most licentious and most ragged scholar in Tortosa. His passionate love of women led him daily into fresh scrapes. If a lone house or garden was robbed, on him suspicion immediately fell; if an *alguacil* was beaten, he was instantly charged with the deed. He was lazy, debauched, quarrelsome, insolent, in short a perfect *tronero*, and when the period came for his soliciting sub-deacon's orders, the bishop, Don Victor Saez, peremptorily refused him.

He was now twenty-four years of age, without

trade, or calling, or money, and with a detestable reputation. At that moment the news of Ferdinand VII.'s death reached Tortosa. This was hailed by the disappointed scholar as a piece of the greatest luck, and he immediately proceeded to profit by the occasion. Seven or eight days after (about the middle of October, 1833) a conspiracy was discovered against the succession of Queen Isabel, and Cabrera was in it. General Berton, Governor of the town, and Don Mateo Sanpons, Vicario-General, traced the ramifications of the conspiracy, and amongst the earliest informations was included Cabrera's name. He escaped in time to evade arrest, fled to the mountains, and became at once an outlaw. There he learned that the fortress of Morella had fallen into the hands of the Carlist insurgents, and he proceeded thither to be enrolled.

The town of Morella plays a great part in the life of Cabrera—it was the cradle, the throne, and the tomb of his fortunes. Morella is the capital of the wild district called El Maestrazgo, on the Sierra which separates the kingdoms of Aragon and Valencia. Five provinces border on this district; the pass and castle of Morella are therefore of the highest importance, and during the entire of the Carlist war they played a conspicuous part. When Cabrera arrived at the fortress, he wore his tattered student's costume, with *alpargatas* (hempen brogues) on his feet and a long stick in his hand. He told them he could write, and was made a corporal; and, as regular fire-arms were wanting, he was furnished with an old fowling-piece. Morella was soon

attacked by General Berton. Cabrera showed great courage in the first action, and was immediately made sergeant. Berton eventually captured Morella, and the Carlist bands were dispersed; but Cabrera, who was now a lieutenant, placed himself at the head of between a dozen and a score of Tortozans, his townsmen, and threw himself into the mountains of Lower Aragon, to make war (*alias*, rob) on his own account.

Cabrera was soon a perfect *guerrillero;* he had every essential quality. Young, robust, enterprising, and unscrupulous, vigorous, poor, and proscribed, he had nothing to lose and all to win. Soon he found himself at the head of a numerous band of *latro-facciosos*, and took the title of Colonel. For two years he traversed the country in all directions, pillaging and plundering without molestation, and his fame soon spread far and wide. A rival *guerrillero* named Carnicer, was shot about this time by the Cristinos, and it is universally believed in Aragon, to this hour, that he was intercepted in consequence of secret information given by Cabrera—a degree of treachery unhappily but too consistent with his unscrupulous and uncontrollable ambition.

Left thus without a rival, Cabrera attained at once to the first rank amongst the latro-faccioso chiefs of the country, and having proceeded at the end of 1835, to the camp of Don Carlos, in Navarre, he obtained from him the regular appointment of Colonel. Shortly afterwards he was successful in some skirmishes with the Queen's Guards in Valencia, and soon had 1,000 men under his command,

and acquired the renown of a first-rate Guerrillero. He mixed invariably the most unbridled debauchery with his warlike achievements, and whenever he had an interval of repose, to the last had feasts and balls in his quarters, taught his officers to drink, carouse, and dance, and had three or four women in each of his cantonments. The stories related of his debaucheries are, many of them, incredible.

One of the most essential qualities of a Cabecilla (leader of irregulars) is recklessness as to the effusion of blood. A Spanish bandit would despise his leader, if he showed any weakness in this respect. Cabrera possessed this quality in perfection. His voluptuous life was chequered by terrible episodes of cruelty. Horrible to relate, it was by this *sang froid*, in Spain, that he secured his soldiers' respect. None smoked the *cigarrillo* more coolly than he while giving the verbal order to shoot a score of prisoners, none saw them pass on the road to death with an eye of colder indifference. This cruelty of Cabrera had already become proverbial, when, in February 1836, a tragical occurrence furnished it with a sort of excuse.

Don Ramon's mother had for some time past led a very retired life at Tortosa. Brigadier Nogueras, who had then the command in Lower Aragon, caused her to be arrested, and demanded of General Mina, Captain-General of Catalonia, authority to have her executed as being concerned in a Carlist conspiracy, which he declared that he had discovered in Tortosa. Mina gave the order, and the poor old woman was immediately shot, without form of trial,

"in reprisal," it was said, "for the horrors which her son was every day committing." Little account was made of this at first in Spain; but it created a great outcry in England, and the representations of our minister caused it to be noticed by the Spanish Government. Mina was subsequently interrogated on the subject in the Córtes, and had the hardihood to assert that a court-martial had been held, that the existence of the conspiracy had been demonstrated, and that in fact there had been a regular trial and judgment! Of course, it was impossible for him to prove one tittle of these allegations, and the entire responsibility of the act rested upon him and Nogueras, but chiefly on the latter. Eventually, to satisfy England, Nogueras was disgraced *pro formâ*, but the press and national guard of Zaragoza applauded his conduct, and the latter petitioned to have the "prudent and vigorous officer" restored to his command. Restored he was, and became one of Espartero's prime favourites, as the people of London are pretty well aware. The wretched man has, however, suffered enough by this time, and a veil may be henceforth drawn over his offence. Its consequences, however, so far as Cabrera was concerned, were dreadful. Although he had quarrelled long before with his mother, he had retained for her that sort of loose affection which wild youths are nearly always found to harbour towards the only individual who showed them any indulgence in their irregular career. Transported with fury at the news of her assassination, he issued a demoniac order of the day, by which thirty-four wives of

Cristino officers, who were then in his hands, were immediately shot! He further promulgated at the same time, that all those who should be hereafter taken with arms in their hands should be instantly *arcabuceados*, and that he would continue to avenge his mother's death without intermission on the families of the Cristino chiefs. This frightful menace was followed to the letter, especially during the period immediately following Nogueras's brutality, and Cabrera acquired even prestige (*cosas de España!*) for this mission of vengeance religiously fulfilled.

During the first half of 1836, Cabrera came off for the most part successfully in several skirmishes with General Palarea, in Valencia, and in July of the same year was raised by Don Carlos to the rank of Major General. The story goes that, to secure his advancement, he had placed one of his cast-off mistresses in the quality of servant in the establishment of the Conde de Villemur, then Don Carlos's Minister of War, and that he was careful from time to time to forward money to her through the hands of some trusty *ariero*, to enable her to corrupt the Pretender's councillors. This statement, however, may be a mere emanation of party spirit. Towards the end of that year took place the famous expedition of Gomez, across Spain to Andalucia. Cabrera joined this expedition with his band, as did also another Guerrillero, the famous *El Serrador*. Whatever may have been the occasion of the misunderstanding which subsequently arose, when they reached Caceres, Gomez ordered them both to leave

his army within 48 hours, which they did accordingly. The depredations committed by the undisciplined hordes whom they commanded have been alleged as the reason of this rupture; but jealousy was the more probable cause. Upon his return, Cabrera unceremoniously caused *El Serrador* to be arrested, and was now the sole Cabecilla of Valencia and Murcia. He was speedily named Commandant-General of both these provinces, and in May, 1837, joined Don Carlos in his grand attempt on Madrid. His usual good luck followed him, for the only rival who could be opposed to him in the east of Spain, the brave Quilez, was killed in the brilliant affair which took place on the 24th September, at Herrera, between General Buerero and the expeditionary army.

Cabrera marched with the advanced guard, and showed considerable intrepidity. He advanced as far as one of the city gates, the celebrated Puerta de Atocha, and crowned the neighbouring heights with his sharp-shooters. He saw from his quarters through a glass the Infanta Luisa Carlota earnestly surveying the Royalist army from one of the palace balconies. In this decisive conjuncture, at the very moment when the army was awaiting the order to enter Madrid,—on the memorable 15th August,—Don Carlos issued the order to retreat! It is unnecessary here to enter into any discussion as to the causes which prompted so singular a resolution. Suffice it to say, that it caused the utmost discontent throughout the Carlist army, and especially in the

mind of Cabrera. "Henceforth," said he, in the presence of all his officers, "when I receive any order from the prince, *yo hacé en mi cabeza* (I will execute it only in my head). He fulfilled that promise literally.

When the movement of retreat commenced, he set out with his divisions for the kingdom of Valencia, leaving Don Carlos to get back to the provinces as he could. Cabrera's military reputation had been increased during this campaign by all the irritation and dissatisfaction which the Pretender's incapacity had occasioned. Every one said that, had Cabrera commanded, the army would have entered Madrid, and from this day he was regarded by the Carlists as their hero, (for Zumalacarregui was now no more) and his was the foremost figure in the scene. Up to the close of 1838, while the arms of Don Carlos were elsewhere unfortunate, Cabrera was for the most part successful.

For a considerable time he had been anxious to obtain possession of Morella, with a view to make it his head-quarters. In February, 1838, he became master of it by an extraordinary *coup de main*, the authentic particulars of which possess the highest romantic interest:—An artilleryman named Pedro (in the Peninsula the lower orders are very commonly known only by their Christian names) had deserted from the Cristino army, and taken service under Cabrera. He had formerly belonged to the garrison of Morella, and placing himself one day in Don Ramon's path, with his hand to his cap, he said:

"General, I engage to take Morella with half a company, if *vuestra excelencia* will place it at my disposal."

"It is your's," said the General, struck with his resolute air, "if it is only to reward your good intention."

Pedro, without delay, set out for Morella with his little band, which was composed of forty infantry soldiers under the command of a lieutenant. It was then about seven o'clock in the evening, and night had fallen when he arrived at the foot of the rock which is crowned by the citadel of Morella. For some time he was engaged in searching amidst the darkness for the point by which he had often scaled or descended the rock, during his stay at the fortress. The night was cold, the commissariat (as in Spain is invariable) was ill provided; the lieutenant and his soldiers were beginning to murmur, when suddenly they saw Pedro suspended several feet over their heads, and climbing up the rock like a monkey. In rather less than three quarters of an hour he had reached the foot of the rampart, which he scaled like the rest. The sentinels were snug in their boxes, sheltering themselves against the inclemency of the weather. Pedro crept to the first box, discharged his musket into the body of the sentinel, and then seized the dead man's musket. The guard rushed forth at the discharge, but Pedro, with matchless audacity, fired on the first soldier who presented himself, and stretched him dead likewise, roaring out, *Viva Carlos Quinto!* The rest, believing that the castle was now in the pos-

session of the Carlists, threw down their arms and fled. The alarm spread throughout the castle, and the cry, "*los Facciosos*," was raised on every side.

Meanwhile Pedro was not idle, but carefully closed all the entrances which led to the terrace of which he had so luckily obtained possession. After having barricaded himself as well as he could, he assisted the lieutenant to raise himself by the help of ropes to the rampart, and afterwards he raised the sergeant and the most part of the men who accompanied him. The rest had set off to acquaint Cabrera with the news of Pedro's miraculous ascent. The small band passed the night on the terrace, astonished that they were not attacked, and awaiting the arrival of a larger force. They knew not how complete was their victory. The governor of the place, seized with the same panic which had spread through the garrison, had opened the gates of the town at two o'clock in the morning, and evacuated Morella with all his force.

At day-break the inhabitants of the town, nearly all Carlists, having discovered the departure of the garrison, appeared in the streets, crying, "*Viva Carlos quinto! Viva la religion! Viva la Virgen! Viva Cabrera!*" Pedro, however, was not precipitate in descending from his fortress, and the people knew not to what to attribute the extraordinary silence which reigned in the castle, when a body of horsemen arrived at the gates of the town: it was Cabrera and his staff. All was soon explained. The prisoners in the citadel were delivered and carried

about in triumph, and the glory of "Carlos Quinto" floated victoriously over Morella. Pedro was made a Captain on the spot and a Knight of St. Ferdinand; but the glory of the conflict was attributed, as usual, to the General.

Although Cabrera took no part in this enterprise, yet the organization which followed it was his own. No sooner was he in possession of these coveted walls, than he sought to make Morella the centre both of a government and an army. Spaniards and foreigners flocked to him from all sides. Little acquainted with administration, either civil or military, he had the good sense to follow the advice of those who were experienced in these matters. Officers, regularly educated, for the most part French, were set to teach his soldiers. At Contavieja he established a cannon-foundry, where from bell-metal he obtained some very good pieces. Manufactures of powder and arms were set on foot at Mirambel, at Morella, and in most of the villages of the Maetsrazzo; while fortifications were added to those which existed already throughout the country.

The Cristinos, maddened by all this work of preparation, determined to recover the stronghold from which they had been ridiculously ousted. Their attempt was only the occasion of a new triumph to Cabrera. In July, 1838, General Oraa, at the head of the Constitutional army of the centre, marched against Morella. His force consisted of about 20,000 men, in three divisions. The first, commanded by Aspiroz (who recently effected the juncture of his forces with those of Narvaez, before the fraternizing battle of

Torrejon de Ardaz) approached the mountains of Maestrazzo by the north, for Alcañiz. The second, under the orders of Van Halen (who upon some more recent occasion was Espartèro's leading General, and commanded at the siege of Seville,) marched by Temel to the west. The third, led by Pardinas, took a position to the south-east, at Castellon de la Plana. These three columns occupied the three points of a triangle of which Morella was the centre, and were ordered to march together on that fortress. This movement was executed with precision, but with extreme slowness.

Cabrera, on learning their approach, left his best troops in the fortress for its defence, and went forth himself with 3000 men to hold the adjoining country. He occupied the heights which surround Morella, and when the Cristinos penetrated thus far he harassed them incessantly, by suddenly falling on their rear, or firing on their advancing columns, like a true Guerrillero. No tactics regulated this war of surprises. There were only a few signals agreed on between the besieged and their defenders without the walls, by burning different coloured fusees, which in some degree combined their operations.

Cabrera had a still simpler method for communicating with the interior of the place. Almost every night, while the siege lasted, a young man separated himself from the Carlist advanced posts on the heights, and glided under cover of the darkness to the foot of the wall. Here a knotted cord was thrown down to him, and he was thus lifted into Morella. This young man was Cabrera himself—

so at least the Carlists universally declared. By this means he could assure himself of the exact state of the garrison, to which he regularly brought the news from without; and returning by the same road, still under cover of the shadows of night, he presented himself each morning to his little army, and proceeded to some new molestation of the enemy.

Delays and want of foresight characterized the whole Cristino operations. Oraa was detained eight days before the place for want of his artillery, which he had left at Alcañiz. He occupied this time with *reconnoissances*, and with intrenching himself in his positions. The eighth day he opened his fire, and three days after, the breach was practicable. But instead of giving the assault immediately, the Cristinos waited for a wider breach; and in this interval the besieged bethought themselves of a singular means of defence, which illustrates well the character of this partisan war.

There was an immense quantity of wood in Morella, the framework of more than 100 houses belonging to the Constitutionalists, which had been destroyed by the Carlists. This wood they heaped in great quantity on the breach, and then set fire to it! The flames rose to a prodigious height, and threw a glare over the town and citadel; new masses of wood were thrown on the flames, and in a few hours the breach became a vast furnace casting an intense heat around, and making all access impossible. Cabrera's soldiers cried ironically to the besiegers: "*Why don't you mount to the assault this night? We have taken the trouble to light you.*"

Just so at the siege of Badajoz the French mocked the soldiers with "*Why don't you enter Badajoz?*" But we *did* enter Badajoz!

The Cristinos did really attempt the assault, but unsuccessfully. More than 200 men were put *hors de combat*, as well by the balls of the defenders as by the fire of the breach, and flying from this horrible scene the burnt soldiers cried out: "*Cabrera es un demonio y Morella un infierno:*" "Cabrera is a devil and Morella a hell!"

The Carlists kept up this fire night and day; a second assault was tried, and failed like the first. Famine assailed Oraa's army. When the provisions were exhausted, they ate their horses. Demoralization set in first, and indiscipline after. Once more Oraa ordered a general assault, but the desperate attempt was again repulsed. At last, the Cristinos, leaving a great number of dead beneath the walls, amongst whom was the former Governor of Morella, who had so foolishly allowed the castle to be taken, raised the siege on the 18th August. The breach still burnt, Cabrera re-entered, and the fire was extinguished. He returned triumphant into the delivered city. Never was King of Spain received with such transports of enthusiasm. The bells all rung their merriest peals. Fanatics threw themselves on their knees as he passed, and hailed him as a saviour. A newspaper was printed at Morella, whose editor, an old priest, (such was journalism then usually in Spain) went every night for Cabrera's orders, and terminated a pompous history of the siege with these words:—

"All we, valiant soldiers of the army, and inha-

bitants of this heroic and faithful city, think that His Majesty cannot do better than give, after so great a victory, to the immortal Cabrera the title of Conde de Morella."

The title thus suggested was immediately conceded, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, and Ramon, the ragged scholar of five years back, could now sign his name, *El Conde de Morella.* Don Carlos likewise sent his own autograph letter of thanks, praying that he "might still be the *cuchillo* of the impious, and that the *Santisima Virgen de los Dolores,* our *Generalisima,* might cover him with her mantle, protect, direct, and defend him!"

The news of the raising of the siege of Morella presently spread through all Spain. It was the greatest and most unexpected success which the Carlists had for a long time reaped. Cabrera became more than ever the hero of his party. We have seen how this great renown was acquired, and how much of it should honestly fall to his share. The delays and mismanagement of Oraa were the leading cause of the event. Cabrera's merit was only to have attacked the enemy *à tort et à travers,* without plan or method, like a good guerrillero as he was.

He did not even once think, after his success, of pursuing Oraa's army, which retired in the utmost disorder, and which he might have almost annihilated in the narrow defiles through which they were obliged to pass. Yet Cabrera sent after them only one battalion!

The day after his return to Morella, he assembled

all his forces together, left the city without defence, and set out by the opposite side from that by which Oraa was retreating. The Constitutional army might have returned and entered the breach, without striking a blow. But Oraa's soldiers were only occupied with the thought of pillage. The country through which they passed was a desert for long after. The battalion which followed them cut off as many of their number as it pleased, and made 200 prisoners, all of whom were shot "for having dared to march against Morella." What was Cabrera about?

A few days after the raising of the siege, some ladies of Valencia were bathing in the sea, on the beautiful coast some distance from the town. As nothing is ever known in time in Spain, the town and its environs enjoyed the most perfect confidence. The Constitutional journal of Valencia contained the most brilliant recitals of the *bizarría* (valour,) displayed by the Cristinos at the siege of Morella, and fireworks were prepared by the inhabitants to celebrate the taking of the fortress. Cabrera's death even had been duly recorded, and the event rejoiced over with befitting effusion. The gates of the city were all open. Peace and joy prevailed beneath the delicious sky of "beautiful Valencia," whose light it is enough to see, whose air to breathe, to be happy.

Presently a cry of terror was raised, and the affrighted bathers saw fierce and savage-looking men on horseback lift on the point of their lances, at full gallop, the mantillas which they had left

on the beach. "*Los facciosos! Los facciosos!*" At this terrible cry all fled. The city gates were closed. It was a squadron of Cabrera's cavalry, which preceded the body of his army. The leader of the band, Don Ramon Morales, who formerly belonged to Ferdinand's guard, is said to have commiserated the plight of these poor women taken by surprise. Whilst they hid themselves as they best could behind the rocks, he ordered his soldiers to retire, and gallantly assured the Senoritas that they had nothing to fear. "Ah, what a pity," said they, as they returned with all speed from the bathing-ground to the town, "that such a cavalier should be a rebel." *Que lastima que tal caballero sea un facciosо!*

Meanwhile Cabrera was destroying by fire and sword the magnificent *huerta* of Valencia, which is so celebrated for its fertility and richness. All round the horizon arose the smoke of burning villages. The ringing of bells and the roll of drums called the Valencians to take arms for their defence, but none dared to face so terrible an enemy. Not Attila nor Alaric, in by-gone centuries, spread more consternation than Cabrera did eight years since! For two entire days the Carlists plundered at their ease, and then set out for Morella as quickly as they came, driving before them long files of horses and mules laden with their plunder. Immensé quantities of corn were placed in dépôt in the citadel, and sheep and oxen turned loose on the neighbouring mountains. The money was divided between the chiefs and soldiers. Such an expedition

must clearly have been far more relished by the *barateros*, who composed the bulk of Cabrera's troops, than the pursuit or even destruction of the Cristino army.

The terror of this bloody apparition is not yet effaced at Valencia; and the contrabandists long ran their cargoes in safety by merely raising the cry of "Cabrera!" at which the *douaniers* instantly fled like the rest.

On the 1st of October, in the same year, between Flix and Maella, Cabrera obtained another victory over General Pardinas with double numbers. In the crisis of the fight, when his troops were beginning to give way, Cabrera threw himself in advance, exclaiming:—"Cowards, you are going to desert me. Very well: I will die alone in the midst of the enemy." "Not alone, *mi General*," exclaimed the Colonel of an Aragonese squadron, "but with your faithful Aragonese!" At these words the Colonel wheeled about, and his squadron fell with such fury on the left wing of the enemy, that it was scattered in the twinkling of an eye. Pardinas, a brave commander, noticing the disorder, immediately rushed to the point of danger, at the head of his staff. The Aragonese Colonel galloped up to meet him, and stretched him dead with his lance, while Pardinas's staff, assailed by the Carlist cavalry, fled, and the rout became general. Cabrera soon arrived, having succeeded in rallying the fugitives, but the work was already done. On learning the death of their General, Pardinas's soldiers threw themselves on the ground, raising the butt-ends of

their muskets in the air, and suing for quarter. There were 5000 of them, nearly a thousand had been slain, all but forty horse, who alone escaped of this fine division.

Such was the famous affair of Maella, one of the most disastrous for the Cristinos throughout the entire war. The action was differently recorded at the time in the Cristino journals, but the particulars which I have now narrated are attested by ocular witnesses. Pardinas was not overwhelmed by numbers, but by one of those casualties which are ever taking place in war.

This battle, which he won almost without knowing it, completed Cabrera's renown. The terror spread as far as Zaragoza, and he was every moment expected under the walls of that town. But Cabrera did not trouble himself about following up his victory. Had he fallen at such a moment upon the rear of Espartero's army, he must have undoubtedly effected a powerful diversion. But this was not either his or the Spanish mode of making war. His only care was to get rid of the prisoners he had made. The Zaragozans had manifested their anger and their fear, as usual, by the execution of some Carlist prisoners; and Cabrera in reprisal ordered ten Cristinos to be shot for every Carlist, a bloody vengeance by which this atrocious monster soon got rid of nearly the whole of his 5000 prisoners.

Yet this is the most brilliant epoch of Cabrera's life. From his kingdom of Morella he governed and held in subjection a good third of Spain. His army was now 15,000 strong, and composed of troops

now almost regular, including 800 horse. He had 40 pieces of artillery, several fortresses, and three brave lieutenants under him, Forcadell, Llangostera, and Polo. All within his reach obeyed and trembled. He recognised no authority, not even that of his King. His name was invoked with respect, from one end of Spain to the other, by the entire Carlist population. His fortune had attained to such a pitch as must have utterly astonished himself.

A succession of reverses now reduced the Carlist cause in Navarre, and mortal dissensions arose amongst its generals. A peace party was formed in the Carlist camp, and Maroto placed himself at the head of the *desengañados*. Cabrera is said to have maintained at that period a secret correspondence with Arias Tejeiro, Don Carlos's minister, and to have been regularly informed of the progress of events. But he made no effort to extricate the Pretender, and passed the whole of 1839 in this state of inaction. It was evident that he sought to fortify himself in an independent position, and peacefully enjoy the fruits of his marvellous fortune.

But his interests were far from being so distinct from those of Don Carlos, as he flattered himself, and he perceived this when in September, 1839, the intelligence reached Morella of the Convention of Bergara, and the passage of Don Carlos into France. Several of his leading officers, having received letters from their friends in Navarre, appeared to hesitate, and to be disposed to listen to terms of accommodation. Cabrera was promptly informed of this, for

with the accustomed policy of court tyrants (see Shakspeare's *Richard the Third,*) he had organized a vast system of espionage in his camp. The measure which he took for his security was this:—

He invited all his officers to meet him one day at his quarters. When they were assembled he proceeded to address them, and asked them in the gentlest and most natural tone what was their opinion on the propositions which had been made for a *transaccion*, and whether they did not think it judicious to accept them? Forcadell, the most impetuous amongst them, cried out at the first mention of the word "*transaccion*," that he would rather leave at once than listen to it. "Very well, you may go!" said Cabrera with anger, showing him the door. Forcadell rose and left the room accordingly. He was followed by Llangostera. Cabrera shut the door after them, and returned to his place again, saying: "We want no fools here." Then he began to repeat his doubts, and to consult the assembled officers as to what was best to be done. Each man now considered himself authorized to give his advice, and some of them expressed a desire for reconciliation.

As soon as the council was over, Cabrera caused all those to be shot who had appeared inclined towards an accommodation! The slightest word of doubt was sufficient to secure this death-warrant. He published an order of the day immediately after, proclaiming that whoever should pronounce even the word "*transaccion*" in the army would be instantly put to death.

But his precautions did not cease here. Outside of his positions he traced a line, beyond which he decreed that there should be an absolute solitude. All who resided within that space were ordered to leave without delay, and none were permitted to set foot on the forbidden ground under pain of death. The condemned interval was patrolled incessantly, and all found within it, whether Carlist or Cristino, were shot without question.

By this energetic means all communication was cut off between Cabrera and the rest of Spain, so that people were long in entire ignorance as to what had become of him. Some said that he was dead, others that he had taken to flight, while in fact he kept close within the cordon which he had established. Thus passed the whole of October, and a part of November, 1839.

When Cabrera emerged from this frightful silence, he was sure of his army. Terror had decided those who before were wavering. With the assistance of Baron de Raden, formerly a lieutenant-general in the Dutch service, who had defended Antwerp against the French, he had added to the fortifications which were supposed to have already made his position impregnable. Every rock and defile in the district was covered with entrenchments, and the mountains bristled with fortresses, of which the strongest were Morella and Cantavieja. Balmaseda had come to aid him with 500 horse, the fragments of the army of Navarre; and the tragic death of the Conde de España, who was sacrificed on the first suspicion of a "*transaccion*," completed his confidence and se-

curity, by assuring him of the support of the Carlist army of Catalonia. It likewise warned him of the probable consequences of compromise.

But Espartero was now advancing from the northern provinces which he had pacified, with an army of 70,000 men and 70 pieces of cannon. By his side was the former Carlist chief, Cabanero, who had embraced the Queen's cause, and who now addressed a proclamation to his countrymen calling on them to imitate his example. But this proclamation had no echo; Cabrera had taken good care of that. Winter came on, the mountains of El Maestrazzo were covered with snow, the defiles became impracticable. In deference to the military reputation of Cabrera, Espartero halted. He fixed his head-quarters at Las Matas, in the centre of the enemy's strong castles, and within a league's distance of one of them, Castellote. There he fortified himself in turn, opened roads for his convoys, established hospitals for his sick, and magazines for his munitions of war, and awaited the return of the fine weather.

Fortune thus far had seemed to lead the youthful adventurer by the hand. But the moment was now arrived when the scaffolding of his power and fame was to fall asunder more rapidly than it had been raised. Now that the two greatest champions of the Carlist and Cristino cause were seen opposed to each other, face to face, the event was awaited with the most anxious interest. The Duke de la Victoria was the Commander-in-chief of the Queen's forces, and Don Carlos, by a decree dated the 9th January, 1840, had united the command of the army

of Catalonia to that of the army of Aragon, Valencia, and Murcia, with which he had long before invested the Conde de Morella. There were now 30,000 men under Cabrera's command. A serious resistance might therefore be reckoned on, and the Carlist party reposed great hopes in its favourite chief. Suddenly a fatal piece of intelligence came like a thunder-clap upon the party. Cabrera, no longer the shadow of himself, was sick and dying.

It is not precisely known from what period the commencement of this sickness of Cabrera's dates. But it was in the beginning of November, 1839, that he felt its first serious attacks. A report was then circulated that he had been poisoned, while others said that his attack was of typhus fever. He was surrounded by no fewer than fourteen physicians at once, all of them Spanish, and of these the ablest was a Valencian canon named Sevilla (whose education was not much less irregular than that of the rest), but not one of them could divine the true nature of his disease. It was in fact caused by exhaustion. He had retained in his elevation the dissipated habits of his youth; and the excesses in which he every day indulged, combined with the fatigues of war and the numerous wounds which he had received in every part of his body, at length had ruined his constitution. He resisted a first crisis, but his convalescence was attended with still greater danger. Accustomed to satisfy all his caprices, he returned too soon to his former mode of life. Wine, women, and the ardent dances of Spain, to which he was passionately devoted, completed the

prostration of his strength, and led to numerous relapses.

In this state of exhaustion, he still retained the command. Those by whom he was surrounded concealed his real condition, as they best could, from the people and the army. The bells throughout the Maestrazzo were several times rung, to announce his imaginary cure. The better to assist the illusion, one of his lieutenants drest himself in his clothes, mounted his horse, and galloped through the villages which owned his sway. When this *ruse* was no longer possible, he showed himself from time to time in a litter; and such was the respect which the people bore to his person, that these appearances were sufficient to revive their drooping courage. But for the most part he lived retired and invisible as an Eastern despot, and demoralization seized in his absence those who were accustomed to reckon on him as a god.

The formidable preparations of Espartero were meanwhile continuing, and it became evident that it would be extremely difficult for Cabrera, even though he recovered all his health and energy, to resist effectually. Cabrera saw this himself, and sent to Don Carlos at Bourges message after message, in the months of January and February, to make him acquainted with his position and secure his assistance in some shape or other. Don Carlos wrote him several letters, in which he addressed him as "his dear Ramoneté," and created a particular decoration for the troops which served under him! but this was the only support, either moral or physical, which

the Pretender gave to his last army. The Northern Powers had retired definitively from the contest, and it was impossible to obtain any thing from them, notwithstanding the greatest efforts.

At length, towards the end of March, a great diversion in the Northern provinces was resolved on with a view to extricate Cabrera—but it was then too late. Peace had already taken too deep root in those long disturbed provinces to be now so readily broken. The refugee Carlist officers in France escaped in great numbers from their dépôts, but on the frontier they found no sympathy whatever amongst the population. An insurrection was attempted; but money, arms, and leaders were wanting, and it failed miserably.

Meanwhile the fine weather had set in. In April Espartero was again in motion; but the general expectation was entirely disappointed, and no where could he encounter an enemy. He besieged and carried in succession Castellote, Segura, Cantavieja. Cabrera was at none of these. At last he laid siege to Morella, the Guerrillero's beloved town, the capital of his feudal realm, the fortress which he had so long fancied was impregnable. Cabrera was not there either! Morella, dismantled by severe cannonade, surrendered at discretion on the 31st May, and all the Maestrazzo was occupied by the Queen's troops, almost without striking a blow. Cabrera was not there either! Never had so complete a failure followed upon such lofty pretensions. It appeared like an illusion disappearing at the first contact with reality.

Cabrera passed the Ebro with his army in the beginning of June, and fell back on Catalonia. When General O'Donnel attacked it at Cenia, Cabrera left his bed to appear once more in the field of battle. He bore himself bravely, and had his horse killed under him. It was his farewell action, and here O'Donnel's brother perished. Cabrera had long seen that he could not hold out, and he now only thought of taking refuge in France. He passed nearly three weeks at Berga, where he commenced, but did not conclude, the trial of the Conde de España's assassins. Then; when Espartero's army approached this last rampart of the faction in Spain, Cabrera marched for the frontier.

He began by sending his two sisters before him. One of these, aged 17, was married to one of his aides-de-camp. On their entering France, they were found to have secreted on their persons 50,000 francs in gold. The French Government assigned for their residence the town of Bourg, in the department of L'Ain, where they proceeded to amuse themselves with floriculture. A new adversary now took the field against Cabrera;—this was no other than Queen Isabel herself, who entered Barcelona in triumph on the 30th June. The progress of the young Queen, though pacific, was more fatal to the rebel Chief than that of armies. The Carlist cause was overwhelmed in the enthusiasm which the Queen's presence awakened. On the 4th July, Berga was captured by Espartero; and on the 6th, at five in the morning, Cabrera took refuge in France with 10,000 men.

There were only 200 soldiers on the frontier when

all this army presented itself. The Cristinos did not follow it, and not a single shot was fired. A discussion arose in the French territory between those who wished to enter it, and those who were unwilling. The Gendarmes seized Cabrera in the midst of his troops; his brother-in-law Polo offered to deliver him and return to Spain with him. But Cabrera obstinately refused. After forming and leading an army, he shrunk from the idea of descending to a partisan war. His army entered France by columns with the greatest order. Ten thousand Aragonese, most of whom abhorred the idea of yielding without a fight, respecting the last orders of their Chief, allowed themselves to be disarmed by a handful of men.

As Cabrera was withdrawing, a voluntary prisoner in the hands of the French authorities, a touching scene presented itself: his soldiers ran in crowds before him to catch a last view of their old commander, throwing their caps in the air, and crying, *Viva Cabrera!* And rude faces, which had been unmoved in the midst of carnage, were now seen bathed in tears. Cabrera wept himself at separating for ever from the companions of his ill-used power. This was the closing scene of the Spanish War of Succession. With Cabrera the frontier was crossed by Forcadell, Llangostera, Polo, Palillos, Burjo, and all the Aragonese chiefs. The Calatos tried to hold out for some time longer, and did not wish to abandon the struggle till they had burnt their last priming. But, after a few days' struggle, they too were forced to cross the frontier.

Great was the astonishment in France at the sight

of Cabrera, whose slight and meagre appearance, and unimposing—even mean aspect generally, so little corresponded with pre-existing ideas. His sickness, doubtless, contributed something to this. But it is equally certain that he is merely the child of fortune, and when reverses set in was utterly unworthy of his position. He is very plain in his manners, and even embarrassed in his address. His smile, however, would not be disagreeable; but that he has taken such care to prove that he is treacherous.

Cabrera has never had any genuine political opinion. He embraced the cause of Don Carlos, because it was that which would probably lead to fortune, as he would have followed any other which presented greater chances. He proved this by the contempt with which he treated the Pretender's orders. He is even said to have written more than once with his own hand at the foot of an order received from Don Carlos: "*Recibido, pero no ejecutado, todo por el servicio de vuestra majestad,*" (received, but not executed, all for your Majesty's service), and to have sent it thus back.

Cabrera always detested priests and monks—a strange disposition in a pretended defender of religion. No doubt this arose from his having been refused holy orders; no doubt the rancour excited by the severe but just treatment which he received from a few, was extended by him to the whole class. Once he shot a priest who made a peasant pay the same tax twice over. The bishop of Mondonedo complained to Don Carlos, and the latter wrote to

Cabrera on the subject. "The bishop of Mondonedo has imposed on your Majesty," replied Cabrera; "I did not shoot a priest but a thief. Thieves were formerly crucified. To-day we have them shot. *Los tiempos cambian los costumbres.*" (Customs change with time)! Not long after, he dismissed the bishop from his post of President of the Junta, and appointed a layman in his stead. He likewise expelled every monk from Morella while he held it, and to Don Carlos's remonstrances replied: "It is possible that monks may be of service to your Majesty at Madrid, though I can't comprehend it; but here I want rations."

Cabrera's cruelty is unsurpassed in the blood-stained annals of Spain; but some allowance must be made for the prejudices and manners of the country; and it must be remembered that the Constitutionalists treated the Carlists for the most part like savage beasts. But none—not even Narvaez—has pushed the logic of the *cuatro tuós* so far as he; and when Cabrera was irritated he became an ensanguined demon. Naturally excitable, he was easily enraged, and then he lost all control of himself. His officers spurred him on at these moments, instead of restraining him—probably through dread, lest he should make one of them a victim. Some days before Oraa laid siege to Morella, Cabrera's staff were dining with him. The conversation turned, at the commencement of dinner, on what should be done with the prisoners whom they were to take. It was at first agreed that the chiefs should be shot without mercy. As the dinner proceeded, and the wine

warmed the guests, they passed from the chiefs to the officers, and then to the non-commissioned officers. At the dessert it was decided that the soldiers should be included in the proscription, and that not a drummer should receive quarter. Cabrera joined, and even led in their orgies, and he afterwards thought himself bound by his word to execute *par fanfaronnade* what he had sworn in a moment of drunken excitement—a mere pretence, it is needless to say, to cover his execrable cruelty.

He had no knowledge of the art of war; but luck alone will not explain his surprising successes. He was remarkable at the commencement of his career for his activity. He excelled as a partisan by taking sudden and unforeseen resolutions. Surprises, and panic terrors, contributed greatly to his fortune. Thus he was entirely and merely a guerrillero; but endowed with all the qualities which could assure a guerrillero's success. As the commander of a regular army, he was a failure. He showed some talent for organization—of a loose and irregular kind undoubtedly—but the military establishments which he created within the Maestrazzo attest the existence of ability and energy. Yet, as if these temporary faculties were conceded to him in mockery, his despicable weakness at the crisis of his fate (which no allegations of sickness can excuse) covers all that he had previously done with ridicule, and proves that his fortifications and arsenals were the work of his foreign officers. His mode of recruiting was simple—it was based, like his whole system, on cruelty and terrorism. He sent a strong detachment into a vil-

lage, and put up this short bando: "*Los mozos de este pueblo que no se presenten en el termino de las veinte y cuatro horas, seran arcabuceados por detras como traidores.*" (The young men of this village who do not present themselves within twenty-four hours will be shot in the back as traitors!) When he wanted money, he acted quite as unscrupulously. He fell suddenly on a town in the enemy's country, and levied a contribution indiscriminately from all the inhabitants, Carlist and Cristino!

Yet with all these atrocities, he was loved by the people. Often *brusque* and haughty towards his officers, he was always affable in his intercourse with the peasants. He remembered his own origin, and in proportion as he hated aristocrats he courted the lower orders. His plundering forays were always carried on beyond the range of the territory which acknowledged his sway. With no administration and no police (except of espionage) he maintained strict order by dint of pure terror. He chose for each post those whom he thought most fit, and on the least malversation he put them to death without mercy.

His sickness was the exterior sign of his mental break-down beneath excess of prosperity, and of his incompetency to cope with the greatness of his fortune. In this respect he resembled Massaniello. It is hard to believe, in his presence, that destiny could have chosen him, so slight and insignificant in appearance, to be placed at the head of one of the most terrible insurrections recorded in history.

Some days before Cabrera entered France, another band and another general crossed the frontier near Bayonne. It was not the chief, this time, who led the soldiers to a foreign territory, but the soldiers who forced their chief. Followed sword-in-hand by the Queen's Generals, received with gun-shots by the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, they had marched 100 leagues in six days, without bread, or coats, or shoes—but not without having often turned against the enemy, though they were but 1500 in number. Those iron men, whose savage aspect affrighted the town of Bayonne, had broken their arms on the frontier rather than give them up. Their commander was the indomitable Balmaseda.

Balmaseda was, after Zumalacarregui, the strong man of the Carlist war. It was he who was the first to detect Maroto, and who was the last to stand erect amidst the ruins of the army of Navarre. A Castilian by birth, of a distinguished family, he was a lieutenant-colonel at the death of Ferdinand VII. He immediately took up arms for Don Carlos, and did not lay them down till the last moment. Of tall stature and herculean strength, he always made war as a partisan at the head of a body of cavalry, which spread universal terror round it. He went with his force to Cabrera after the Convention of Bergara. But they could not agree, and he soon left him. Once more, in the middle of winter, he came to him for his concurrence to hang Segara, who commanded the army of Catalonia, and whom he then suspected of the defection which he realized a little later. Ca-

brera turned a deaf ear to his representations. Then, wearied with finding amongst the Carlist Generals "only traitors or dancers"—such was his expression—he strove to establish himself apart at Beteta, but failed, and was obliged to throw himself into France by forced marches. Had chance placed Balmaseda, instead of Cabrera, at the head of 30,000 soldiers, the War of Succession might have had a different end. Accordingly Balmaseda always speaks of the "Count de Morella" with disdain:—"He will be quite at home in France," he says. "Give him a guitar, and he will never fail either for bread or to be happy."

It is not from the young Pretender's or from Cabrera's capacity that the friends of constitutional liberty in Spain have anything to dread.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gallican sympathies of the Vitoria authorities.—Preparations for the French Princes' reception.—Enormous display of military on the road.—First sight of the battle-ground of Vitoria.—Results of that great exploit.—Ariñez.—La Puebla de Arganzon.—*El Castillo,* where the battle of Vitoria commenced.—Positions of the rival armies.—A magnificent woman.—Armiñon.—Miranda de Ebro.—Custom-house perquisitions.—How to evade them.—Spanish reverence for the hat; made use of universally for the purpose of smuggling cigars.—The Ebro a marked geographical boundary.—Contrast between the Basque provinces and Castiles.—Ameyugo.—The last maize.—Pancorbo.—The pass.—The Gothic Castle.—The fortress destroyed by "our French friend" Angoulême.—Rivaredonda.—The Diligence; the *Mayoral,* the *Zagal,* and the postillion.—Cubo.—Bribiesca.—Leave-taking.—Monasterio.—"Tricks upon Travellers."—The Telegraph. Quintanapalla.

Burgos, September 21.

In Vitoria, which is distant from this city twenty and a half leagues, the authorities, as I left, were busy with their preparations for the reception of the French Princes, which were to include a banquet, dancing, and other festivities, demonstration of an amiable and hen-pecked weakness—say rather cock-

picked (*Gallus*) in these gentry, whose city was completely sacked by Verdier on the 5th June, 1808, and all their churches and convents gutted, a favour which they reciprocate with Christian benignity by replenishing the Gallic gut in turn. Everywhere as we pass we meet troops either quartered in the different towns on the route, or marching towards the frontier; "to do honour to the French Princes," say the authorities, but in reality to protect their persons from the excessive love which Spaniards bear them —to be compared with that of sharks for sailors—a relish which would eat them up. In fact, they will be escorted to Madrid more like prisoners than a bridal procession. These displays of military are a precaution against a sudden attack; and under pretext of doing honour a whole army has been placed in columns between Madrid and the frontier: 3,000 infantry and 2,000 horse are planted in detachment after detachment from Miranda to Burgos, from Burgos to Vitoria, from Vitoria to Tolosa, from Tolosa to Irun. These will present arms to the Princes, but they will point them against the people; parks of artillery will likewise fire salutes, but they will also serve to cow down the national feeling. If Montpensier came without military support, the very Contrabandists would prevent his entrance.

We left Vitoria about 11 a. m., with the extensive and turf-clad *Prado* on our left hand, and after passing a few detached houses and *ventas* ascended an eminence from which, looking backward, we obtained a fine view of the city and of the extensive plain by

which it is surrounded, strewn with a multitude of *pueblos* or villages. Here, on the 21st June, 1813, was concluded the battle of Vitoria, one of the most decisive and glorious of the whole Peninsular war, the numbers on both sides, as at Salamanca, being nearly equal, while the intrusive King Joseph was forced to fly from Spain, his enormous baggage seized, including his very wardrobe, and five millions of dollars, his carriage, church-plate, pictures—nay his very mistresses,—his marshals, Jourdan and Clausel, shamefully defeated, and his army utterly routed, leaving behind them 6,000 killed and wounded, 150 pieces of artillery, many of their eagles and colours, and the entire of their baggage-waggons laden with plunder. The battle was fought so rapidly that the slaughter was comparatively small; but by Gazan's admission the French "lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers, so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him; and most of them went barefooted;" while, according to the graphic description of an English officer who was present, "they were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all about the town."

The magnificent basin of Vitoria—one of the few favourable points for an extensive battle-ground in the Peninsula,—is an undulating plain about twelve miles long by ten in width, surrounded in a nearly circular form by mountains of considerable height. This plain is traversed to the right and cut up, in a military sense, by the winding Zadorra; it is likewise

interspersed with broken ground and woods, besides the great number of villages to which I have already referred; and all these circumstances provided the French with strong positions of defence to oppose the British advance.

The road passes through ARINEZ, a small village distant about a league from Vitoria, and leaving several other villages on the right and left hand, with frequent pleasant views of the meandering Zadorra, where I recognised in patches of cultivation the growth, familiar to an Englishman (but extremely rare in the Peninsula) of oats and vetches, as well as barley, wheat, and maize, it reaches

LA PUEBLA DE ARGANZON, three leagues distant from Vitoria. This town is situated in the pass at the gorge of the Morillas and Puebla hills, by which it is supposed that the waters escaped from the lake which formerly occupied the present basin of Vitoria. The Zadorra flows through the pass by the eastern side, and finally pours itself into the Ebro. The town contains 550 inhabitants, whose chief employments are tanning and making nails. The houses are, many of them, of wood, and overhang the narrow streets sometimes in so extraordinary a manner that you might readily jump across. The façade of the parish church is pleasing. About a mile and a half distant to the north is a height with the remains of an ancient fortress called *El Castillo,* where the battle of Vitoria commenced. Our army had encamped the previous evening on the verge of a mountain-stream called the Bayas, the Duke's head-quarters being at Subijana de Morales; while the French

were posted in front, their right being at Tres Puentes and their left at Subijana de Alava, from which point we drove them rapidly back upon the town. It were a pity to mar this splendid military achievement by a brief and imperfect narrative of the details. I therefore refer the reader to the full and most satisfactory account of Napier, *Hist. War in the Penins.* book xx. chap. 8.

The Spaniards claim all the merit of this action, in which their share may be estimated from the returns of killed and wounded. The Spanish loss was 553, the Portuguese 1049, the British 3380! In fact, Wellington planned, and Hill, Picton, and Graham, did the work, and here the gallant Cameron fell, and begging to be placed so that he might die happy in the sight of the retreating enemy, had his last heroic wish gratified. A Spanish local history says,—"Here the glorious battle of Vitoria was won by the combined forces of the Spanish, English, and Portuguese,"—mark the order, fine worthies these to fight for! But from the Spaniards who really fought in that war, I have always met the justest appreciation of our countrymen, and it is not the true *militar* of the Peninsula who participates in the injustice of *Afrancesado* coxcombs. This robbing us of our just fame is what might be expected from the people of Vitoria, who during the Peninsular War refused all assistance to our wounded, and even to our Commissaries the use of their empty convents. The Auxiliary Legion also, under Evans, received barbarous usage there, the sick and wounded men being left to rot in damp

vaults, without any assistance from the people or authorities. We took up at Vitoria a magnificent woman, who, from the pressure on the road and crowded state of the Diligences, was obliged to put up with a seat in the *Banqueta.* I was not sorry for the sweet compulsion which placed her beautiful person so near me. She was largely formed, and with a figure of the ripest, yet with gracefully undulating contour, and with a waist small for her size. Strange to say, even in travelling, she wore nothing whatever on her head, except a handkerchief thrown very easily over it. She did not wear even the mantilla. Her hair was raven black and smooth, and its luxurious profuseness, plaited like that of all her countrywomen, was, unlike the generality, twisted to its very extremity upon the crown of her head, where it formed a most splendid natural diadem. Her eye was large, dark, clear, and almond-cut, brilliant, yet mild as the lustre of a star-lit sky, her mouth and teeth were of perfect beauty, her chin wore the irresistible dimple which poets feign to be impressed by Cupid's finger, in her cheeks there were smaller dimples to match, and whether they be Cupid's or not—most fascinating smiles for ever nestled there. And lastly, a brooch of golden filigree, the exquisite work of Valladolid, fastened a shawl of crimson Manilla crape, just over the swell of a most beautiful bosom, which it did not entirely conceal. To shew how the day of Duennas is gone by in Spain, this young married woman was merely given in charge of the *mayoral* (coachman). I derived the utmost pleasure from *la Señorita's* conver-

sation, whose silver voice was rich with melody; and to prevent anything like excess of tenderness, a brute of a third passenger frowned like the dragon of the Hesperides. In a "*ligua larga*" (long league) from Arganzon, we reached

ARMIÑON, a village containing 374 inhabitants, on the banks of the Zadorra, which supplies it with excellent trout and other fish. There is a stone bridge of five arches over this river near the town. At about half a league's distance, we pass a pillar of stone, with an inscription marking the division between the Basque Provinces and old Castile. In rather less than a league further, we enter

MIRANDA DE EBRO, situated on the Ebro and occupying both sides of the river, which is passed by a fine stone bridge of six arches, and containing 2380 inhabitants. (Mr. Ford in his learned Hand-book, says 25,000, a mistake evidently of the printer's, yet not corrected in the list of typographical errors.) The town, which is devoid of interest, is commanded by a castle placed on a height to the left of the road, in which a garrison is usually stationed. Here we were detained full two hours by the perquisitions of the custom-house officers, who rummaged and fumbled through every package in the Diligence to the very minutest, manifestly more on the look-out for a dollar in the shape of a fee, than in jealous conservation of the fractions of Her Catholic Majesty's revenue. This is the frontier of Castile for fiscal purposes, being the first town through which the road passes. The great object of pursuit is cigars, which are by the *fueros* exempt from duty in the

Basque Provinces which we have just left. I remarked that nearly every man in the Diligence smuggled his hat-full of cigars, Spaniards having a superstitious respect for the hat, which they always take out of your hand and place on a chair by itself when you enter a room. No man, not even an *aduanero*, would dare to molest your hat here. Accordingly (as I have already remarked) nearly every man had a good hundred of cigars stowed away in his hat, and the awkward stiffness with which they held themselves during the provoking tediousness of a two hours' search would have made Heraclitus laugh.

The Ebro is a very marked geographical boundary in Spain. On its N.E. side are the fertile Basques, with a respectable share of cultivation; on the S.E. the dreary plains of Castile, on which only a little corn is grown for the food of a scanty population, and some scattered herds of pigs and flocks of sheep constitute the bulk of the industry. The face of the Castiles is nearly destitute of wood; the natives having a singular antipathy to trees; in the Basque Provinces, on the other hand, trees abound, the towns are all surrounded by gardens and cultivated fields, and the bulk of the hardy male population is engaged in the manufacture of iron. Yet the higher Cereal growths prevail in the Castiles, and maize and potatoes are the food of the generality of Basques. Peaked hats and leathern leggings already meet the eye in Castile, and at times the inconvenient *montera*, (a sort of middle term between a cocked hat and a nightcap) is seen upon the remote peasantry. The

graceful plaited hair of the Basque women is missed here; the female peasantry of the Castiles are much less laborious, their petticoats are woollen and of brilliant dyes, and a coloured handkerchief is usually tied round their heads.

The road from Miranda passes by a small bridge over the river Oroncillo, and after two leagues enters

AMEYUGO, with 350 inhabitants, situated on the margin of that river, on a plain surrounded by mountains. Here there is a considerable flour-mill, and (besides other cereals) a little maize is grown, almost the last which is met in this direction. In setting out from this village we leave to the right the Bilbao road, and at a league's distance we enter

PANCORBO, situated in a narrow gorge formed by two mountains so lofty as to merit amongst Spaniards the epithet "*cordilleras.*" There is nothing, I believe, in the world more picturesque than this pass. The spurs of the Pyrenean range on the one hand, and the broken, precipitous termination of the Oca mountains on the other, form the narrow defile through which the road has barely room to wind by the side of the rock-strewn river Oroncillo, called by the Spaniards a "*riachuelo,*" from its slender stream. In the midst of the gorge is the picturesque chapel of *Nuestra Señora del Camino* (Our Lady of the Road), whose aid was naturally invoked by the simple wayfarer of old amidst these natural scenes of the wildest sublimity and terror. I saw the pass to great advantage from my high perch on the Diligence, and as my fair fellow-passenger's bosom panted with the supposed danger, she allowed me, happy privilege,

to hold her sweet hand. Huge masses of rock, of the strangest and most fantastic shapes, strew the whole length of the defile, and one of them is particularly striking; it juts out to the right hand of the road, and has a natural archway under it through which foot-passengers can walk as into the portal of a church. This pass formed from time-immemorial the natural barrier of Castile, where the Spaniards long defied the Moors to advance; but at the commencement of the French invasion they wretchedly yielded their Thermopylæ! Here there is a fine old ruined castle to the right of the road, on the summit of a lofty precipice of rock which forms the extremity of the Oca mountains, and seems more fitted for eagles to build their nests than for human beings to make it their residence. How human foot could ascend to it appears from the road inexplicable. Here Roderick, the last of the Goths, is said to have effected the seduction of Cava, for which woful deed of her lustful king, Spain paid in centuries of bloodshed and misery. This castle afterwards did good service in resisting the invasion of the Moors. It is situated on the western part of the rocky precipice. Another more modern castle, called *Santa Engracia,* was erected in 1795 on the same spot, and covered with its fortifications the whole summit of the mountain. This was occupied by the French invaders in 1810, but was destroyed in 1823 by the next invading army from France under the Duke d'Angoulême, who caused the guns to be spiked, and the shot and shells to be rolled down the rocky step, leaving scarcely the faintest trace of the numerous walls,

forts, barracks, arsenals, and even chapels, which surmounted and defended the immense extent of precipice. The destruction of the chapels is curious in a supporter of "religion." And this was done (as I remarked to my fair companion in the Diligence, since even gallantry could not subdue the strength of political impulse) by one who proclaimed himself the friend and ally of Spain. "*Eh, mon Dieu, mon brave homme, ne nous protégez pas autant!*" There is no doubt that this was done by the devout Angoulême, and will be noticed with satisfaction in passing by the spruce Montpensier, for the very purpose of removing a barrier to future invasion. Such is another of Spain's obligations to that France, whom she now so tenderly hugs!

"*Son barbaros—lós Gavachos!*" was la Señorita's spirited reply to my observations.

The road passes by a bridge (of which there are three) over the Oroncillo, through the town of Pancorbo, which contains a fortification and 1600 inhabitants, and in a league reaches

Santa Maria de Rivaredonda, an inconsiderable town, the country round which produces a good deal of excellent grain. From between this and the last-mentioned town sets out the *camino real* for Logrono. The road along which we have hitherto travelled from Irun is excellent, and does much credit to Spain, which Macadamized naturally fifty years before our English discovery. Our mules dash along at the rate of six good miles an hour, being never less than eight and sometimes ten; our postilion is a youth of sixteen with the half-*majo* (Andalucían)

costume which this class loves throughout Spain, a flower-basket embroidered on his back and his trousers stuffed down within leathern leggings, while enormous spurs decorate his heels and a knowing tufted hat his head; the *cigarrillo* is scarcely ever out of his mouth, and his short-handled, long-thonged whip is cracked and flourished incessantly. The *mayoral* addresses his team the whole length of the journey, and touches it up unintermittingly with his long-lashed whip, accosting the lady-mules by their names, such as "*Corridor-aa!*" "*General-aa!*" or the plainer "*Mul-aa!*" and the gentleman (of whom there is seldom more than one in a team, but for his customary viciousness receiving much more than his arithmetical dividend of lash) as "*Macho, macho, macho-o-o!*" At every difficult part of the road, or whenever the team shows a disposition to lag, down jumps the *zagal* from the *mayoral's* side, and belabours all the beasts in succession with a stout cudgel, sometimes picking up a stone to fling at a distant one which is more than usually refractory. The postilion and the *mayoral* vie in the use of the lash, the beasts get into a smart canter, the *zagal* runs at utmost speed, accosting them with the frantic gestures of a demoniac, and then, when they are in full career, he regains his seat at a leap with a look of triumph, proud, like all Spaniards, of his display of personal manliness. Wonderful to relate, his cigar has remained unextinguished in his mouth during all this frightful exertion; and he continues to smoke it as coolly as a bull-fighter who has escaped the bull's horn an instant before by just half an inch! As an

instance of the good understanding and rude *bonhomie* which prevails amongst these men, the young rascal of a postilion (only 16) had once on our journey a difficulty in striking a light for his cigar, while we were going at considerable speed; down jumped the *zagal*, and ran along by his side for some three or four minutes, while the other took the *cigarrillo* from his hand, and thus obtained a light. At a quarter of a league's distance is

Cubo, with 600 inhabitants occupied for the most part in growing corn on the plain in the midst of which it is situated. There is a fine road by Quintanaelez to Oña, and thence to Villacayo. Several villages are now seen on both sides as we pass, (an almost solitary exception to the general desolation of Castile), and in two-and-a-half leagues, after passing a guard-house with soldiers for the clearance of the road from robbers, an extensive *alameda* (public walk) and a stone bridge, we enter

Bribiesca, situated on the Oca, (over which there is a good stone bridge,) with 1800 inhabitants. This town is well-built, the streets regular, and the Plaza neat, with a fountain in the midst. The plan of the town is a square, with four gates, and upon its model Ferdinand and Isabella caused the city of Santa Fé, on the Vega of Granada, to be constructed. In Bribiesca was held, in 1388, the Córtes at which Juan I. decreed that the Spanish heir apparent should take the title of "Prince of the Asturias," and it was first assumed by his son, who married the daughter of our John of Gaunt. The church of Santa Clara contains a fine *retablo* on the principal altar, which is of

Gothic construction and worthy of observation. The *retablo* of Santa Casilda in the *Colegiata* (or minor cathedral church) contains fine images of SS. Peter and Paul, by Becerra. Here, alas! my female fellow-passenger took her leave of us. In spite of the brute beside us I squeezed her hand at parting, and was rewarded with an enchanting smile.

The country round Bribiesca is agreeable, and comparatively well cultivated, producing corn, wine, fruit and vegetables (the two latter in abundance), and likewise affording extensive pasturage to cattle. The road passes in little more than a league through the village of PRADANOS, in three quarters of a league more through that of CASTIL DE PEONES, and in another league enters

MONASTERIO DE RODILLA, situated on very lofty ground, and containing 640 inhabitants. To the north of the town are the ruins of a Moorish castle, perched upon a lofty eminence, according to a favourite taste of that enterprising people, of whose marvellous castle on the Serra, at Cintra, this at once suggested to me the remembrance. Here the Diligence changed its team, the fresh team consisting of ten, since we had now to ascend to some of the highest ground in Spain. It was past six o'clock, and as the twilight fell in this elevated region it became bitterly cold. Hunger seized upon us, for we had partaken of no food since breakfasting at Vitoria at nine. Owing to the despotic arrangements of the road no stoppage whatever was permitted, and I was fleeced out of a small silver coin here by a bystander whom I requested

to get me something to eat, but who never appeared after. A lady in the interior asked for a glass of Malaga wine, and I imitated her example, for the cold was nearly intolerable. It was not brought until the team was near starting, and the *Malaga* turned out to be execrable poison-brandy diluted with water! The rogue also forgot to bring the change. "Tricks upon travellers" of course belong to all countries, but Spanish roads are horribly ill provided with chance comforts. Except in the regular Paradores assigned for meals, it is impossible to get a decent mouthful of food or drink. The provident traveller will lay in a store, but some dislike that kind of stored provisions — and I amongst the number. Twilight now fell, and a striking effect was produced by a procession which just then left the parish church with the Host, with tapers, which told in the darkness, and a choir of the country youths singing a hymn. It was Sunday.

Slowly we ascended the mountain which rises above Monasterio, and as night fell the cold became more fearfully intense. What I suffered in the dreadful state of my lungs (although trebly wrapt) in a part of the vehicle which it was impossible to shut up effectually, may be conceived, for I will not describe it. The summit of this mountain is called *La Brujula*, which is wooded on both sides of the road, and is one of the highest points in Spain, being more than 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Here there is a telegraph-tower, a portion of the line from Madrid to Paris, which I mentioned, while at Bayonne, that the French

Government was placing at that point in a state of complete communication with both extremities. This was preliminary to the Duke of Montpensier's journey; it has now been accomplished, and the news from Madrid is received by Louis Philippe at Paris in four hours! In a league the road enters

QUINTANAPALLA, with 360 inhabitants, and a fine parish church. Here Carlos II. ratified his marriage-contract in 1682, a marriage which unhappily had no issue, and which led to the Bourbon ascent of the throne of Spain—and to what a momentous series of consequences! This marriage-contract of 1846—more than 160 years later—is linked with that by the closest, although invisible ties, and the fearful opposition which the latter contract has aroused is the consequence of the former's inefficaciousness of results. Never was marriage more unfortunate than that of 1682, except perhaps this of 1846. How strange that, at every footstep in Spain, we are reminded of something that bodes ill for the Montpensier alliance.

In three leagues more, the road passing through the inconsiderable villages of Rubena, Villafria, and Gamonal, at eight p. m. last night, we entered Burgos.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Burgos; its numerous attractions.—Situation, population, climate.—Its early history.—Its occupation by the French, who plundered it.—The cathedral.—Aspect of the spires.—The portal.—The *Puerta Alta.*—The *Pellegeria.*—The *Cimborio* or dome.—The choir.—The high altar.—The *Retablo.*—Images.—Painted sculpture in wood.—The *plateria* or church silver.—Its former enormous extent, and enormity of the French plunder.—Dialogues with the *Uavero* and an aged canon.—The choristers.—The chapel of the *Condestable.*—That of *Santa Ana*; the *Madonna* by Andrea del Sarto; the "Magdalen with auburn hair" by Lenardo da Vinci.—The chapel of *Santiago.*—That of the *Visitation.*—That of *Enrique.*—That of the *Presentation;* the "Virgin and Child," by Michael Angelo.—The Sala Capitular.—The Sacristias *Vieja* and *Nueva;* Grego's *Crucifixion;* Jordan's *Nascimiento.*—"The Cid's strong box."—The *Santa Cristo.*

Burgos, September 22.

BURGOS is a most interesting old town, and full of objects of curiosity to the traveller, architect, artist, and antiquarian. Yet foreigners seldom make any stay here, being anxious to escape from the discomforts of Old Castile and hurry on to Madrid. Here, however, two or three days may be very advantageously spent. The far-famed cathedral abounds with objects of interest, the streets and

Plazas are not to be hurriedly passed, the single good café and the fine paseos (public walks) present numerous studies of life and character, the old castle with its approaches is extremely interesting, as are many of the churches and untenanted convents; the ancient arches and tottering remnant of the walls are of great curiosity, the Cartuja in the neighbourhood, with its magnificent monuments, the sepulchre of the Cid about a league distant, and the fragments in Burgos itself of the house in which he once resided, all combine to make this city one of the most interesting points in Spain.

Burgos is the capital of Old Castile, and is situated on the declivity of a mountain on the right bank of the Alazon. This river separates it from the suburbs of *La Vega*, with which it is connected by three stone bridges. Its population is now only 12,000, though in its palmy days it numbered 50,000. The city is likewise traversed by the smaller river Pico, which is divided into several streams or sewers called "*Esguevas*," by which the city is admirably cleansed. The climate is humid and one of the coldest in Spain, making it as agreeable a residence in summer, as in winter it is severe and unpleasant. But Burgos has at all times a most venerable aspect, and is in fact the very ideal of an old Castilian city. It was founded in 884, by Diego de Porcelos, ten years after the hardy mountaineers of the north first attempted seriously to make head against the Moorish invader, and became subject to the infant kingdom of Leon, until Fruela II., in 926, put its leading inhabitants

to death, having first invited them to a feast to get them within his power. The citizens of Burgos subsequently elected their own magistrates, of whom the most celebrated were Lain Calvo, Nuño Rasura, and other worthies who figure in the ancient ballads. After half a century of struggles, the great Burgalese hero, Fernan Gonzales, shook off the yoke of Leon, and was proclaimed the first independent Count of Castile, a title which he made hereditary. His granddaughter, Nuña, was married to Sancho of Navarre, and their son, Ferdinand, marrying Sancha, the only child of Bermudo III., united the kingdoms of Leon and Castile, and was proclaimed sovereign of both kingdoms in 1067, with the style of Fernando I. Burgos was then for a time the capital of the monarchy, but enjoyed this dignity for less than twenty years. In 1085 Alonzo VI. raised Toledo to that rank, and disputes as to precedence arose between it and Burgos, which lasted for more than two centuries, and were not settled until Alonso XI. in 1349, the year before his death, gave to Burgos the honorary distinction of being first heard by its representatives in Córtes, engaging to speak himself for Toledo. The Castilian court was, however, definitively transferred from Burgos, and though the seat of many noble families, it never attained to the splendour of the latter.

Burgos was occupied by the French on the 10th November, 1808, the Spanish army under the wretched Belveder having fled at the first charge of the invaders, who lost only a handful of men.

The city was treated with the utmost barbarity, and ruthlessly sacked under the orders of Bessières and Napoléon, the object being to intimidate the Spanish nation, and prevent future attempts at resistance, by this early and terrible example in one of their leading cities. Napoléon himself confessed in one of his bulletins, that the horrors perpetrated here were such as to "make him shudder;" but, as he was himself in the neighbourhood, the fact of his non-interference gives the lie to his mawkish humanity.

The cathedral of Burgos, like most celebrated monuments, a little disappoints on the first appearance. It is rather deficient in height, and the summits of the two grand towers, which surmount the façade in the form of pinnacles, are blunt and have rather a dumpy appearance. Owing to the inclemency of the climate, the stone is discoloured, but this perhaps adds to the antique effect. The spires are of open stone-work, wrought with admirable delicacy, reminding me of some which I had seen in Belgium, particularly that at Malines, and bearing in fact such a resemblance to lace, that their standing unshaken for centuries is no small proof of the amazing stability of their structure. They are enriched with the greatest profusion of flowers, foliage, and cornices. Formally there was a Gothic portal deeply recessed, and in keeping with the rest of the building, but this was unhappily removed by a modernizing chapter, to whom the epithet "Gothic" might be more properly applied than to the Cathedral, and three Grecian doorways have been substituted with a very

deteriorating effect, which cannot however mar the beauty of the niche-work and finials. On entering, you are immediately struck by the fine rose-window in stained glass, of the richest and mellowest colours and representing the most clustering variety of subjects. The grand entrance is of course to the west. The northern gate is called the *puerta alta*, and presents the singular peculiarity of being raised thirty feet above the floor of the Cathedral. This portal is adorned outside with a recessed door-way, niches, and statues, and inside with a most singular and elaborate staircase by Diego de Siloé (an architect born here at the close of the fifteenth century), in which there are more hippogryphs, dolphins, and other Pagan, than there are of Christian emblems. A most luxuriant and bizarre fancy presided over this creation; the dolphins are all represented eating up sweet little children; rows of angels, looking like Cupids, appear on either side; and under the stairs are two exquisite pairs of angels with gilt wings. A door inside the church, in the opposite transept, is magnificently sculptured, but the French knocked all the heads off! This door is called *La Pellegeria*. The entrance-portal of this transept (which is that most frequently used by the inhabitants, as lying opposite the town) is likewise enriched with pillars, niches, and statues, well executed for the period, amongst which are the Virgin and Child, SS. Peter and Paul, and also a bishop kneeling. There are altogether six great doors.

The Cathedral of Burgos, which ranks amongst the finest in Spain and in the world, especially for

the elaborate execution of its parts and the exquisite finish of its details, was commenced in 1221, by order of St. Ferdinand, and under the immediate superintendence of his friend, the Bishop of Mauricio. The church consists of a nave and two aisles, these latter being rather narrow in comparison with its body. The *crucero*, or transept, was destroyed in 1539 by a frightful whirlwind, but re-built in 1556, and finally completed in 1567 at the expense of the Archbishop, a son of the Duke of Alva. The *cimborio* or dome, is magnificent, rising from circular buttresses to a height of more than 180 feet, in a noble octagon of the purest white, and enriched with archiepiscopal and regal arms. The whole is of florid Gothic, but does not strike the eye as being in the least surcharged with ornament, and the vast and sculptured shields have a very good effect. Around the interior of the dome is displayed the appropriate text: *In medio templi tui laudabo Te.* The effect is completed by finely-sculptured niched Saints. The numerous windows of the *cimborio* are without stained glass, which contributes to the celestial elevation, whiteness, and purity of its general aspect. Throughout the other parts of the cathedral the stained glass is fine and abundant. I repeated my visit to this magnificent structure at least half-a-dozen times, and in gazing at the exquisite beauty and purity of this dome was never disappointed. The effect is wholly different from that of the Cathedral of Seville, where three years before I was enchained for days in contemplation; but if I missed the solemn gloom of the latter, the irresistible im-

pulse to elevation of the soul and prayer, the overpowering Gothic grandeur and majesty of that vast and stupendous pile—here, too, the spirit was rapt up towards heaven, of which that purest and loveliest of domes appears the fitting emblem. The architect, Felipe de Borgoña, is buried near this spot. The interior of the church is constructed entirely of the finest white stone, little inferior to marble; but the choir, with its massive rail (*reja*), occupies proportionably too large a space. The pillars are very massive and adorned on the choir side with niched saints, and on that which fronts the aisles with fantastic little angels. The dimensions of the edifice are 300 Spanish feet (a fraction more than English) in length, without reckoning the chapels, which add full half to it, by more than 250 in width. The choir is very capacious, and has two rows of seats down its whole length for the canons and choristers, admirably carved in walnut, in two tiers, the best sculpture being that of the upper row. Many of the figures in the latter are worthy of the best school of Italian art. The sculpture in part of the lower tier is inlaid with box, and more curious and minute than artistical. The backs, in both rows, represent Scripture subjects, carved in low relievo, and those from the New Testament in the upper row are for the most part exquisite. The archbishop's chair, with the subjects sculptured over it, are particularly admirable, and this chair alone cost 1000 ducats! The two fine organs on either side are by the celebrated *Maestro*, Juan de Argete. The pulpit is of bronze, and a fine work of art. The *reja* is

also very elaborate, being the work of Juan Baptista de Celma, and erected in 1602. The *reja* of the transept was wrought in 1723, by a lay monk named Pedro Martinez. The principal church, or *capilla mayor*, has the privilege of Royalty, there being buried here the Infanta Don Juan, son of Alonso the Wise, Don Sancho, son of Alonso XI., and his consort Beatuz, daughter of Pedro *El Justiciero*, king of Portugal. The *trascoro* has been unhappily modernized like the chief portal, and presents a series of Corinthian architecture, well executed and meritorious in itself, but incongruous in the midst of a Gothic temple. The *retablo* of the high altar was raised by Archbishop Vela, in 1575, and is adorned with some finely carved figures, disposed amongst columns of the classical order, with which spiral-twisted pillars are intermingled. The figure of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour is very graceful. The faces are not beautiful, but there is much dignity in the expression and attitude. This group is by Miguel de Ancheta of Pamplona. There is great dignity also in some of the figures of standing Saints in the lower tiers of the *retablo*. This altar is a fine study for those not before familiar with the painted statuary of Spain. The faces, hair, and beards are all painted like life—rather too much so to afford pleasure, and the draperies, which Montanes and the other great Spanish sculptors in wood executed with consummate skill, are painted in the richest colours and profusely sprinkled with gold.

This church, before the French invasion, was im-

mensely rich in *plateria* or silver ornaments, but was plundered by them without mercy. I had a curious dialogue with the *Uavero*, who showed me the several chapels, at the foot of the high altar. Six magnificent silver candelabra were standing there, adorned with angels' heads and wings, and fruits and flowers of beautiful workmanship—in short amongst the finest specimens of the art of the Valladolid silversmiths. The beautiful lamp, pendent before the high altar, and an image of the Virgin and Child on the *retablo*, are also of silver of most precious workmanship. All these were cleaned and burnished up at the Queen's visit last year. I asked the *Uavero* (key-bearer, porter) if there was any more *plateria* to be shown, and he answered that Mendizabel had seized it all in 1839, at the period of the closing of the monasteries. In this there was some truth, but very little, the fact being that Mendizabel found little to escheat, the French having already done the work, and the Cristino Government not desiring or daring utterly to despoil this magnificent cathedral. Accordingly the fine silver pieces which I have specified, and the grand processional cross, were left untouched. Provoked at the *Uavero's* profound ignorance, I appealed to a priest who at that moment passed, and was confirmed by him in my statement that Burgos was indebted to the French under Bessières and Napoléon, in 1808, for the robbery of its cathedral plate —a piece of intelligence which I took care to repeat more than once to the *Uavero*, and to impress on his heavy intelligence with names and dates,

for the benefit of its speedy transmission through him to his sluggish townsmen—for I was not twenty-four hours in Burgos before I was the "observed of all observers;" set down as an English spy, and dogged in every direction—a favour which I repaid by the eccentricity of propagating my views, *àpropos* of the Montpensier marriage, in every direction. I likewise informed the *Uavero* of a fact of which he before was ignorant,—that in lieu of the six candlesticks to which the *plateria* of the cathedral is now reduced, on one altar alone in former times were ranged no fewer than sixty candlesticks of the finest chiselled silver, each six feet in height, while numerous lamps of silver and of gold were hung from the roof in front, at the solemn exhibition of the *Santo Cristo* in Holy Week, all of which the Frenchmen plundered—which piece of information he rewarded with the acclamation: "*Carajo, ustedas mas saben que nosotros.*" (Confound me if you folks don't know more than we do ourselves!)

An aged canon passed at that moment, with whom I had a dialogue which I must record. After noting the miserable remnant of *plateria* which I had seen of all that once belonged to this enormously rich cathedral—

"Alas!" I exclaimed, "the Silver Age of Spain has flown. The *plateria* of Valladolid is reduced to a chiselling of toys. Had railways been introduced two centuries since, those of Spain would have been doubtless laid down in bullion. The Duke of Albuquerque, says Madame d'Aulnoy, (who wrote in 1715,) had 1400 dozen of ilver dinner-plates, and

40 silver ladders to ascend to the upper shelves of his buffet, and was six weeks engaged in weighing his collection of plate."

"Six weeks, *Mi Dios!* it would not have once sufficed for the cathedral of Burgos—"

"Your friends of to-day, the French—"

"My friends! I was here during the invasion!"

"The friends, then, of your Government were beforehand with the Jew Mendizabel. They left him but the miserable gleanings. Altar and palace were stripped by them alike of their gold and silver vessels, and the spoil was carried off by them in waggon-loads."

"*Es verdad, es verdad!*"

"And the French princes, in a week to come, will scatter a few silver coins by the road-side, and Spaniards will kiss their bounteous hands, forget how lately those hands have robbed them, and invoke a blessing on the *Gavachos!*"

"*Es verdad!*" the old man muttered with a tear in his eye.

The cloisters of this cathedral are worthy of the edifice, and contain some fine tombs of archbishops and prebends. The eight most delicate and beautiful pinnacles, which top the lofty cupola, with the figure of Santiago in the centre, are seen to great advantage from these cloisters. The eight pinnacles, of still greater elegance, which surmount the chapel of the *Condestable*, are likewise seen to great advantage here, with their balustrade and Gothic windows. The chapels are numerous and beautiful, but this of the *Condestable* is the finest,

having been erected by the Velascos, hereditary constables of Castile. It is very spacious, and supported by massive buttresses and pillars beautifully wreathed and sculptured, with niche-work, and exquisite carvings continued to the very roof. In front of the entrance are five alto-relievos, in white stone, of subjects from the life of Christ, in one of which (and happily one alone) the head of Christ is barbarously painted and stares out from the midst of the cold stone. In front of the altar are the tombs of the founder, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, who died in 1492, and of his wife, at whose feet is stretched a dog, the emblem of fidelity. The figures are recumbent and of full length, and the costume, lace, and armour are executed with great spirit. They are the work of an Italian artist, and of the year 1540. How these beautiful *Christian* monuments shame our St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey! The *reja* (railing) of this and of most of the other chapels is of excellent workmanship. Here there is an enormous slab of polished jasper, weighing, according to the inscription cut upon it, when deposited in this sacred place, 2956 arrobas, being 73,900lb. or 660 cwt., being more than three times the weight stated by Mr. Ford. This and the tombs are usually kept covered with deep-fringed palls. There is some curious painted sculpture in this chapel. The Purification, in the *retablo*, is fine, the expression in the faces of the four large figures being beautiful beyond expression. The figure of St. Sebastian, at the side altar, has a raw and doll-like look, but that of St. Peter is natural and pleasing. The wooden sculpture in this

chapel is chiefly by Becena. The armorial bearings on the walls are very grand, and there are some finely executed Saints in the niches on the pillars. There is a fine statue of St. Bruno in the adjoining chapel, from the *Cartuja*. The *retablos* in many of these chapels are fine, but spoiled by an ugly crucifixion planted invariably at the top, which appears purposely made as revolting as possible.

In the Chapel of *Santa Ana* is a good painting of St. Peter, and a monument with recumbent portrait statue of the Archbishop, Luis de Acuña Osorio, who completed one of the towers. It is finely executed in marble, and the wrinkled features have an admirable expression of piety. The Gothic altar in this chapel is elegant in its general effect. The *retablo* has a good figure of St. Anne, the Virgin's mother, but is spoiled by a gaudy sun and moon, and repulsive crucifixion on the top. The subject of the crucifixion is capable of the sublimest treatment, and has received it too in Spain from the Montaneses in sculpture and the Zurbarans and Velasquezes in painting; but its treatment by meaner Spanish artists is butcherly, vulgar, and revolting. In this chapel (I think) there is a curious image of St. Raphael, at a side altar, dressed jauntily as a pilgrim, with scolloped hat and blue surtout, a staff in one hand with the pilgrim's bottle pendent from it, and a fish in the other. There is also a fine picture of the Madonna and Child, attended by SS. John and Joseph, said to be by Andrea del Sarto. In the adjoining sacristry is a beautiful and celebrated picture of the Magdalen, with auburn hair, attributed to

Leonardo da Vinci. It is certainly not unworthy of his master-pencil. The eyes, mouth, and shadows of the face are extremely delicate and beautiful, as is likewise the hand which is seen. Her person is enveloped in a wilderness of golden-brown hair, that nearly quite hides her figure, which is otherwise naked to the middle.

The chapel of *Santiago* contains fine monuments of the Archbishop Juan de Villacreses, and of two members of the Escalona family (the figures all recumbent). In its sacristy are likewise two splendid monuments of the Archbishop Juan de Vaca, and of his brother Don Pedro, dating from the commencement of the sixteenth century. I did not much admire the mounted figure of the tutelar Saint on the *retablo* here, but that on the *reja* outside is fine. In the chapel of the *Visitation* is a tomb with fine recumbent figure of San Juan de Sahagun, clad as a monk. In the chapel of *San Enrique* is a very splendid marble sepulchre with a kneeling figure of the prelate, Enrique de Peralta, by whom it was founded, in 1679. The bronze eagle and stalls are worthy of observation. In the chapel of the *Presentation* is the magnificent picture by Michael Angelo (I see no reason to doubt it, and it certainly bears little resemblance to the manner of Sebastian del Piombo) representing the Virgin, of the size of life, about to dress the infant Saviour, who is standing on a table. Two angels hold a crown over the child's head. The figure of the Virgin is very graceful. The faces are not beautiful, but there is much dignity in the attitudes, and the draperies are very

elegant. The band which the Virgin holds, and with which she is about to swathe the Saviour, by a wonderful effect of the pencil appears almost transparent. The picture is in fact a masterpiece, and one of the greatest treasures of the Cathedral. The two remaining chapels (there are altogether eight) are those of *Santa Tecla*, with a gaudily gilt altar in the intolerably bad taste called "*Churrigueresque*" from the crazy architect who introduced it, which is much seen throughout provincial churches in Spain, yet with a good *artesonado* roof,—and of the *Cristo en Agonia*, which contains a fine Crucifixion by Mateo Cerezo.

The *Sala Capitular* contains several poor pictures. The best is one of St. John. There is a very middling copy of an Assumption, from Murillo. The *Sacristia Vieja* contains some wretched portraits of prelates belonging to the Cathedral, in which art is sunk to its lowest stage. There is a fine Crucifixion here by Dominico Grego, which is brought forth in Holy Week. The face is dark, and expresses intense agony. There is also a curious tree of coral here in a case. The place is otherwise used as a lumber-room. The *Sacristia Nueva* contains a fine *Nascimiento* by Lucas Jordan, and six rather good pictures by Juan Zurbina, the best of which is the *Flight into Egypt*, in which a charming little angel leads a finely drawn ass. But of all the objects here the most interesting is *El Cofre del Cid*, an old worm-eaten box four and a half feet long, with two rusty iron rings and the chains by which it was formerly fastened pendent from it (and with pieces of

the wood quite broken off at the corners), which is said to be the identical chest that he is stated in his *Cronica* to have filled with sand, and thus obtained from the Jews Rachel and Bidas, to whom he declared that it was filled with gold and jewels, a loan, which, with the true chivalrous honour of *old* Castile, he of course repaid. Few of the ornaments of this Cathedral are objectionable, except some absurd crucifixes as large as life, hideously streaming with painted blood, and with lace aprons. From this censure must be excepted the celebrated *Santo Cristo*, of which such miraculous tales are related, and which as a work of art is truly admirable. During one of my numerous visits, I witnessed the performance of high mass in the principal chapel, with a full choir. The service was very decorous and splendid.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How I am caught note-taking by two armed shoemakers, and charged with sketching Barracks. I am subjected to an abominable *espionnage*, but turn the tables upon the police authorities.—Forced to become a political propagandist.—The remaining sights of Burgos.—The *Plaza Mayor*; the Cid's dust.—Various costumes here and on the *Espolon*, or chief public walk.—The señoras and the señoritas.—Tallness of many of the men.—Generality of the *Capa*, and grace with which it is worn.—The *Café Suizo*.—Military life.—Coxcombry of the younger officers.—Public statues.—The gate of *Santa Maria*.—I mount a *Rocinante*, and ride through the suburbs in eccentric costume, but convince them the more that I am a concealed political agent.—The *Cartuja*, or convent of Miraflores.—The alabaster sepulchres.—Mutilations and other horrors perpetrated by the French here during the invasion.—The *Padre Prior*; amiable drivelling.—Cerdeña.—I apply for admission to the Castle of Burgos, and am repulsed.—I *surround* the Castle in revenge, on my *Rocinante*, and create terrific commotion within, in the belief that I am going to take it, a task in which the Duke of Wellington failed.—Magnificent view from the Castle Hill.—"The Duke's" positions in front.—The Cid's House.—I relieve the garrison from its anxiety, and do not take the Castle.

Burgos, September 22.

THE other churches of Burgos will abundantly repay a visit, especially that of San Pablo, which

is a fine specimen of Gothic. There is likewise a number of venerable convents, dismantled now though once magnificent, scattered about the town in a dilapidated condition. In the portal of one of these in the suburb of *La Vega*, which is now the hospital *de la Concepcion*, and has a fine Corinthian portico and arcades within, upon a grand scale but in ruins, I made a brief note with a pencil, openly for, I believe, the first time. In an instant two shoemakers with leathern aprons and knives were at my side, (the knives of course belonged to their trade, but might be made useful in more ways than one):

"*Que! usted debuja?*" (What, you are sketching!) said the spokesman, a greasy little fellow with a week's beard.

I endeavoured to convince them that I was doing no such thing, by showing them the note which I had scratched down; but as they knew nothing, of course, of the difference between drawing and scribbling, I shut up my book and was retiring with a smile, when the more talkative cobbler exclaimed, "*Si usted toma cuenta de nuestros cuarteles, es mejor irse á chitos.*" (If you're taking an account of our barracks, you had better go about your business.)

The murder now was out. Although I had scrupulously abstained during the two previous days from taking a note in public, knowing the ridiculous prejudices which prevail on this subject in Spain, the political jealousy of the people, and their unconquerable habits of intrigue had immediately inferred, from the rare circumstance of seeing an Englishman

making any stay in the town, and from the freedom with which I expressed myself on politics every day at the *table d'hôte*, that I must be a political agent sent here to beat up a spirit of opposition to the Montpensier marriage. The circumstance of an English cabinet courier, Colonel Townely, whom I met at the hotel, having politely offered me a seat in his carriage to Madrid, which I declined simply because I should have been reluctant to encumber him in his most important journey, brought conviction to the mind of every Spaniard present that I must be a political agent of consequence—so widely are men misled by habits of intrigue, double-dealing, and *arrière pensée*. Very soon I found that all my motions were watched, and that a Zaragozan stopping at the hotel was especially planted upon me.*

The allusion of the cobbler to the barracks, which he supposed that I was noting, I soon found to refer to the fact that the Hospital of the Conception communicates with the barracks of the *Guardias Civiles*. As I retraced my steps through the suburb, several heads were passed through doors and windows with a grin, and I astonished a female of the genus *poissarde* by asking her coolly, while she stared at me—"*Por vida del demonio, no tengo una cabeza como un otro?*" (By the life of the devil, haven't I got a head like another?) Finding how the secret lay,

* Señor Fajardo, a commissary in the British service, when I met him, and to whom I was subsequently introduced at Mr. Bulwer's table in Madrid, told me that I had three police agents after me during the whole of my stay at Burgos!

and knowing the inviolability of a British subject's person, I humoured the game by talking politics incessantly to the guests at the *Parador de los Diligencias Peninsulares*, where I was staying, enumerating the favours conferred by the French on the Peninsula, the plundered plate of the cathedral, the broken and ruined monuments, and the slaughtered inhabitants, and ridiculing the farce of representation in the Córtes, whence the news had just reached us that, though several deputies spoke against the Montpensier marriage, only one, Señor Orense, had the courage or the honesty to vote against it. Sometimes they listened in silence, and sometimes (when the coast was clear) they freely re-echoed my sentiments. Thus the rascality of the local authorities re-acted on themselves, and their dirty *espionnage* made me the political propagandist which I would not have otherwise thought of becoming.

But I must not lose sight in politics of the other *notabilia* of Burgos. The *Plaza Mayor* is irregular but curious, and surrounded with a colonnade which is very convenient in this watery climate. Here in an urn in the Ayuntamiénto is the Cid's glorious dust. In this square is held every day a fruit and vegetable market, where the costume of the female peasantry from the adjoining country may be studied to advantage. Nearly all wear a spencer and petticoat of different colours, chiefly of cloth and of brilliant hues; reds and dark blues predominate. Their heads are tied up with coloured handkerchiefs. Rows of buttons frequently adorn the bosom

of the spencer. The male peasants from the adjoining districts generally wear blue stockings and knee breeches, or galligaskins. In winter the stockings are covered with the leathern legging. Those whom I saw, for the most part wore the hempen sandal strapped round the ankle. The loose coat of *paño pardo* (made of dark undyed wool) was commonly thrown loosely over the shoulder, and worn something like the *capa*, which is here used universally by the towns-people. The male peasants, as well as the female, have often a handkerchief tied round the head. The chief *alameda*, or public walk, is the *Espolon*, between this square and the river, and here at twilight (the accustomed hour for the *paseo* in Spain) I used to turn out every evening to see the *señoras* and the *señoritas*, with their usually dark dresses and mantillas, sauntering along escorted by their male friends or gallants, in numbers which increased generally as the shades of night fell. I did not see much beauty here, but the eyes are for the most part black, bright, and fine, and the faces pleasing and intelligent. The men are stately, proud, and many of them very tall, but thin and grandiose, true ancient Gothic gentlemen, "*Castellanos viejos y rancios.*" They wear the *capa* better here, I think, than in any other part of Spain, and cloak themselves with as much dignity as Cæsar when he fell. The *Café Suizo*, the only tolerable one in Burgos, but really good, is on this promenade, and an excellent place it is for studying character. Here the military officers, with whom this place swarms, may be said in fact to live. It

is crowded with them at all hours, and even with colonels and brigadier-generals. The officers of all grades are on excellent terms with each other, and the *bonhomie* and cordiality which prevail all over Spain (notwithstanding their ugly habit of spying foreigners) are here witnessed amongst all classes. The only coxcombs whom I have seen at Burgos are amongst the younger officers, whose waists are outrageously pinched, and their hands gloved with white kid out of a miserable pay—all for the sake of *les possibles bonnes fortunes* on the Alameda outside. Now I see why they pinch their waists; it is because the kid gloves and finery rob their unhappy bellies, and they wisely contract their provision-stores in proportion as they have little to put in them.

The bronze statue of Charles III., in the Plaza Mayor, is a poor thing, but in the Huerto del Rey, a more ancient square, is a gilt statue of Flora, on a dolphin in the centre of a fountain, which is really fine. Many of the houses and palaces of the ancient Burgalese nobility and *hidalguia* have fine or curious façades, and their proud escutcheons are particularly noticeable. The statues of Burgalese Notables on the *Espolon* or public walk which I have mentioned, are heavy and little worthy of notice. The gate of *Santa Maria*, crowned with its battlements and with the Virgin's image, is massive and of good effect. The statues of the great men born in Burgos, which Charles V. had put up in the niches that adorn this gate, are no better than those on the *Espolon*. The Cid is a squat, mean figure of an old man with a

great beard and a sword nearly as big as himself. The statue of Charles V., and of the Angel Gabriel above are the only ones that possess dignity.

I hired a raw-bone *Rocinante* yesterday—the best that Burgos could supply for money—and proceeded to visit the magnificent Carthusian convent of Miraflores, commonly known as "*La Cartuja.*" The distance is about a couple of miles and the road very agreeable. A sturdy *zagal*, alias bog-trotter, of sixteen, armed with the long stick which Spanish youths love, tickled the tail of my charger, which if not quite warlike himself, disported a warlike saddle with a dragoon-like brass rein, and stirrups likewise of brass and so slight and narrow (the peculiar taste of some special regimental coxcombry) that they scarcely gave room for the tips of the toes to insert themselves. The bridle did not quite follow suit, being made up of a mule's and a donkey's head-gear in equal proportions, and patched with a piece of knotted halter. To complete this magnificent equestrian set-out, and rig me *en caballero perfeto*, as the "ingenious Hidalgo" of La Mancha in first sallying forth "*tomó su lanza*," even so my trusty *zagal*, whose pot-bellied dimensions recalled Sancho Panza, arrested me perforce in the middle of the Plaza, and proceeded to buckle on my left foot the one spur with which he came forth furnished—wisely inferring, like Hudibras, that,

—— "Could he but stir
To active trot, one side of 's horse," &c.

(I pledge myself to relate the literal fact in all these

historiettes, the abundance of droll incidents which occurred to me during the journey being such that I could readily fill three or four volumes, and instead of having any necessity to draw upon imagination, I am only puzzled by the *embarras de richesses*.) After fumbling for some minutes, my Sancho at length found a hole to suit, when drawing the strap home over my instep it quickly gave way, and remained detached in his hand, a true specimen of a Spanish serviceable article. I shook the emancipated goad from my heel with a roar of laughter, and belabouring the beast with my own good stick, soon made him feel the enlivening impulses of the rubbing of an oaken towel; I wore a *montera* which I had bought the day before, being a kind of helmet or cocked hat made of cloth much worn in the country parts of the Castiles, but little seen in Burgos, where some foolish notions of mock-dandyism prevail; and thus accoutred, on the most raw-boned of *rocinazos*, with a staring white scar along his left side in the figure of a reaping-hook, on which not even Macassar could make hair grow, I passed through all the leading parts of the town on purpose to be seen. My object was to convince them that I was no political agent or propagandist, but I subsequently learned that I convinced them of quite the contrary; for their subtle spirit of intrigue impelled them to believe that, like Hamlet, I was only mad "nor' nor' west," and wished to make them presume me harmless because I assumed the madcap. I was now raised several points in their estimation as an "*hombre politico*," and, as will pre-

sently be seen, was awarded in their imaginations a high place in the diplomatic body.

The *Cartuja* is one of the most magnificent convents in Spain. Its lofty nave, with buttresses at regular intervals, and delicate and beautiful pinnacles, give it a charming aspect from every part of the Vega by the side of which it stands, on a considerable eminence, and its distant appearance has not been inaptly likened to our Eton College Chapel. It was finished by Isabella, in 1493, after designs by the celebrated Juan de Colonia, a Burgalese; the architect actually employed being Gil, the father of Diego de Siloé, both likewise Burgalese, and the latter the architect of the Cathedrals of Granada and Malaga. The style is the finest florid Gothic, and the execution so perfect that Philip II., on seeing it for the first time, exclaimed, "*We* have done nothing at the Escurial." The chief objects of interest and wonder here, and amongst the most gorgeous sepulchres in the world, are the magnificent tombs of Juan II., his Queen Isabella of Portugal, and their son the Infante Alfonso. These tombs are all of alabaster, sculptured with the most exquisite art; it is almost impossible to convey an idea of their elegance and splendour. The first mausoleum is a large octagon, on which a bed is laid that supports King Juan's statue, with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand, and by his side the Queen's statue, likewise crowned and holding a book. At her feet is a dog, the emblem of fidelity. The faces are fine and breathe an air of royalty; that of the Queen has some beauty. The crowns are in

elegant taste, especially that of Isabella. Yet this the French monsters shattered, when they overran the Peninsula! The bed on which the Royal pair repose is surrounded by thirteen small statues, of which four represent the Evangelists and the rest different Saints, and sixteen allegorical figures of Virtues, represented chiefly by different animals, while all the remaining parts of the mausoleum are studded with ornamental sculpture of minute excellence, in the same precious material. Of these animals some are most curious, and the ornamental work on the sides, as well as the Royal robes, lace, pearl ornaments, ermine, &c., is executed with wonderful fidelity. The ornaments, although both delicate and magnificent, are too multiplied, however, to be quite consistent with a pure taste, and the details become fatiguing. The Infante's statue is likewise in alabaster, on one side, kneeling and in the attitude of prayer. Small figures of animals and other ornaments are also distributed here in great numbers, and there is an exquisite bordering of vine and other leaves and fruit, all strewn with insect life.

Horrible to relate, there is not a portion of these monuments that has not been ruthlessly hacked and shattered by the French, heads lopped off, noses and other features broken, and everything betokening riches or ornament destroyed in the base envy of abject souls. I could not help haranguing the bystanders, of whom there happened to be some three or four, upon these detestable traces of malice which the French have left behind them. "Good God!" I

exclaimed, "and is it with France that Spaniards are now going to form their most intimate alliance?" Upon leaving, the *Padre Prior* who has charge of this royal convent sent word that he was anxious to see "*el caballero Ingles.*" I accordingly waited upon him in his little *sanctum,* and found an old man drivelling on the verge of dotage, who shook hands with me as warmly as if I was an old acquaintance. Why do you think he wanted to see me? To hear me read a few words of English! He happened to have an English book in his limited store, and as it was an unknown tongue to him he had an itching curiosity on the subject. He made the most ludicrous attempts to imitate my pronunciation of some of the words, and asked me to translate into Spanish this *palabra* and that, putting his finger on them at haphazard. I found him otherwise a well-bred and unassuming old clergyman, but in his dotage he remembered little or nothing of the ravages which the French had committed in the convent gardens, a portion of which is now made over to his use. They ravaged, in fact, both these, the burial-ground, and cloisters, desecrating the graves of venerable men, and uprooting holy cypresses, carried off all the sacred vessels they could find, and stole every valuable picture, tearing them down from the frames where they were not of sufficient value to repay their robbery.

After a ride of a league to Cerdeña, which contains the disurned monument of the Cid, I spurred my Rocinante back to Burgos, and ascended the

Castle Hill, passing the triumphal arch erected by Phillip II. to Fernan Gonzalez, the great hero of Burgos and first Count of Castile, and applied for admittance to the castle, sending in my passport in due form to the Captain of the guard. After cooling my heels on my Bucephalus for a quarter of an hour I received a peremptory refusal, attended with manifestations of considerable commotion amongst the guards, and with the popping out of several officers' heads from embrasures and shot and pigeon-holes. In fact, I was *the* spy—the great political agent—sent precisely to arrange for the taking, in a proximate war by England against France and Spain, of that fortress which the Duke of Wellington himself had failed to take. What a position of dignity! What thickly-crowding honours these double-dyed intrigues thrust upon me! To be even supposed by mistake to be set upon doing that which Wellington found impracticable! Like Horace, I seemed to feel the feathers sprouting over my elbows into nascent wings, and to soar at once into the realms of everlasting fame.

I kicked my heels into the sides of my *Rocinante*, held my little oak-stick at the charge, and went at a long trot up the esplanade, which goes round the exterior of the fortress until you get right over the Cathedral. I deliberately pulled out my note-book and began to "make believe" that I was sketching the weak points of their defences, to the infinite annoyance of several groups of officers and sergeants, who seemed very much in doubt whether

they should not arrest me on the spot, or bring their bayonets to the charge. But I felt the full value of that talismanic name "a British subject," enjoyed my sport, and took rampant fling in repayment of their despicable suspicions. When I had sketched a sufficiency of mock demilunes and hornworks—*demijohns* and *hornbooks* would have been more familiar to my experience—I pulled up my *Rocin* on the brow of the hill, and enjoyed a smothered horse-laugh at the manifest commotion within the Castle, and one of the finest views in Spain,—the splendid *Vega* on the verge of which Burgos is situated, the Alazon river with its numerous bridges, the verdant *Isla* with its noble trees to the right, a charming public walk by the river's edge; the Royal convent of *Las Huelgas* on one side, the regal monasteries of Miraflores and Cerdeña on the other, the picturesque old town with its numerous sacred edifices lying close beneath me, and the clustering pinnacles of the Cathedral at my feet. When my eyes had sufficiently drunk in this charming prospect, and surveyed the positions which the Duke of Wellington occupied on the opposite hill, from San Miguel to San Pedro, I wheeled my charger to the right about, with a military tact which must have astonished the folks in the Castle above, galloped past the guard with a dubious kind of swagger, which might have been interpreted into contemptuous scorn, stopped again to *sketch another of their weak points* when I got to a convenient distance, drove the whole garrison again into an agony, and riding

round the foot of the hill, so as to lay all their nakedness bare (!) took note of what alone really interested me, the three remaining stone fragments of the house which the Cid here occupied, passed under the Moorish arch with a last grim look at the Castle, as if resolutely bent on taking it, and rode back to my Hotel.

CHAPTER XXV.

I am taken for the Secretary of the British Legation at Madrid. —Inconveniences of my new dignity.—Am engaged in a political set-to with a Spanish Colonel.—Two mortal hours of controversial eloquence. — I deliver a propagandist harangue.

Burgos, September 22.

At dinner this day I was treated with a more profound respect than even my supposed political importance had awakened before, and felt convinced that the Burgalese had discovered some new mare's nest concerning me. I was not long in arriving at the solution of the problem. I recounted to the guests at the *table-d'hôte*, including a Brigadier-General in the Spanish Army, the sights which I had witnessed at the *Cartuja*, including the broken heads and noses, the plundered groves and gardens, the pilfered church-plate and pictures, and the shattered alabaster crown of the lovely Queen Isabel, by which the French had commemorated their reign in the Peninsula, in the neighbourhood of Burgos as vividly as in Burgos itself. The youngest, least in-

triguing, and most long-tongued of the company observed:—

"*El señor* takes a lively interest in the question of the *Mon-pon-seer*" marriage (so the Spaniards all pronounce the word).

"Not more," I remarked in reply, "than as a private individual."

"*Pues si, Señor, mucho mas.* You must needs take the interest of a diplomatist."

"How do you mean?"

"*Señores,*" said the incautious youth, addressing the company, "in this *Caballero* you see the Secretary of *la Legacion Britanica* in Madrid!" *

I roared with laughter.

It was impossible to convince them that they were mistaken. The more I tried, the more certain they were that I was a *diplomatico fino.* The more artless were my assurances that I was merely travelling for my own amusement and information, the more consummate did they consider my development in the science of refined hypocrisy, in which Spaniards conceive all politics to consist. I wisely, therefore, abstained from repudiating the supposition further,

* On being introduced subsequently to this gentleman, the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, of whose spirited conduct while Chargé d'Affaires, during the commencement of the Narvaez dynasty, I had occasion to speak in terms of praise in my former work on Spain, I at once perceived the reason of this mistake. In stature, features, and complexion, there happened to be some resemblance between us. I hope he will not be offended by my narrating this occurrence at Burgos, which is the literal and unvarnished truth.

and wore my blushing honours with a degree of dignity borrowed from a recent perusal of Sancho Panza's deportment in his Government of Barataria. Soon however, the inconveniences of my new dignity began to manifest themselves. At the dessert dropt in some half-dozen officers of the garrison of Burgos, under pretence of paying their respects to the Brigadier-General, but in reality, as I presently found, to turn the tables on me for my anti-Montpensier propagandism; and one—positively a Colonel—immediately set to and engaged with me in a political discussion which lasted for two mortal hours. Every dirty tale, and every wretched prejudice, that ever has been circulated against the honour and glory of England, from their interested emancipation of the blacks, to the equally interested enforcement of the right of search, from the poisoning of the Chinese, to the blowing up the China manufactory at Madrid, was flung at my head with amazing rapidity of utterance, and with a dexterity in the handling of sophisms, which showed that this headlong Colonel had been picked out of the whole garrison of Burgos, to put down the supposed Secretary of the British Legation. I need not go over the facts and arguments with which I refuted these several assertions—arguments with which my countrymen are long familiar—nor will I attempt to describe the general course of the discussion, which in itself would fill a volume. I shall merely observe that, though speaking in a foreign language, excitement, by great good luck, supplied me with much fluency, and as I have in argument a habit of keeping noses to the grind-

stone, I was not quite overpowered by the advantage which the Colonel derived from the use of his native tongue, but parried with the little rapier of logic his trenchant toledo. When after a ferocious logomachy we had disposed of this part of the subject, I took occasion to wind up with a propagandist harangue, which I have the satisfaction to say was heard by a score of persons—for the *boato* of this famous controversy had now aroused the whole neighbourhood,—and of which the following is, as near as I can remember, the substance :—

"I have come once more to Spain because I love the country, and admire the people, though I am not blind to their defects. I have come, sick as I am, to traverse it from east to west, because it affects me with so lively an interest. I have thrown myself on Spanish hospitality, and I have been looked on and treated as a spy, my heels dogged by police-agents in every town, my movements watched like those of a malefactor, my private intercourse in hotel and café poisoned by the intrusion of paid police surveillance; because Spaniards are so steeped in political intrigue that even in an invalid travelling for amusement they must see a political agent. But you *will* provoke a political discussion, and shall have it; you *will* invite a consideration of the fitness of this proposed marriage between an Infanta of Spain and a Prince of France. Good. You would remove the Pyrenean barrier, you would draw close the alliance with the neighbouring country.

"Does any Spaniard need to be reminded to-day

of what he owes to France and to French ambition? To French ambition you owe the War of Succession, that fratricidal struggle in which the blood of fathers and of children, of friends and brothers, flowed in unnatural strife, because a French king would have 'no Pyrenees.' To French ambition you owe the War of Independence, which for six years swept your soil with a torrent of horrors and miseries because a French Emperor would send his brother to reign over you, since he too would have 'no Pyrenees,' and employed the blackest treachery and the foulest crimes for the realization of his plan. To French ambition you owe the occupation of 1823, which continued for three years, the murder of Riego, the valorous destruction of the Trocadero, and the loss of your American colonies, because the new French King, whom you helped to restore to the throne, would also have 'no Pyrenees,' and sent a French Prince, with a hundred thousand bayonets, to repay your heroic assistance with oppression. A French Prince comes to-day that there may be 'no Pyrenees' likewise. He wears a bridal garment, but the hue of blood is there; and never—never will that union be approved save by those who have changed the noble name of Spaniard for '*Afrancesado!*'

"It has long been the policy of the Tuileries to keep Spain in a state of pupillage, and Louis Philippe is but an imitator of the Grand Monarque. Choiseul, the ablest minister of France during the eighteenth century, said, that he was more certain of his preponderance in the cabinet of Madrid than in that of Versailles! He said this in the reign of

Carlos III., the ablest of the Spanish Bourbons, when it was no maiden's hand that held the sceptre, and Guizot may say it more securely to-day. Down to the close of the last century France was the planet, and Spain the satellite. Are you still in love with the relation?

"The policy of England in Spain has always been that of non-interference. It is attested by our well-known love of liberty. It was announced by Mr. Canning in 1823, it was announced by Lord Aberdeen in 1843, it has been announced by Lord Palmerston in 1846. The policy of France, on the other hand, has been that of incessant and irritating interference. From the intrigues of the Bourbon succession to the era of the Family Compact, from the audacious intrusion of Napoleon to the insolent inroad of Angoulême, the same pretension to dictate, the same violent intermeddling, has characterized their policy toward you. It was only when that intermeddling might have been of use that it was withheld. Thiers, when the Duke de Frias, Ambassador of Spain, applied for assistance in 1835, said, 'It is not the business of France to pacify Spain:' and Regny directed the French Ambassador in Madrid, Reyneval, to refuse all protection 'and prevent the Spanish cabinet from indulging hopes which could not be realized.' Immediately, too, before the Convention of Bergara, the answer of France to the secret propositions for pacification evinced the most cold-blooded indifference, while that of Lord Palmerston showed the most anxious desire for the permanent establishment of Spanish

constitutional liberty. Again, in the really beneficial intervention under the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, all the work was done by England, as the work of expelling the invader by force of arms was done by her in the Peninsular War. France looked on with an eye of indifference till there was a princess and a dower to clutch! The whole recent course of England towards Spain has been one of beneficence. Need I say what that of France has been? In her three alliances with France, Spain lost first her colonies and fleet, and last nearly the whole of her army; and in her wars with that fatal neighbour, into whose arms she now blindly rushes, she was stripped of her magnificent possessions in Burgundy, Roussillon, Franche-Comté, the Low Countries, and Portugal.

"When Napoleon resolved to become master of the Peninsula, he commenced with the invasion of Portugal, for various reasons, of which the chief probably was that, as there was no family alliance there, as between France and Spain, an injustice done to the former country would be less shocking and startling to the common feelings of mankind. That the Emperor himself regarded an invasion of Spain in that light, is evident from a remarkable expression which he used in conversation with his aide-de-camp, Savary, as recorded by Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire:* 'I am always afraid of a change of which I do not see the scope; the best plan of all would be to avoid a war with Spain; it would be a kind of *sacrilege* (he used the expression), but I shall not shrink

from making it!' Need I describe by what revolting perfidy, by what vile and felonious acts, he obtained possession of your fine fortresses of San Sebastian, Montjuich, and Pamplona? One of his own generals, Baron Foy, calls the Spanish invasion 'une traîtreuse usurpation!'

"I have passed with the curiosity of a traveller and a lover of art from the Pyrenean frontier to the heart of Castile, have leisurely examined your principal monuments, and what have I seen on my journey? Towns preserving the traces of plunder, hamlets ruined and too weak to repair the destruction. I asked, 'Who did this?' and was answered 'The French!' I have seen the palaces of your ancient nobility and your venerable prelates rifled of all their contents and burnt, then shattered in mere wantonness with cannon balls. I asked, 'Who did this?' and was answered 'The French!' I have seen strong castles dismantled, and fortresses by nature and art inpregnable left without one stone standing on another, magazines and towers blown up by matches which dastards left alight in flying, cathedrals which had been left in the same condition, saved by accident or by the hand of Heaven. I asked 'Who did this?' and was answered 'The French!' I have seen where female peasants had been ravished, and males burnt to death for attempting to prevent it, where vineyards and gardens were converted into a wilderness, and cornfields too extensive to be all consumed, destroyed in very riot. I asked 'Who did this?' and was answered, 'The French!' I have seen your beautiful convents rifled, your magnificent

churches and cathedrals robbed of their plate and pictures, statues of alabaster and of marble maimed on the noblest sepulchres in the world. I asked, 'Who did this?' and was answered, 'The French!' The French have never appeared but as your destroyers, the English, during this century, save as your benefactors, except once or twice that you have suffered from the excesses of the scum of our soldiery.

"And yet you do not like the English, Señores, but would relish us much more had we never done Spain a service. 'I am convinced,' says the Duke of Wellington in his despatches, 'that the majority of the officers of the Spanish army would prefer submitting to the French to allowing us to have anything to say to their troops.' An eminent Spanish authority, Arguellas, has likewise admitted that at that period his countrymen would have more readily placed themselves under the protection of France, with all the insults and injuries which she had made them suffer, than of England with all the magnificent services she had rendered. Such, to the generality of minds, is the burthen of favours which it is impossible to reciprocate—such is the debt of eternal gratitude.

"The English cannot help their superiority, and it is their inevitable fate to be envied. Mark, that I do not assume for my countrymen any inherent superiority. Their superiority is merely of accident. Spaniards have quite as great capabilities, but they are lost in the vortex of political intrigue.

"I lately passed through Vitoria, where they are entirely engaged in preparing processions, banquets,

and dances to welcome the French Princes. What point a little historical recollection gives to these antic caperings! It was thus that in 1808 the Basques welcomed Bonaparte, erecting triumphant arches to him precisely as now to Montpensier. The inscription on the Napoleon arches was a pleasant farce:—

'A L'HEROS INVAINCU LES CANTABRES INVAINCUS.'

"They were conquered within a few months by that same Napoleon, and their strongest fortress, San Sebastian, treacherously seized, and held for five years and a half, when it was wrested from the French grasp by British valour! These same Basques repaid this treachery, but it was against their British allies, whom they more than once assailed from behind and cut off in detached parties when they could: The Duke of Wellington prayed 'to be delivered from such allies,' and warned our Government to prepare for a war with that very country, which but for him would now be a province of France. In later years, our brave legion under Evans received equal proofs of kindness and gratitude from the Basques. Thank God, they have taught us a lesson!

"I visited the battle-field of Vitoria. With what feelings will the French Princes pass over that fatal ground! Will not bloody spectres in war's array seem to arise to arrest their steps, and warn them of the future through the memory of the past? Will not the ghosts of shattered columns of their countrymen, gliding along the horizon of that mighty plain, seem to form anew into a barrier across their path, interposed between them and the consummation of

their mad design? The advance to Madrid, the ill-omened marriage, will recall the last French Prince who was there enthroned an Intrusive King, and on this very plain had the insignia of royalty wrenched from his feeble grasp by the allied might of England and of Spain, whose wishes are now defied. The military escort and the uniform of General, which forbid them to think of aught but the pride and pomp of war, may suggest that even Jourdan, a Marshal of France, had there his eagles seized, his braveries crumpled, his very bâton of command made captive. Why, but because France would be an intruder in Spain? And yet they will persevere with these boding nuptials which Heaven and Earth forbid!"*

* That this scene is described exactly as it occurred, without the least exaggeration, any one who passes through Burgos may satisfy himself by inquiring at the *Parador de las Diligencias Peninsulares,* in the Calle de la Pescaderia, where it took place. The discussion between *el doliente Ingles* (the sick Englishman) and the Spanish Colonel, in the presence of the Brigadier-General and a numerous company, will be at once remembered. I have the satisfaction to state that the words which I said that day bore good fruit subsequently, for the *Ayuntamiento* of Burgos declined to vote any taxation for extraordinary expenses to commemorate the Duke de Montpensier's marriage, alleging, with great propriety, that as they had never thus noticed the passage of Spanish Princes, it would be indecorous to do so for a foreigner—an independent course for which they were cast into prison by the tyrants who rule in Madrid, but which was calculated to awaken in their prostrate countrymen a spirit that might have led to very different results.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Montpensier Blockade.—I am refused post-horses, and cannot proceed by Valladolid.—Forced to resort to intrigue.—The *muchacha* Francisca befriends me.—Our plans are formed, and almost defeated by a *holgazan's* lubberly laziness.—They succeed through a woman's ingenuity.—Particulars of the *espionnage* to which I was subjected at Burgos.—A Zaragozano.—An *Afrancesado*.—The value of French books of travel.—A dissatisfied Englishman.—The Parador *Boots*.—The night porter.—Advice to Travellers.—I start for Madrid.

Burgos, September 23.

Not a post-horse can be had for love or money. I have just returned from an interview with the Administrador de las Postas. He states that his orders from the government are of the most stringent description, not to give a horse or mule to any individual whatsoever until the Princes shall have passed. 1,865 horses have been ordered to be kept in readiness for the Princes and their suite, along the road from Irun to Madrid! Thus a Montpensier blockade has been established, of which I am to be made the victim. I will not say that this is an infringement of my rights as a British subject, since I do not pretend to have any rights here, not even to

be exempt from the intrusion of *mouchards* on my privacy, but it is a violation of the courtesies due to travellers in a civilized country, and especially due to Englishmen here, which no government but the grinding despotism that now prevails in Madrid would attempt. There are more than half-a-dozen travellers in this and the other Parador, delayed by this absurd blockade, which is laid on unnecessarily soon, since the French Princes have not yet set out from Paris; and here we must cool our heels for an indefinite period, since the places in both Diligences and in the Silla-Correo are engaged for days to come, and every chance vacancy is sure to be seized through favour by some Burgalese notability repairing to the festivities at Madrid. I have tried to go round by Valladolid, which adds only forty miles to the journey to the metropolis, but find that road more run upon even than the direct one, there being such a rush of people returning at this season from the several watering-places on the coast.

In ordinary seasons, when the road is clear, the traveller who is not pressed for time will do well to go round by Valladolid, which is preferable to the comparatively uninteresting road direct to Madrid. In the Valladolid Museum he will see an extensive collection of painted sculpture in wood, comprising some of the finest specimens of this peculiar art in Spain, and besides the fine old churches and convents, and the unfinished classic cathedral, he will behold in the magnificent *custodia* and a few other isolated specimens, the only remnants which French robbery has left of the once unrivalled *plateria*, for which Valla-

dolid is so celebrated. He may likewise, when he ascends the Guadárrama upon his onward journey to Madrid, stop to visit the Escorial, that huge gridiron-palace, whose *bizarre* shape and monster size constitute now its chief claims to attention, since the pictures which once formed its supurb ornaments are now all collected in the Museum at Madrid. Unless, therefore, the traveller is easy as to time, he need not make this *détour*.

Thus foiled in all my attempts to get on to Madrid, through the *Mon-pon-seer* vertigo—since even had I brought a horse or mule, riding in my state of health a distance of 42½ leagues (150 miles) would be death,—I began to repent of not having accepted Colonel Towneley's handsome offer, and to inquire about the capabilities of the *galeras*, *tartanas*, and *mensagerias*, springless covered waggons of different sizes, which I found would have almost wearied the life out of me first, (taking nearly a week to perform the journey,) and shaken out the little remnant left of it afterwards. Accordingly, I was forced to become a Spaniard for the nonce, and try my hand at intrigue.

Amongst the *muchachas* or waiting-maids at the hotel was one named Francisca, who, without being exactly good-looking had large and expressive eyes, which might reasonably pass as a substitute for beauty. She had tried their power on me repeatedly, and the like, I am bound to say (in narrating this truthful history) did sundry Burgalese dames and damsels of more pretension and loftier state, whom I met some two or three suc-

cessive evenings on the *Espolon*, or public walk, by the river. Against her, however, as against their fascination, I was proof, and all her innocent (as I believe) yet considerable arts were exhausted in the vain attempt to make an impression on a heart which sickness has made much less susceptible than heretofore. Reduced at last *au vrai désespoir*, she burst, the night of my controversy with the Colonel, in the presence of her mistress and of all the other maids, with the inexpressible warmth of a true southern heart, into this flattering exclamation:—

"*Yo gusto de usted muchisimo!*" (I like you infinitely much, *muchest.*) I was bound to reply *en caballero*:—

"*Ah! que lastima que no tengo ni fuerza de sentimientos ni de salud para responder á la preferencia lisonjera de tan hermosa señora!*" (Ah, what a pity that I have neither strength of sentiment nor health to respond to the flattering preference of so handsome a young lady.)

Francisca dropt a tear, and acknowledged that she felt, from what she had witnessed, that my complaint appeared incurable. The frankness of these people is one of their most irresistible charms. Deeply impressed, as I have been for the last two years, with the conviction that my days are numbered and speedily to terminate, there is nothing which more annoys me than the blundering efforts of misguided benevolence to persuade me that I am a fool for my too well-founded conjectures. I was even pleased with the frank *brusquerie* of an-

ther *muchacha*, Joaquina, who thereupon addressed me as follows:—"*Si, si, bien veo que el caballero está para caer con la caida de la hoja!*" (Yes, yes, I see that the gentleman is to fall with the fall of the leaf!)

I made use of my influence with the tender Francisca to secure a seat for me to Madrid. Soon she conceived an admirable plan with all the dexterity of a Spanish woman in love; for as I assured her that the climate of Burgos was most injurious to my health, and even dangerous to life, there was nothing to be gained, but all to be lost, by detaining me, and like a true traveller, I vowed, if I got better, to return. Her plan was this—to get the *Patrona*, or landlady of the hotel, Donna Trinidad, (a fine Madonna-like woman) to write a letter to the *Mayoral* of the Diligence, to be delivered this day at Monasterio, about twelve miles on the Frenchward side of Burgos, engaging him to retain a seat for me from that point, by which all the Burgalese would be anticipated. The letter accordingly was written, and I went in search of the *Zagal* who had accompanied me when I rode out to the *Cartuja*, offering him a dollar for delivering it. The lubber promised to tell me within an hour, at my hotel, whether he could undertake the journey. An hour passed and he came not. Walking, to me, is intolerable slavery, yet I was obliged to return to the livery-stables in the Huerto del Rey, when he coolly told me that he couldn't go—though the day was magnificently fine; and not even an increased reward—*cosas de España!* could tempt any one of the *holgazanes* (lazy clod-

hoppers) present to undertake this trifling journey, though they would have returned to town in the Diligence. I returned to Francisca in greater despair than ever. But, bless her true woman's heart! she straight went off to a youth who was one of her admirers, and engaged him to proceed to deliver the letter instantly—a task which he undertook with all possible alacrity; and though much time had thus been lost, so well did he apply himself to the work that my letter was delivered at Quitanapalla, about ten miles beyond Burgos, by four o'clock. The Diligence arrived by seven p. m., and my seat was happily secured by this contrivance, for which my heart overflowed with gratitude to Francisca; and, as I gave to her lover the price of a fine new *sombrero*, I secretly whispered to them both, that I hoped he would soon make her happy.

Joyfully I completed my arrangements for the onward journey, and here I will take occasion to note a few features in the *espionnage*, to which I was subjected at Burgos, and of which Francisca duly informed me. The three special spies set upon me (who was supposed to be the greatest spy of all) were the Zaragozano, whom I have already mentioned, an *Afrancesado* madrilene, who had been brought up at Paris (both travellers stopping at the same hotel) and the *muchacha* Francisca herself! The former was not destitute of shrewdness, but he had already aroused my suspicion by the tenacity with which he had fastened himself on me, by his too palpable affectation of *Ayacuchismo*, and by the extravagant encomiums upon Espartero into which he launched from time to time. His utter incredulity, too, upon the

subject of my illness, which he evidently believed to be only affected, had struck me as very peculiar; and when he would talk politics in the walks in which he was so anxious to accompany me, I noted the silent and intense interest with which he awaited my replies, and answered him purposely *à tort et à travers*, and always wide of the mark. He was rather feeling, too, in the sort of leading questions which he put me—as, for instance, "*si usted no tiene padre y madre?*" But my disgust was confirmed, when at the *Espolon*, beneath the statue of Fernan Gonzales, on my asking, to try him, who might that be? he answered, with an ignorant indifference unhappily too characteristic of Spain, "*Es alguna notabilidad del tiempo de los Romanos!*" After that I shunned him instinctively. The *Afrancesado* was more keen and dangerous, but the antipathy of our political views was so decided, and we so frequently clashed in argument, that I was saved from much peril in that quarter, where it was impossible that I could repose my confidence. And as to the poor, harmless Francisca, her *surveillance* was all in my favour.

The value of French historical testimony and books of travels is well illustrated by what they say of this fine old town. "Burgos," says Breton, in his *Description de l'Espagne*, "was alternately with Toledo the chief place of the monarchy while the *French* House of Burgundy reigned in this country—that is to say, down to the death of Queen Jeanne in 1555." "It was *Charles the Fifth*," he proceeds, "who transferred to Madrid the seat of his government in Spain." He further adds that "the cathedral of Burgos and the Alhambra of Gra-

nada bear a remarkable resemblance to the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem." He might as well say that this egg and this candlestick bear a remarkable resemblance to that ink-bottle. A Monsieur Masson de Morvilliers coolly records, in writing the history of Old Castile, that "it did not rain once on the Sierra Morena *for a period of fourteen years!*—which produced," he adds, "a *secheresse* so great that all the springs were dried up, the forests burnt, &c."—an absurd blunder founded on a mistake in interpreting the historian Mariana, who relates that in 1210 there was a frightful famine in the kingdom of Toledo, where rain did not fall for nine consecutive months. Madame d'Aulnoy, a most agreeable but inaccurate writer, has this nonsense: "All is so nourishing at Burgos, that an egg gives more sustenance here than a pigeon elsewhere; I believe it to be an effect of the climate," and the latest coxcomb, the Marquis de Custine, says: "We could see neither Vitoria nor Burgos, so bad a medium is the Diligence for those who travel for curiosity"!

Some peculiarities in the service at this Parador are deserving of record. The *Boots*, a little leathern-aproned *zagal*, presented himself every morning, at my bed-chamber door, demanding payment for the pair of boots which he had cleaned. In vain I told him that I would pay him for all at leaving. Nothing but "ready money down" would content him. I found this to arise from the fact that, as the Diligences all set out during the night, he feared he should be duped out of his fee. A porter came round in the middle of every night, and knocked

with terrific force at each door. This was to arouse the Diligence passengers. He roused me with the rest, when this dialogue ensued :—

"*Usted está para Madrid?*" (Are you for Madrid?)

"*Yo paro aqui.*" (I stop here.)

"*Usted está para Madrid?*"

"*Por amor de Dios, hombre, vaya! Yo paro aqui.*" (For the love of God, man, go away. I'm stopping here!)

"*Usted está para Madrid?*"

"*Hijo del Demonio, no!*" (Son of the Devil, no!)

"*Bueno. Porque no decir este la primera vez?*" (Very good. Why didn't you say so the first time?)

Every night the same interruption occurred, the man being imperturbable in carrying out his system. I would therefore advise those who purpose remaining any time in Burgos to stop at the *Parador Nuevo* de Lucus Rebillo, in the Barrio de Vega, on the opposite side of the river, just fronting the *Espolon,* where they will find a quiet house and very good accommodations.

I took my place in the interior of the Diligence at three a. m., and snapped my fingers at the police of Burgos.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lerma.—Aspect of Castile.—Magnificent wheat districts left uncultivated.—*Dehesas* and *despoblados*.—Gumiel de Izan.—Aranda de Duero.—We ascend the Somosierra.—The town.—The supper.—"Tea and eggs."—Veritable *Roast Pig*.—Invocation of the shade of Charles Lamb.—Reminiscence of the battle.—Buitiago.—San Sebastian de los Reyes.—Fuencarral.—The Bilbao Gate.—We enter Madrid.

Madrid, September 25.

The road from Burgos to this Metropolis is forty-two and a half leagues in length, and we set out in the Diligence shortly after three o'clock yesterday morning, a central seat in the interior, which was all filled, falling to my unhappy lot. Of my companions one was a young Spanish *militar*, and another an old one,—the former a violent *Afrancesado*, the other an admirer of the English, with whom he had served in the Peninsular War. We passed first through the inconsiderable towns of Sarracin (one league), Cogollos (a league and a half), and in four leagues more, by a fine stone bridge of nine arches over the Arlanza, we entered

Lerma, once a considerable but now a decayed

town, with 1360 inhabitants, engaged in tanning and pottery. There is a vast but now unoccupied palace here, which was built in 1604, by the prime minister of Philip III., who obtained his ducal title from this place, and figures in *Gil Blas*. The colonnade and staircase are noble, and the *patio* on a grand scale, but the French, distributing their favours impartially throughout the Peninsula, first plundered and then converted it into a barrack. The *Colegiata* church is likewise a fine structure, for which the town is indebted to this hypocritical duke. The marble tabernacle and bronze angels are worthy of notice, as is also the monument to Cardinal Lerma, which is said to be the work of the Italian Leoni. A league distant from this town is the Villa Vieja, where the celebrated Cura Merino was born.

On leaving Lerma the country soon becomes a drear and arid waste,—a perfect *dehesa,* without wood or water, realizing the traveller's worst anticipations of the barren tracts of Castile. The occasional churches here are the only edifices that have any pretension to consideration, having belfry-towers, unlike the Basque Provinces; the dwelling-houses are for the most part miserable, and chiefly built of mud or of *adobes,* a coarse brick dried in the sun; the windows are rarely supplied with glass or any substitute; and about Ocaña the people burrow in holes in the hill-sides, more like beasts than human beings, precisely as I have seen in parts of the Island of Madeira. The Castilian peasant is hard-working, and lives a hard life; he is rude and without the

slightest civilization. But he has few vices and much nobility of character. His wants are few and easily supplied, and he is clothed in the *paño pardo*, or warm and dark undyed wool from the flocks of his district. Pride may be said to be equally shared by Basques and Castilians, and the fictions of heraldry and universal nobility of race prevail upon both banks of the Ebro; but the pride of the Castilian is the more indomitable. The Castiles and Leon contain some of the finest wheat districts in the world, and the varieties grown are not less than twenty in number. These immense plains might be the granary of Europe, but through the wretchedly low state of agriculture, the *labradores* grow barely enough for their own subsistence, while the numerous *dehesas* and *despoblados* (desert and dispeopled wastes) on both sides of the roads as we passed, burnt up by the sun into great patches of utter sterility, showed what a lack of human energy is here, and of human fulfilment of the designs of Providence.

The road passes through the small towns of QUINTANILLA (one league), BAHABON (twenty-three and a quarter leagues), then passes the small river Esgueva, which flows to Valladolid, then through OQUILLAS (one league) and in a league and a quarter enters

GUMIEL DE IZAN, a walled town, with 2090 inhabitants. The façade of the principal church is imposing, and the Corinthian portal good. It was erected in 1627, and is adorned with some good statues of saints and cardinal virtues. Here we met a detachment of military just arrived from Madrid, *àpropos* of Montpensier, to denote the "spon-

taneous enthusiasm" of the people. Two leagues further is

ARANDA DE DUERO, with near 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Douro. I recognised with pleasure this fine river, with whose other extremity in Portugal I am so familiar, as well as with the Tagus, which I shall have to pass at Talavera, upon this same journey. Aranda is a considerable town, and pleasantly situated amongst vineyards, with which Father Douro could not fail to encircle himself. The river is crossed by a handsome bridge of three arches, and fringed with rows of poplars, over which the balconied houses hang with a pleasing effect. This town was often in former days a residence of Castilian Kings, and the ancient royal palace is still standing, where a provincial council was held in 1474 by Carrillo, Archbishop of Toledo. The bishop's palace was destroyed by the polite amiability of the French, and still retains the marks of their good-natured cannon-balls. The portal of the principal church is a fine specimen of Gothic, of the era of Ferdinand and Isabella, and enriched with niches, statuary, and well-executed alto-relievos. The *retablo* within is worthy of notice, containing subjects from the life of the Virgin. The Dominican convent is also worthy of notice, having a good Doric and Ionic portal. Aranda is the birth-place of Bernardo Sandovel y Rojas, Cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, and still more distinguished as the patron of Cervantes. Here we obtained some grapes to allay the noon-day heats, which were now intense, and felt with additional distress in the crowded in

terior of the Diligence. I notice this fact especially, because it was the only place on the road where any casual refreshment was offered by the silly people. The price which they demanded for a magnificent bunch was less than a halfpenny! The country for many miles possesses not one feature of interest, yet produces excellent corn and tolerable wine.

The road now passes through the small towns of MILAGROS (two leagues), PARDILLA (half a league), and HONRUBIA (one league). Next we passed through the petty towns of FRESNILLO (two and a half leagues), BOCEGUILLAS (one league), CASTILLEJO (a league and a half), and CEREZO DE ABAJO (a league and a half) on the slope of the Somosierra mountains. Now we slowly ascended the steep Somosierra (it was 9 p. m. and beginning to be very cold). We passed to the right the *Venta de Juanilla*, which has been latterly converted into the Parador of the "Diligencias Generales," where the passengers of the other Diligence were supping as we went by; now we crossed by a small bridge the *arroyo* or mountain streamlet which runs through the pass, and now we passed a pillar with an inscription, which marks the boundary between the two Castiles. The pass here opened wild and romantic before us, with fantastic masses of rock looming past us at intervals in the darkness, and a keen gust of wind blowing in our faces. The result for me was terrible, causing a violent and unremitting action of the lungs, which no use of the respirator could allay. At ten we reached the small town of

SOMOSIERRA, containing 350 inhabitants, and alit

for supper at the Diligence Parador. My illness had increased so by inevitable exposure to the keen night-air (for it is as impossible for me to exist without abundance of air as it is to breathe *such* air with impunity) that to join the rest of the passengers in their hearty supper I found quite impracticable, being compelled to reduce as far as possible the amount of internal irritation. I accordingly called for tea and eggs, "*té con dos o tres huevos cocidos*—" (beware of saying *cosidos*, a common Englishman's blunder, for even politeness will not prevent a laugh, the meaning being then "a couple of *stitched* eggs;" you must pronounce the *c*, as universal in Spanish before *e* and *i*, like *th*, and the participle for "boiled" *cothidos*.) Here the invariable results of putting Spanish servants the least out of their way became apparent. Neither the tea nor eggs appeared until the supper was more than half over. Then the eggs were brought without a spoon to eat them, the tea was a single cup of the smallest. Here was a meal for the crest of one of the coldest mountains in Europe! for the centre of a pass which is often blocked up with snow! I called for a spoon to eat the eggs, and they brought me a table-spoon; Spaniards eat their eggs, when done *à la coq*, invariably by dipping the end of a piece of bread within the shell. I called for a second spoon, but was of course regarded as ridiculously troublesome, and immediately desisted, transferring the spoon from my teacup to my egg. The tea was without milk, and when I asked for the latter they stared—"the goats were ten miles off on the further slope of the mountain." A cow had not

been seen there for generations! Quintessence of comforts for an invalid! I almost repented of my journey, but the invincible rage of travel and of observation sustained me even to laughing at my distresses. I called so energetically for more tea that at last they brought me the teapot. The other passengers had meanwhile discussed some dozen fowls and partridges, of which their very comfortable supper consisted, with beef, roast veal and mutton (for their Diligence meals are most plentiful, yet the charge only a couple of shillings), together with a rarity which we found only this once on the journey—a veritable *roast pig*. Shade of Charles Lamb, how the sight and smell would have delighted thee! And still more amid the Somosierra asperities—5,000 feet above the sea. I was near doing violence to myself to partake of this Mandarin feast, but the state of my inner man made this impossible, although the *Mayoral* (coachman) who here sat down with us, pressed me strongly to partake of what he knew to be an English dish. The great corollary which I deduce is that you should always put up here with what is laid before you, and you are sure to pick out something excellent, while, unless your illness, like mine, be of great severity, you will not gain by demanding specialties for your repast.

As we immerged again into the pass, we saw the spot where 12,000 Spaniards, with sixteen cannon, fled on the 30th of November, 1808, before a charge of Polish lancers, and thus yielded the natural gate by which Madrid should be defended—a melancholy surrender, by an army, of an impregnable position

which a handful of men might have held for days, over which it is better to weep than scold, in recollection of the noble exploits of the Guerrillas during the subsequent war, and the great and good service which the Spanish army performed at San Marcial. What they lost on the Somosierra in heroism they took out afterwards in boasting, for a Spanish historian of the war, Paez, says that "a corps of Spaniards here combated the entire French army, commanded by Napoleon in person!" They, in fact, retired with great expedition, their army disappearing from the face of the earth, till they rallied at last at Talavera, and hanged their unfortunate general, San Juan, from a tree, "*pour encourager les autres.*" The road in half a league enters

Robregordo, still continuing on the crest of the mountain. In passing the Somosierra, the sharp and to pulmonary patients almost deadly air of a frequently snow-clad elevation, so far above the level of the sea, continued to affect my lungs dreadfully for several hours, and more than once (I will confess) made me begin to repent of my journey. The evil was aggravated by the passage occurring at midnight, but (as both the Diligences had fixed the same hour) this was, also, inevitable, and it required, indeed, an unconquerable rage of travel cheerfully to submit to the affliction. I will not dwell on this scene longer than to declare that, for a considerable period, both my fellow-passengers and myself were in momentary expectation of my dying in the Diligence. I tried to use the respirator, but found that without a copious atmosphere I could not exist, and was

obliged to keep one of the windows open, which, while it preserved my life, aggravated my sufferings. I must do my *compagnons de voyage* the justice to say that, under these trying circumstances, they manifested great politeness and consideration. The old *militar* was all solicitude, and the young *Afrancesado* forgot the irritation of our frequent arguments. On descending the Southern slope of the Somosierra my sufferings became gradually mitigated, and in two and a half leagues we entered

BIUTRAGO, on the right hand of the Lozoya, a trout-steam of considerable celebrity. This town is very ancient, and walled, communicating with its *arrabal* (suburb) by an old escutcheoned gate; it has two Plazas and 430 inhabitants, who are chiefly employed in securing and washing the fleece of the merinoes in the *rebaños trashumantes*, or migratory (*mesta*) flocks of the Duke del Infantado, who has a palace, a bosque (kind of park) and extensive pastures near the town. The road from this to Madrid, some forty-five miles, is of great sterility, and the miserable desert already begins to show itself. The road passes through LOZOYUELA (one and a half league) at the foot of a mountain called *Pico de la Miel* (Honey Peak), CABRERA (one and a half league) at the foot of the Serra of Biutrago, on which is seen the famous convent, now of course uninhabited, CABRENILLAS (one league), SAN AGUSTIN (three leagues), and in three leagues more enters

SAN SEBASTIAN DE LOS REYES, a town of 1025 inhabitants, seated in a district remarkable within a

lmited extent for the excellence and abundance of its water, and here producing a fair crop of corn, wine, and vegetables. This town, like most on the road from Burgos to Madrid, bears traces of the amiable treatment of the French after their shameful defeat at Bailen. The whole line of road as far as Burgos was devastated by them with fire and sword, the flocks and herds driven off, vines and fig-trees destroyed in malice, whole harvests of wheat eaten or demolished, and towns and cities wrecked and their finest buildings defaced. In vain the defenceless peasantry applied to Marshal Moncey for protection. They were not even permitted to extinguish the flames in which his troops had enveloped their houses, and smouldering ashes were all that was left to the people. By this road too fled on the same occasion the miserable intrusive King *Pepé*, having first taken care to provide for his travelling expenses by robbing the churches of Madrid and Ferdinand's Palace of all the plate which he could collect! Very close to this town is

ALCOBENDAS, with 1650 inhabitants, and in one league and three quarters, we entered

FUENCARRAL, with a population of 1900. This town (an exception to the general desert that prevails for the last ten leagues of road to Madrid, which are dreary, arid, and nearly destitute of vegetation or water) is the first stage from Madrid, from which it is only a league and a half distant, and supplies the metropolis largely with vegetables, grain, and fruit, including the exquisite *pardillo*, (a small white grape,) and *muscatel*, as well as some red wine

Its turnips are famous in *la Córte,* as the inflated Madrilenos are fond of calling their city, for their delicate flavour. The greater part of the eggs consumed in Madrid is sent from this neighbourhood, and here they also manufacture hams; here too is an old mansion of the Mendoza family, where Napoleon lodged during the month of December, 1808, through fear of the Spanish retributive knife. Two miles further on we passed Chamartin, where the Duke de Osuna has a country house, in which a breakfast is to be prepared for the French Princes to give them "pluck" on their entrance, and in two miles more, by the Bilbao gate, we entered Madrid.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Madrid: The *Puerta del Sol.*—The *Plaza del Oriente.*—The Royal Palace.—Count Bresson's formal demand of the hand of the Infanta Luisa.—He mounts by the same staircase which Diego Leon stormed.—And is magnificently received.—Speeches of Count Bresson, Queen Cristina, Queen Isabel, and the Infanta.—Contradiction of the Prime Minister, Isturiz, by Her Majesty's Representative at Madrid.—Letter of General Serrano; Mr. Bulwer's reply.

Madrid, September 25.

By good luck I have arrived in the Spanish metropolis on a memorable day. After breakfasting in the *Fonda de las Postas Peninsulares*, sleeping for a couple of hours to repair the fatigues of the heavy Diligence drive from Burgos, and washing off the stains of travel, I emerged to the *Puerta del Sol*, within three minutes' walk of my hotel, and found all the world on the alert. The entire space was crowded, from the church of *Buen Suceso* to the Post-office, from the Salle de Alcalá to the Casa de Cordero; and cloak and *sombrero* were in general agitation in respect of the formal demand of the hand of the Infanta Luisa for the Duke de Montpensier, which Count Bresson, the French Ambas-

sador, was this day to make. I followed the living stream towards the Royal Palace, and took up my station in the noble *Plaza del Oriente* in front of the magnificent regal pile, which is perhaps the grandest palace in Europe, under a burning sun and amongst crowds of round velvet hats and mantillas, attracted manifestly by curiosity more than relish, to witness the state procession.

We had not long to wait. In the square in front of the palace were erected trophies of arms, and showy detachments of dragoons and lancers were stationed at intervals to give military splendour to the scene. Presently the clatter of horses' hoofs and the roll of carriage-wheels were heard, and soon emerged to view three of the court carriages, drawn for the most part by "piaffing" Andalucían horses, and guided by cauliflower-wigged coachmen in the most approved European fashion. Each carriage was crowded behind with clustering servants, all in full-dress liveries, whom Queen Isabel had sent to do honour to the occasion, and the procession was escorted by a numerous detachment of cavalry. It passed in solemn silence; not a voice was raised in welcome. On reaching the grand entrance, Count Bresson alighted and entered the palace, followed by the officers of the Embassy. On his arriving at the foot of the staircase—the same by which Diego Leon and his men ascended four years and a half since, when, at Cristina's bidding, and with the connivance of France, they went to carry off the Queen and Infanta by main force, and kept up a fusillade of some hours in the interior of the Royal

Palace—the French Ambassador was received by all the Mayor-domos on duty, in their full costume. This was all I saw.

But as this was a most important and memorable occasion, I shall transcribe from the official record the subsequent proceedings and the speeches which were delivered:—The procession passed to the principal Sala of Audience, where their Majesties, Queens Isabel and Cristina, drest in full state and wearing magnificent diadems, were standing on the platform in front of the throne, surrounded by Grandes, Ministers, Chamberlains, and Ladies of Honour. On the French Ambassador being introduced, Queen Isabel took her seat on the throne, and Queen Cristina on a chair of state beside her, and Count Bresson commenced the following address to the Queen-Mother:—

"Madam,—A double joy awaits your heart as a mother—a delightful satisfaction your heart as a Queen. Your Majesty is about in one day to insure the happiness of your august daughters, and contribute to confirm by their marriages, order, liberty, and union in this noble country, whose destinies you so wisely and courageously directed during many years. This reward was due to your Majesty, after so many trials, and the King, my august Sovereign, in offering to you his congratulations, put up vows to Heaven that in the future your Majesty may be completely remunerated. The King intreats you to confirm solemnly, on this day, the consent you have already given to her Royal Highness the Infanta."

Queen Christina replied,—

"The approaching marriages of my beloved daughters cause me the joy of seeing fulfilled on one and the same day all my hopes—all my desires. By these unions I see insured the happiness of these pledges of my maternal love, as well as a futurity of peace and concord for this magnanimous nation, which I call with pride my country. I give at the same time to your Sovereign the most striking proof of my affection by consenting, with all the effusion of my heart, to the marriage of my beloved daughter the Infanta with the Duke de Montpensier. She will thus enter an august family, who by their practice form an example of every private and public virtue."

Count Bresson then addressed Queen Isabel in the following terms :—

"Madam,—Your Majesty has not been contented with insuring your own happiness and that of Spain by giving your hand to a Prince most worthy of his high destiny, but you have also thought of the happiness of a beloved sister, and deigned to consent to her union with the youngest son of a King who was already bound to your Majesty by so many ties, and to Spain by sympathy and his admiration for a people standing so high in history. To-day the Cortes of the kingdom, so enlightened and so patriotic, have by their deliberations and addresses partaken in the wishes and intentions of your Majesty, and I come in the name of the King, my august Sovereign, to request that you will first accept his congratula-

tions and best wishes, and next, that you will solemnly confirm the consent already granted by you for the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Donna Luisa Fernanda with His Royal Highness the Duke de Montpensier."

Her Majesty Queen Isabel replied,—

"Called by Divine Providence to fill the throne of Spain, the happiness of this great nation has ever been the object of all my endeavours. My heart flatters me with the hope that I have secured it by the union I am about to contract. The Prince who is about to call himself my consort is worthy of the title, from his high qualities. I am also indebted to Divine Providence for a companion of my childhood, who has been inseparable from me from my infancy—a sister whom I love tenderly, and whose happiness I wished to insure as my own. May God grant me the consolation of knowing that my object has been attained by giving her hand to the youngest son of your King—to a Prince whose eminent merits already recall the rare virtues of his august father. Encouraged by the vote of the Cortes of the kingdom, whose loyal and sincere congratulations I have just received, I declare to you, Sir, that I repeat and solemnly confirm my Royal consent to the celebration of the marriage of my well-beloved sister the Infanta of Spain, Donna Luisa Fernanda of Bourbon, to Prince Antoine Marie Philippe Louis of Orleans, Duke de Montpensier. I request, Sir, that you will make this known to your Sovereign, my well-beloved uncle, whose congratulations I accept with the most

lively gratitude. And may the Almighty, who so visibly guides and protects him, grant that these two marriages may be pledges for the happiness of our two families, and for the peace and prosperity of the two nations."

Queen Cristina next sent the Marqueza de Santa Cruz, Camarera-mayor, to seek the Infanta in her apartments.

Count Bresson then addressed to the Infanta the following speech :—

"Madam,—Heaven has presided over your birth, and your Royal Highness combines every gift and every grace. Happy is the Prince on whom the choice of your Royal Highness has fallen, and who is called to unite his fate with yours. When I state to your Royal Highness that the heart of your future bridegroom is only filled with thoughts of your happiness, I am the mere interpreter of sentiments which he will soon come to express to you himself, if your Royal Highness should be pleased solemnly to confirm on this day the consent you have already deigned to accord."

Her Royal Highness, after having obtained the consent of her mother and sister, replied in these terms :—

"Being intimately convinced that the advice of my affectionate mother and that of my beloved sister and Queen have for their object my happiness and the interests of my country, I gladly confirm the consent I have already given, and solemnly accept

the hand offered to me by a Prince whose qualities are so eminent. I accede with delight, in this happy circumstance, to the wishes of my family."

Before withdrawing, Count Bresson presented to the Infanta the portrait of the Duke de Montpensier.

Thus the nail was clenched, and the dearest wish of Louis Philippe's heart accomplished: thus too was consummated one of the most reckless and audacious intrigues of modern times—an intrigue less violent than that by which Olózaga was expelled three years before from the palace and from Spain, but little less disgraceful.

This day was little less memorable at Madrid for another event—the publication of a formal contradiction by our minister, Mr. Bulwer, to the statement of the Spanish prime minister, Isturiz, in the Córtes, that "England had equally opposed the marriage of Queen Isabel to her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis, as that of the Infanta to the Duke de Montpensier." That contradiction was given in the following shape. General Serrano, the individual to whom Isturiz had made the statement in the course of public debate in the senate, addressed to Mr. Bulwer the following letter:

"My dear Sir and esteemed Friend,—The President of the Council of Ministers, in the last sitting of the senate, in reply to my remarks on the marriage of Her Majesty and Her Royal Highness, expressed himself in the following terms:—'But what would you think if I informed you that it is the

marriage of Her Majesty the Queen which is most opposed by Her Britannic Majesty's Minister in this court? What would you say if I were to add that the desire and intention of that cabinet were to present as the sole candidate for the hand of the Queen another Prince, who is now dissenting from what is passing here?' The impression I was until now under, that the opposition made by you, and by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, had only reference to the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Infanta with the Duke de Montpensier, and the importance attributed by the opinion of the country to the ascertaining the real intentions of a nation friendly to Spain in a matter which so nearly affects our interests and our nationality, place me (desirous of forming my own judgment and of contributing to rectify that of my fellow-citizens) in the necessity of addressing myself to you, in the hope that, in case you have no objection, you will have the goodness to give me such information as you think prudent; and that you will enable me to resolve the enigma which must arise in the minds of the Spanish people from the above expressions of the President of the Council of Ministers.

"What I should particularly desire is, that you mention to me as explicitly as possible what are the general principles which have influenced your Government in the question of Her Majesty's marriage, and what, in your opinion, are at present their views with respect to the selection of the consort definitively made by Her Majesty.

"My object in addressing this communication to

you being purely one of public interest, I hope you will permit me to make use of any answer you may honour me with.

"I beg to remain

"Your affectionate friend, &c.,

"FRANCISCO SERRANO.

"*Madrid, Sept.* 20."

Mr. Bulwer replied as follows:—

"My dear General,—I know nothing in the spirit of true and honourable diplomacy which could induce a Minister, the representative of England, to involve the opinions of his Government in the mystery of forms. The British Government is loyal and frank; and I now address myself to a gentleman equally frank and loyal. I therefore lose no time in replying to you, and in informing you that the British Government, while respecting the choice of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, no matter on whom that choice may have fallen, has always desired that it should fall on a Spanish Prince, from the feeling that such a choice would best preserve the existing relations in Europe and the independence of this country, would be most advantageous for the interests of Spain, and would have a greater chance of meeting with the approbation of the Spanish people. The manifestation made some time since by all parties in favour of the pretensions of His Royal Highness Don Enrique, and the manly and independent character of that Prince, added, I must say, to the objections made by some persons here, and who are competent to speak on the matter, respecting His Royal Highness Don Francisco de Asis, induced

the British Government to believe that Don Enrique possessed, in a superior degree to any other candidate, the qualities which it was desirable should adorn the consort of Queen Isabel; and that opinion might have been expressed in the same manner as a friend is entitled to communicate his advice to another friend on any important subject.

"I cannot now recall all that may have passed in such conversations; but the formal protest I have presented on the part of my Government, the notes I have written to His Excellency the Minister of State of Her Catholic Majesty, in which there was no question whatever of His Royal Highness the Infante Don Francisco de Asis, and this plain narration, fully justify, in my opinion, your belief that the opposition offered by me, and by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, had reference only to the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Infanta. And whatever may be said to the contrary, I have the pleasure of assuring you, with all the confidence of a person who knows that his language is that of truth, that Her Britannic Majesty's Government will receive with pleasure the choice that has been made of a Spanish Prince; and if this Prince, on whom Her Majesty's choice has fallen, justify the opinion expressed in his favour, and act on the sentiments befitting the blood that flows in his veins—that is to say, as a Royal and truly Spanish Prince, proving his love for liberty, his respect for the laws, and a firm adhesion to the independence of this country—not only will he be regarded with favourable sympathy by the British Government, but he

will also win for himself the good-will and affection of the entire English people, who look on Spaniards as their brothers, with whom they have shared the glories and the dangers of war; as allies, with whom they have always desired to cultivate friendly relations; as men who well deserve to enjoy the benefits of liberty and independence; and, in a word, as friends, to whom, as you will see by the present communication, their representative can speak with sincerity and without disguise.

"I remain, &c.,

"H. L. BULWER.

"P.S. I have only to say, in reply to your question, that you are at perfect liberty to make any use you think proper of the present communication."

The insult levelled unnecessarily, as it would seem, in the foregoing letter, against the character and personal qualifications of the Prince whom the Queen had then irrevocably chosen for her husband, was bitterly felt, and regarded as a gross outrage, as a mere echo, in fact, of the vulgar and indecent gossip of the palace *servidumbre* and the profligate loungers of the Puerta del Sol; and upon this and a series of diplomatic notes, which Isturiz alleged to be replete with intolerable affronts, that minister founded his application for Mr. Bulwer's recall.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Blockade of the streets of Madrid.—Disfigurement of the public buildings.—Metamorphosis of the *Prado* and the *Plaza Mayor*.—Displays of military for the purposes of intimidation.—General Breton's proceedings in Catalonia.—Persecution of the Madrid Press.—Silhouettes of the Spanish Ministers: Isturiz, Mon, Pidal, Caneja, Sanz, Armero.—The Foreign diplomatic corps: Count Bresson, Prince Carini, the Duke de Glucksberg, Baron Renduffe.—The female members of the Camarilla: the Marqueza de Santa Cruz, the Marqueza de Valverde.—Shootings at Lerida.—Dignitaries disposed of by strangulation.—Progresista petition against the Montpensier marriage.—Gallican mania.—The Fair of Madrid.—Conversation at the Puerta del Sol.—Pasquinade.

Madrid, September 26th.

They are doing their best to spoil Madrid, under the pretence of adorning it for the approaching nuptials. Ever since I entered the metropolis, the Puerta del Sol, that classic ground of Madrilene *quidnuncs* and open-air politicians, has resounded with the grating of saw-teeth and the click of the hammer. The Church of Buen Suceso has a temporary porch of Magog dimensions in the act of being raised in front of it. The handsome Post-office is

likewise disfigured with scaffolding; and a blockade of surveyors and carpenters intrudes on the ground which from time immemorial has been the exclusive property of sauntering and lounging Manolos. Temporary erections of pasteboard, wood, and canvas deface the fronts of some of the best buildings in Madrid, in order that they may notify a joy, which the people do not feel, upon the celebration of the approaching nuptials. Rows of ignited grease-pots will attempt to gloze over the significant silence of a nation, which, in the words of Mirabeau, is "the lesson of Kings;" and it is no great stretch of fancy to imagine this "sermon in stones" from walls and pillars, which have so often of late resounded with the eloquent comments of the Madrileños on the cause for which this illumination was prepared, and are doubtless indignant at the tasteless doings of the municipality:—"*Mi Dios, hombres*, do not beautify us so much!"

They are fast converting the beautiful *Prado* into an absurd Chinese pagoda-garden, with festoons of coloured lamps hung along its whole extent; and the *Plaza Mayor* is being turned into a kind of amphitheatre, with rows of seats extending to the first floor on every side, while, the houses being five stories high, all the five rows of balconies have been seized on by the authorities, to plant their friends and protégés for the show, *without compensation of any kind to the occupants*—for here, under constitutional forms, we have every where a naked despotism. But while the authorities are thus active the people do not stir a finger; and never did

rejoicings got up by order so clearly develope their character.

Wherever I go in Madrid I see the streets patrolled by detachments of infantry or cavalry. The military system of government which now prevails is thus undisguisedly avowed in practice. The palpable object is to cow down manifestations of feeling against the Montpensier marriage. There is here no existence apart from politics. During the past month the press of Spain has been morally butchered. Breton, the captain-general of Catalonia, called the Barcelonese editors together, and flourishing his sword made them tear up their leading articles, declaring he would shoot the first man amongst them who should write against the marriage. At Madrid two of the Moderado journals, *El Tiempo* and *El Español*, are as much opposed to it as the Progresistas. In one day five of these journals were seized. And one journal, the *Eco del Comercio*, was seized five times in the course of a single week. Articles are suppressed by police agents at the moment of their passing through the press, and citizens are menaced with fusillades if they shall be guilty of signing a petition. Yet this marriage is said to be joyfully accepted by Spain!

September 27.

I have had an opportunity of seeing the Spanish Ministers and leading Diplomatists, and the following sketch of their personal appearance and character may prove interesting at the present crisis:—

Don Francisco Javier de Isturiz is a man of su-

perior talents, which unhappily are ill applied. In 1823, the year of the Angoulême invasion, he was a furious liberal, and proceeded to London, where by his strong representations to the Government, he secured the services of Sir Robert Wilson, and signed the conditions which induced him to undertake his expedition to resist the French. Isturiz was originally a wine-merchant at Cadiz, and in appearance he is superior to the rest of his colleagues, being a respectable-looking man; somewhat of the class of Bourbon nose, as witnessed in the portraits of Ferdinand VII. Isturiz is a clever politician and a good speaker, but a great vacillator, and one in whom little trust can be reposed. He was President of the Insurrectionary Junta of Bayonne in 1830, and was proceeding with Mina to revolutionize the country, being spirited on by Louis Philippe, till the latter was recognized by Ferdinand VII., as Sovereign of France, when Louis Philippe quietly changed his *tactique*, and Isturiz as quietly with him, and both allowed their revolutionary fervour to boil out, betraying both France and Spain with exemplary coolness. Isturiz is gentlemanly in his manner, having an easy quiet address, and his language is correct and usually to the purpose. He was minister in 1836, with Galiano, on that momentous day when the Madrilene populace butchered Quesada at La Granja, and afterwards stirred a bowl of coffee with his bleeding fingers in the Café Nuevo, Calle de Alcalá, just opposite my Hotel, a Café once celebrated in Madrid, but closed some ten months back, and converted into a shop for

the sale of less startling wares than punch-bowls stirred with human stumps. Isturiz, who luckily escaped on that occasion, is now somewhat advanced beyond his sixtieth year. He is President of the Council, and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Don Alejandro Mon, the Finance Minister, is a high-shouldered, vulgar-looking man, about five feet eight inches in height, and thirty-eight years of age. His face is rather broad, and his complexion a dark olive. He is not at all distinguished as a speaker, yet is fond of getting into personal encounters with his antagonists, when his utterance becomes extremely rapid, and often unintelligible, from the violence and velocity of his sputtering. In ordinary speaking his voice is thick and inarticulate, which makes it usually difficult to understand his meaning. His abilities as a financier are rather overrated. He had a good deal of practice as an Intendente of the Treasury, but is deficient in high-minded and statesman-like views. He enjoys, however, a considerable reputation for cleverness. His new financial plan of taxation by repartition is well conceived, and in its general principle good, but not worked out satisfactorily in detail. He has been engaged for some time past in a system of reforms in the Tariff, and in reply to an interpellation in the Chamber, he said the other day, that they were completed, and that he is anxious to remove (wherever practicable) the incubus of prohibition duties; but such declarations by a Spanish Minister are to be taken for what they are worth, which is extremely little. Señor Mon is probably well disposed, but coerced by the Catalans,

who whenever there is any rumour of a reform in the Tariff send up a deputation to Madrid from the Central Committee, which is well supplied with money, and soon contrive to evaporate the Minister's convictions.

A ridiculous blunder was perpetrated by Mon in the course of the recent debate on the Marriage Question. He was vehemently repudiating an allegation of a member of the Opposition that Spain was about to become the mere satellite of France: "Spain is equally ready," cried Mon, "to become the friend of both countries; England, *as well as France*, rendered great services to Spain *during the Peninsular War*."

Don Pedro José Pidal, Minister of the Interior, is Señor Mon's brother-in-law, and stammers even more than he in expressing his views in the Chambers. He usually steams into a state of great excitement, and cannot get ten words out without working himself into a fury. Pidal is a burly, tall figure, and wears spectacles. He is taller and stouter than Mon, and exceeds even him in awkwardness. In short, he is big, hulking, and vulgar-looking, suggesting more than anything else the idea of a ticket-porter. This defect is made still more conspicuous by the violence of his mode of addressing the House, and when excited he stammers so as to be utterly unintelligible. Both Mon and Pidal (as will presently be seen) are commonly known by epithets indicative of the extreme of awkwardness. The latter, in 1803, was a decided Radical; "*mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Pidal

is about forty-six years of age, and is a native of Asturia, while Mon is from the borders of that province and Galicia.

Don José Caneja, the Minister of Grace and Justice, is an emaciated little creature, about sixty-eight years of age, and a perfect nonentity. He is said to be a good lawyer and a considerable book-worm, but as a politician and statesman he has never emerged from insignificance.

Don Laureano Sanz, the Minister of War, is a fine-looking man, five feet ten inches in height, and rather stoutly made. He is gentlemanly in appearance, and must have been handsome in his early days. He is now about fifty-six, but carries his age well. It was Sanz who commanded the troops upon the occasion of the bombardment of Barcelona in 1843. He is not considered a man of talent, and is certainly possessed of none as a speaker; but he is skilful as an organizer and a good orderly-room officer. He is a respectable military man in the field, but as a General has done nothing particular, with the exception of some services which he performed in Galicia during the Civil War. He was Chief of Staff to Mina in 1835.

Don José Armero, the Minister of Marine, must be classed with Caneja in the list of nonentities. He scarcely ever opens his mouth in the House, and when he does it is generally to become ridiculous. He is no speaker, and even in private his ideas are misty. He is a large man, with a puffy, big face, a dark complexion, and ungainly aspect. Armero was a lieutenant in the navy in 1836, at the siege of

Bilbao, and is now a lieutenant-general in the navy. His manners are rough, unpolished, and anything but courteous. He is likewise excessively jealous, and does not care to do a service to any one whom he has known in a subaltern capacity. He is consequently unpopular with his own profession. Armero is also Minister for Colonies and Commerce, but knows nothing of either subject. He is a remarkably uncouth and plain-looking man, about forty-seven years of age and five feet ten inches in height. This completes the list of the six Ministers.

It will thus be seen that all, except Isturiz and Sanz, are very undistinguished men in appearance, deficient in address, and indeed positively mean-looking, which is the more remarkable in a country where fine-looking men abound. I am sorry to be unable to give a better report. But *fiat justitia!* Such are the constitutional pillars of modern Spain. Their political characters are no better than their looks. Pidal is an apostate, Isturiz is a degraded apostate. The rest are "leather and prunella," with the exception of Mon, an élève of Count Toreno's, who instructed him in finance and appointed him an Intendente in the South of Spain. For a long time Mon had the character of great probity; but his conduct in Narvaez's intrigue for the purpose of getting rid of Miraflores, has very much changed the public opinion respecting him, and even of those who thought well of him before many have become his decided opponents. I shall now describe the leading members of the foreign diplomatic corps:—

Count Bresson, the French Ambassador, is a tall, high-shouldered, broad-chested man, and looks not at all like a Frenchman, but something between a German and an Englishman. He is a common-looking man, not at all intellectual in appearance, and stoops a little. He is about forty-five years of age. His manner is overbearing and arrogant in the highest degree, and he stalks through the palace at Madrid, as if he were its master as well as the "*ambassadeur de famille.*" He has a high opinion of himself, which recent events have elevated to a pitch of ungovernable insolence. His private character is that of a good family-man and excellent husband. Madame Bresson is a very lady-like person, rather thin and delicate-looking, and with a face interesting without being handsome. Her figure is spare, and not very well formed, and her feet are large—remarkably so for her size. She is rather above the middle height, and very correct in her demeanour. The Count and she are very much attached to each other. Female influence is so prominent at this court, and the Countess Bresson has played such a rôle, that a sketch of the *ambassadrice* is as necessary as of her husband. The Count evinced a great deal of arrogance throughout the course of this intrigue, and his overbearing temper gave great offence. It was even said at one time that he was so disliked by Maria Cristina in consequence, that she took up the Coburg candidate with great warmth, and was really anxious to conclude the marriage with Prince Leopold. Count Bresson was a good

deal perplexed by this turn, but his Countess by her winning ways succeeded in disarming Cristina's wrath. Both the ambassador and his lady merely acted the part of devoted servants throughout, and Louis Philippe and Guizot are more to blame than either.

Prince Carini, the Neapolitan Minister, while Count Trapani was on the *tapis*, was very actively engaged in conjunction with M. Bresson. He is the ugliest, oddest-looking man in the world, having more the appearance of a chimpanzee than of a human being. He is about forty-two years of age, and five feet six in height, with a dark complexion, and a large, flat face, "outraging," as a French lady of rank once said of another hideous statesman, "the privilege which men have to be ugly." He is very like a billiard-marker in appearance, and was mistaken once for the *garçon* at an hotel, and called on to bring up a glass of water. His manners, however, are highly polished. His Princess is French, and like Madame Bresson, ladylike, genteel, and amiable.

The Duke de Glucksberg, First Secretary to the French Embassy, and some time chargé d'affaires, is a son of the Duke Décazes, and a small, very mean-looking man, about five feet six in height, and thirty-three years of age. He is of dark complexion, with large whiskers, and is of gentlemanly manners and address, though there is not a more common-looking person in the Calle Toledo. He rides and drives well, and is a good red-tapist. He was very active in the intrigue against Espar-

tero in 1843, at which period he was chargé d'affaires, but was most spoken of for his appearance at an amateur bull-fight, where he figured as a *banderillero*, and where, amongst other foreigners, Beauvallon, who shot Dujarrier, the *gérant* of *La Presse*, in a duel at Paris, performed in the appropriate capacity of *matador*. Beauvallon is an immensely tall and odd-looking man, having much the appearance of what is commonly called a "walking gallows," and on that occasion cut his own head with his *matador's* sword, which gave rise to sundry pasquinades against him and Glucksberg.

Baron Renduffe, the Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary, has a considerable diplomatic reputation; and is possessed of firmness and energy, which he displayed to advantage on the recent attempt to make out a case for invading Portugal. He is a middle-aged man, and piques himself on his good looks, which have earned for him the reputation of a "gay Lothario." He was fitted out for Madrid eighteen months since with great splendour; but has failed in uniting the Queen to a Coburg, which was the special object of his mission.

I must here append a sketch of the female members of the Camarilla:—The Marqueza de Santa Cruz is about sixty years of age, and has consequently nearly lost the charms, which were the foundation of her attraction and influence. Nevertheless, she is interesting in appearance, and was decidedly handsome in her younger days. She is accomplished in manners, and would still be re-

garded as a "very nice person." The Marqueza has a remarkably pleasing address, and her manners are exceedingly good; but her character is not so immaculate as her style; and candour compels me to register her amongst the faded demireps. She has always been a great partisan of Cristina's, and is an immense *intriguante* and chief director of the female Camarilla, filling the important post of *Camarera Mayor;* but her influence has latterly become considerably reduced. She has a great many of her relatives and connexions, however, about the palace, and the Duke de Osuna is her nephew.

The Marqueza de Valverde is a plain-looking old woman, about the same age as the Marqueza de Sta. Cruz, but looks much older. Her influence, like her character, is gone; and I presume she is now engaged in the difficult task of saving her soul.

A horrible piece of intelligence has reached us from Catalonia. No fewer than eighty Carlist insurgents have been seized on the frontier, taken into Lerida, and shot! This is the Narvaez prescription, administered as a warning to other insurgents prepense. The logic of *cuatro trios* and *pasarlos por las armas!* Thus the Montpensier marriage will be conveniently arranged, and the four Royal partners tucked in together as comfortably as the

"Four-and-twenty black birds baked in a pie."

Amongst the *fusilados* of Lerida there were several priests—for the Peninsular *padre* finds it ill to get

rid of his Legitimist tendencies, and "*Carlos Quinto y La Inquisicion*" is to ecclesiastics a tempting rallying-cry. A score more have been executed at La Seo d'Urgel, and as these were all clergymen, who have nothing in common with muskets, and whose canons are of a pacific order, they were disposed of *by strangulation*. One was positively a canon, and another of them had been one of Don Carlos's bishops.

The Progresistas of Madrid have addressed to the Queen a petition against the marriage of her sister to the Duke de Montpensier, which is so interesting (although unavailing) that I cannot resist the temptation of making the following extracts:—

"Spain, once strong and powerful, Señora, at whose name the boldest nations bowed down—Spain, on whose dominions the sun never set;—that possessed Europe, that discovered and conquered America, that invaded Asia,—that took possession of Africa, that same Spain has at this day scarcely a spark of life. For a century and a half the invading torrent has been pouring down upon us from the crest of the Pyrenees, and on all sides destroying our nationality. Our customs are French; our language would not be understood by the Leons, the Herreras, the Cervantes, or the Solis. Our fathers could not recognise our costume. Our Government is French, our Administration French, our laws are framed on a French model, and a French law it was that was near depriving your Majesty of the crown of Spain. To destroy that law it became necessary to rouse the energy and patriotism of the Spanish people, and to carry on a war of seven years.

"Señora, French invasion is increasing every day; and in vain all the instincts of nationality are rising against it. A few men, despising all that belongs to their own country, only value, in policy, in legislation, in customs, in language, whatever comes from the banks of the Seine; and, profiting by the exalted position in which they are undeservedly placed, endeavour, now more than ever, to make Spain a satellite of France. On the other hand, Señora, the direct influence, not only of French ideas, but of the government of the nation, is felt on all sides, even to the point that the most influential member of that Cabinet is enabled to boast in the face of the Parliament that Spain is ruled by a French party. When we read and see such things, Señora, the blood mounts to our faces, and our hearts are filled with bitterness at seeing that the descendants of those who triumphed at Pavia, are reduced to devour in secret and impotent silence their shame and their dishonour. For the last century and a half, Señora, we are travelling this road of destruction. If you open the page of history which corresponds to that period, you will find nothing but misfortunes coming to us from the other side of the Pyrenees; wars to which we have been dragged by France; wars, which we have had to sustain against its usurping and invading projects; losses, immense, irreparable, which its relations and its interests have occasioned us. It is time that a vigorous hand should put an end to this invasion of every species of evil; and should raise on the Pyrenees a dyke of *Españolismo* against which the impetuous and destructive current shall dash itself in vain.

"Nations, Señora, have their antipathies as well as individuals; and in the present case, the antipathy of the Spanish people, not to the French nation, but to all that France imposes on us, that antipathy is

well founded. Could your Majesty go amongst the masses of your people, and hear their voice—the voice of the high, the middling, and the low;—one cry you might hear,—one cry only, and that is, 'Put no trust in France!' You are not acquainted with the antipathy against all that is French in Spain. You do not know, because you cannot know it, that universal and deep-rooted antipathy. To give your Majesty an idea of its magnitude, we shall only inform you that, in the ordinary language of the people, the words 'traitor' and 'miscreant' do not rouse in their hearts so much aversion as '*Afrancesado.*'

"Ah! Señora, if you knew how much this nation has suffered from the assaults that have proceeded from France; if you knew how much it has suffered during the present century alone, you would not be surprised at this hostile feeling against our neighbours. The most iniquitous of all treasons was that perpetrated by the French Government in 1808. It brought on us a war which commenced with the 2nd of May, and during which the most obscure families as well as the highest, suffered immense losses. Our fathers lavished their fortunes, their blood, and their lives, to place on the throne of France a branch that had been expelled from it; and that branch, with the blackest ingratitude, paid us, nine years afterwards, for our services by tearing from us the liberty we had won for ourselves. The justice of God fell upon the ungrateful, and Frenchmen were those who avenged us. A new branch mounted the throne; and scarcely was it placed in the post it had so long sighed for, when the unfortunate Spanish Liberals were persecuted by that same Government that flattered them the day before. The Minas, the Valdez, the Isturiz,—yes, Senora, the Isturiz themselves can tell you what was the conduct of the King of the French."

The petition concludes with the expression of a confident hope that Her Majesty will not, in defiance of the laws of the kingdom and the constitution, permit the immediate successor to the crown to marry a French Prince.

The most conspicuous miniature painter of Spain, Don Cecilio Corro, has just completed a miniature of the Infanta Luisa, which does much justice to that young Princess's graceful and delicate physiognomy. The miniature has been forwarded to the Duke de Montpensier at Paris.

The Gallican mania which has seized on certain Madrilenos, and set them to worshipping the rising sun of Strasburg, has led to some ridiculous results. Thus, in the Calle del Barquillo, I have seen this inscription written up on a newly-opened hotel, in French, of a peculiar orthography:

"Hôtel des cuatre nacions."

During the present fair of Madrid, which blocks up the streets with all kinds of commodities for sale, there have likewise been one or two importations of French charlatanism from the Champs Elysées, which might as well be left to the native locality which they adorn. In the Plazuela del Angel, I have seen two venders of *géneros encaramados*, or toys put up to auction, arrayed like Bobo and Galimafré, in extravagant women's attire, on the mountebank's pedestal, or table, and wearing enormous bonnets of antique cut with feathers of gigantic dimensions. In their hands they displayed streamers of ribbons and *trapos*, and thun-

dered out their wares for sale to attract the *gobe-mouches* with noisy eloquence, indulging in the boldest figures of speech, such as swearing to the truth of what they avowed by their "*enormes y antiquisimos sombreros*," announcing that all their goods were "*à la polka*," and treating the by-standers to a specimen of that popular step.

The conversation at the Puerta del Sol is very curious, and to the uninitiated, nearly unintelligible. I have passed some hours here, and am beginning to compass their *guirigay*. The phraseology commonly in use is a sort of political jargon, in which every leading politician and statesman is called by a nickname more descriptive than savoury, and passing events are characterized by a most extraordinary phraseology. Thus the minister Mon is always spoken of as the *Besugo* or "bream," and Pidal as the *Megaterio*, unwieldy animals which they are supposed to resemble in appearance. Narvaez is spoken of as "*el tigre*," Cortina as "*el Sevillanito*," and Queen Cristina as "*la Muñoz*." The French are known as "*Los Gavachos*," and the Palace-plot as "*el intringulis*." The following pasquinade has just appeared:—

"En lengua Castellana *Mon* es sinónimo de *calamidad*." ("*Mon* in the Spanish language is synonymous with *calamity*,"—a hit at the Finance Minister).

Si el conde Monte-molin,
Cuyo *monte* acaba en *e*
Dió un salto de trampolin
Y se fué

Sin poder hacer maleta,
Pataleta!
Como quereis que ahora venga
Un duque de Mont-pensier
Cuyo *mont* acaba en *t*,
Y sin que á nadie convenga,
Cabe el trono,
Se cuele dándose tono!

If the count Monte-molin,
Whose *monte* ends in *e*,
Flourished a run-away shin,
And thought it right to flee,
Without his saddle-bags,
In rags,—
Ne'er think there will come, my friend,
With none to say him nay,
A duke de Montpensier,
Whose *mont* in *t* doth end,
And fly off straight like a rocket,
The crown in his pocket!

CHAPTER XXX.

The Royal Chapel at Madrid.—The Royal Family at their devotions.—Queen Isabel.—The Infanta Luisa.—Queen Cristina.—Don Francisco de Paulo.—Don Francisco de Asis, the Royal Bridegroom.—His sisters.—His brother Don Enrique.—The Duke de Montpensier.—The Duke d'Aumale.—The unsuccessful candidates: Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, Count Trapani.—Probability of Queen Isabel having children.—Her costume at Military Reviews, —Change in Don Francisco's fortunes.—The Mesdemoiselles Muñoz.—Louis Philippe's match-making.—Anecdotes of the Duke de Montpensier.

Madrid, September 27.

This being Sunday, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the Royal Family of Spain at their devotions. The Royal Chapel in the Palace is open to the public, and I entered without question shortly after noon. I had not long to wait. The service commenced at one o'clock, and shortly before that hour Queen Cristina and her two daughters entered the small Royal chamber in front of the altar, and immediately knelt down to take part in the service. All three were drest in black, (which amongst Spanish church-going ladies is *de rigueur*,) and wore nothing

on the head but *mantillas*. Queen Isabel is grown a little taller and much plumper; in fact, she inclines so much to *embonpoint* that I should not be surprised if in the course of a few years she rivals Dona Maria of Portugal. Ever since her infancy, Isabel's walk has partaken a good deal of an ungainly waddle, (a common failing amongst the Spanish Bourbons,) and now that she manifests so strong a tendency towards corpulency her dancing is not the most pleasing spectacle. Thus, at the Court Ball on the 25th ult., when her *futur*, Don Francisco de Asis, danced with her, she astonished the spectators with something like elephantine gambolings. Her face is not improved, the lower parts presenting a still more marked resemblance to the portraits of Ferdinand VII. Her eyes are bright-coloured, and not unpleasing. The contour of her face is perfectly round, and with a rather sharp nose gives her something of the aspect of those physiognomies which decorate ancient China tea-cups. The *mantilla* became her, however, well—I think, better than the Parisian bonnet and *mignon* parasol which she sports in her carriage on the Prado. Queen Isabel is by no means deficient in abilities, being endowed with a prodigious memory, and with a deal of cunning at least, if not judgment. She is likewise fond of raillery, and has a good deal of sarcastic wit, with which she peppers her "*amante*" Don Francisco considerably. I am assured that with all her defects she is high-minded and queenly, and has many noble qualities, and I trust she may develope these

progressively, as she grows older, for the welfare and prosperity of Spain. Queen Isabel was born at Madrid on the 10th October, 1830. She will, therefore, in a few days be sixteen years of age.

The Infanta Doña Maria Luisa Fernanda does not improve in appearance as she grows up, her infantine graces having merged somewhat into coarseness, but she may still be almost regarded as beautiful. Her features, like her mother's, are longer and more Italian than her sister's, and her complexion purer. Her grace of attitude and movement is amazing—a quality which she inherits exclusively from Cristina. She is certainly a charming young person, and looks wonderfully well in her dark crape dress and *mantilla*. She was born on the 30th January, 1832, and is therefore only fourteen years and seven months old. Whether Montpensier lose the inheritance of Spain or not, he will have found in her an enchanting wife, and France a French Princess the more, who will look to advantage even by the side of De Joinville's Brazilian beauty. It is commonly said and believed that there is no Bourbon blood in the Infanta's veins, her birth dating from a significant era in connexion with the period when Maria Cristina, going to San Ildefonso (La Granja), had a break-down in her carriage, and first fell into the arms of Muñoz, whose black whiskers so captivated her that during her subsequent stay of some days at this mountain-palace she rode out with him every day on a donkey, (*el caballero* similarly mounted,) and returned to Madrid with the fortunate body-guard

in her carriage. I was told this by one who was then an officer in the same corps with Muñoz. Should it be so, there would be an especial propriety of relationship in the Duke de Montpensier presenting the Duke de Rianzares with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.

Maria Cristina, who seemed even to outdo her daughters in devotion, and joined in the service with much fervour, is evidently breaking up, her face beginning to wear a somewhat haggard expression, and her figure to lose its graceful and rounded contour. The unintermitting toils of intrigue have stolen on her nocturnal hours, and the atmosphere of political manœuvre out of which she cannot exist has paled the roses which once adorned her cheek, and cast a deeper shade upon her brow. I am sorry to add that she paints occasionally, which cosmetic succedaneum (if persisted in) will plough up her cheeks like those of an actress. Nevertheless, she presents the relics of a very fine woman, and even in decay cannot lose her native grace. She will leave the Royal palace immediately, and live with her Ducalized lifeguardsman in a separate palace, for "*intrepido es Amor y de todo sale "vencedor:*"—

'Tis love who fears no foe,
But conquereth all below!

The *camarilla* which these elevated personages occupied in the Royal chapel, is elegantly lined with a silver-starred paper, and hung with rich

draperies in front, which showed off the Royal devotees to considerable advantage.

In a corresponding *camarilla* on the other side was the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the father of the lucky bridegroom, an ordinary-looking man, about fifty-two years of age, and five feet six in height. The Spanish Bourbon family are all low-sized. Don Francisco has quite the Bourbon face, the long drooping nose, and the rather heavy jaws. He wears a red beard covering the lower part of his face, and is of fair and somewhat ruddy complexion. He is not distinguished for mental faculties, having an unfortunate facility of temper which leads him involuntarily to betray any secret reposed in him. He is therefore, in politics, not at all to be depended on, and little confidence is reposed in him by any party. Don Francisco is certainly not intentionally perfidious, but a weak vessel which lets out what is poured into it, less through lack of sound materials than of cooperage. He is a great hunter after popularity, but has rarely contrived to find it. He is said to be a son of Godoy, and the question of excluding him from the succession was positively entertained by the Córtes which sate at Cadiz in 1812. The Bourbon character was probably not so stamped then on his features as it is now; but I fancy no one that looks at him can doubt that he is the son of Charles.

The Royal chapel is very splendid, and worthy of the fine palace to which it belongs. It is not considerable in extent, but sufficiently large for its purpose. It is constructed entirely of the Corinth-

ian order, in jasper and marble of the richest description, and the stuccoed ceilings are decorated with profuse gilding. Fine paintings and statuary adorn the edifice, the richest chandeliers are pendent from the ceiling, no gaudy and unchaste gilding disfigures the *retablo* on the altar, but magnificent paintings by Italian masters, and figures beautifully sculptured of San Isidro and Santiago, the tutelar saints of Madrid and of Spain. It is truly a royal chapel, and the ladies and female servants of the palace, in great numbers, heard the same mass with their sovereign, squatted on the floor in the Spanish fashion, and their heads covered with the *mantilla*, while the nearer portion of the chapel was filled with an indiscriminate crowd. A snuffling old clergyman proceeded to deliver a rather unimpressive discourse, whereupon I took occasion to withdraw, in imitation of Don Francisco de Paula.

Don Francisco de Asis de Bourbon, Duke of Cadiz, the fortunate youth whom Queen Isabel has chosen for her Royal Consort, is a young man of some twenty-four years of age, (having been born on the 13th May, 1822,) with a countenance by no means either manly or striking, but not unpleasing in its general expression. His complexion is fair, like that of his father, and indeed he is quite "a picture in little" of the elder Don Francisco, allowing for the difference of age. His stature is about the middle size, and his figure has more of feminine softness and even contour than manly proportions. His hips are large from the

waist down, and as yet he shews no beard. His voice is unpleasantly attuned, being a piping treble, somewhat resembling that of a girl of ten or twelve years of age. By the way, I have commonly remarked defects of this description amongst Royal personages; thus King Ferdinand of Portugal, though a fine young man, has an unpleasant nasal utterance. Don Francisco has long been trying to get rid of his defective mode of enunciation, and has been taking lessons for some months for that purpose under a colonel of cavalry, named Cortini, (a Frenchman in the Spanish service) in the noble art of giving the word of command. Though he screamed each day in the open air, until he frequently left the ground hoarse, his voice does not seem to have much improved, and its thin squeaking quality appears to be stereotyped for ever. But, though Don Francisco seems thus not cut out by nature for either an Alexander or a Napoléon, it would be very absurd to infer that he may not make a very able continuer of the species, and to all that has been said of his probable deficiencies on this score I attach but little value. Certain it is, however, that Queen Isabel has often amused herself at his expense, and called him her "*prima*" (she-cousin) and "*Paquita*," a double diminutive signifying "Fanny." She is even said to have indulged in sarcasms on the voice and person of her "*amante*," after their solemn and public betrothal. But this is the way of Courts. I saw Don Francisco in a carriage on the Prado, with his father and two sisters. His likeness to his father is most remark-

able. The sisters are the best-looking of the family; and are really fine girls. One of the daughters of Don Francisco de Paula married a Pole, without the consent of his family, and thereby gave great offence. She is now residing at Brussels with her husband. Her Royal Highness applied for permission to proceed to Madrid, to be present at the Royal marriages, but the permission was refused.

Don Francisco de Asis has no remarkable qualities of mind. As deficient as commonly represented he is not, but his faculties are unquestionably of a very ordinary description. His heart, however, is sound, and he is a mild and well disposed young man, who, if not distinguished by any peculiar quickness, has an instinctive faculty of judging rightly in most of the ordinary circumstances of life. He is not badly informed, having received a tolerable education. He was never much thought of in Spain, or noticed either at Madrid or elsewhere, being undistinguished for personal appearance, courage, decision, or any other qualities that make men popular with the masses. He is more calculated to shine in the drawing-room than in the senate, the field, or the council-chamber, his manner being soft and agreeable, his face smooth and not unpleasing, and his demeanour in intercourse with the fair sex *prévoyant* and winning.

That Don Francisco will succeed in obtaining a considerable influence over the mind of the Queen, is almost beyond a question. His position must inevitably lead to such a result, and his amiable character will not a little contribute to it. His

disposition is known to be good and humane, and amidst the various phases of a somewhat chequered career, he has never yet evinced hardness of heart, or indifference to the claims of humanity. He is charged with dissimulation, the characteristic vice of his family, but amidst the insults and opprobrium which have been showered upon his immediate relations, the result in great part of the long-sustained hostility between his mother, Doña Carlota, and Queen Cristina, it would have been difficult for him perhaps to hold his ground without some sprinkling of this courtly vice; and had he manifested the frankness of his younger brother, he would like him, have been undoubtedly swamped. He has private injuries now to avenge, and the affronts of a life to repay, but it is to be hoped he will be influenced by a more generous spirit, and will infuse better thoughts and a love of constitutional liberty into the mind of his youthful Queen.

The change which has latterly taken place in the fortunes and position of the family of Don Francisco de Paula, might be almost supposed to have been wrought by an Aladdin's lamp. Until of late days they were whipped about from post to pillar, expelled from one Royal palace after another, until at last they found an uncomfortable refuge in the dingy palace of San Juan. But since Don Francisco de Asis became the favoured candidate for the hand of Queen Isabel, they are received at Court with a distinction which goes near to turning their heads. The Grandes and lords in waiting

seem to have discovered every human grace and virtue in old Don Francisco and his sons and daughters, and if the vitriolic Doña Carlota were to revive, I doubt not they would discover her heart to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Whenever their "Most Serene Highnesses" now present themselves at Court, they are received with a process of salaam and kotoo, which goes far to make lumbago endemic amongst the rather despicable and disreputable *servidumbre* who haunt the purlieus of the palace; and at the family evening parties which have latterly been rather frequent there, Don Francisco de Paula sings and dances with an alacrity which is rather grotesque in one of his years (he has a tolerably good bass voice, and is fond of its exercise), while Don Francisco de Asis is the frequent partner of his Royal cousin in the dance.

Don Enrique de Bourbon, Duke of Seville, is more manly-looking than his brother, while his face is not so agreeable; it is deficient in the smoothness of the elder Infante's countenance, but the absence of this appearance is well supplied by the lines of decision and energy. In other respects Don Enrique has a strong family likeness to both Don Franciscos, father and son. He is now about twenty-two years of age, and is decidedly a courageous, gay man, with a good deal of energy and decision. The history of his banishment, persecution, and wanderings during the last two years is familiar to the world. Perhaps he is the most remarkable amongst ancient or modern instances, of the terrible truth

of the sentence, "*litera scripta manet*," having unquestionably lost a seat on the throne of Spain in consequence of the Liberal manifesto which he published two years since. But his is no pining or desponding spirit. He has firmness to derive consolation from a consciousness of adhesion to principle, and force of character to rejoice in the sacrifices which he has incurred for liberty. Perhaps, too, he sees a coming struggle, a violent contest for French or Spanish ascendancy; and feeling that the nation will call on him in its day of trouble, quietly bides his time.

Antoine Marie Philippe Louis d'Orléans, Duke de Montpensier, was born at Neuilly, on the 31st July, 1824, and is consequently little more than twenty-two years of age. The Duke is what you would call a "good-looking young man," but without any air of distinction whatever. In fact, it is the misfortune of the Orléans family to be undeniably vulgar in appearance—the type of citizen-princes. Our early associations and training react inevitably on our after life, and no matter how pure the "blue blood" in our veins, if we are brought up under a father teaching school for a livelihood (however honourable for the parent), the aristocratic bloom is brushed off, the courtly grace vanishes, and the disagreeableness of pursuit becomes tantamount to meanness of extraction. Louis Philippe's sons are pale-faced and undistinguished, fair, and for the most part foolish-looking. Monsieur de Montpensier's physiognomy bears a remarkable resemblance to that favourite *entremet* of the English

breakfast-table, a muffin. Monsieur d'Aumale, with all the magnificent fortune for which the unhappy Condé hanged himself in his favour—two millions and a half sterling!—is a marvellously silly young man, with face of whey and brain of ass's curd, who could not make the military *trajet* of Algeria without having his mistress escorted by a troop of cavalry.

Of the two remaining and unsuccessful candidates for the Queen of Spain's hand, a slight sketch may be interesting:—Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg came, twelve months since, to Lisbon, where I had repeated opportunities of seeing him. He is a young man of about twenty-two, full six feet two inches in height, and of strapping proportions to correspond with his size. He is in what is called "rude health," with a round face calculated to remind you of a jolly English farmer, and cheeks blushing like two peonies on each side of his mouth. He did not wear moustaches, and his fair complexion and rather light hair gave him quite a Dutch aspect —add to which that he was somewhat Dutch-built, and that none but the very strongest horses in King Fernando's stables could carry him. There is nothing whatever intellectual in his appearance, but there is no doubt that (as far as *physique* goes) he would have made a good husband, perhaps too good, for Queen Isabel. His brother, the King of Portugal, is a much more elegant-looking young man; but in strength of constitution Prince Leopold beats him hollow.

Prince Trapani, the other candidate, is the very reverse of all this, a mere Neapolitan jesuit, with a

monkish, ascetic air, less fit for courts than cloisters, and a most unattractive person—ignorant, bigoted, and intolerant. He is uncle to Queen Isabel, being the brother of her mother, Cristina, and the nephew of Queen Amelie of France, whence his pretensions were at first encouraged by Louis Philippe. But the entire Spanish nation "pronounced" against Trapani, and Queen Isabel seems to have had a happy riddance.

I attach little importance to a statement which has obtained some currency, concerning the supposed improbability of Queen Isabel having children—an improbability alleged to arise from physical malformation, and to be connected with some peculiarity in Her Majesty's constitution. This statement has been varied in the shapes in which it was put forth. At one time, it was that her marriage would be certainly without result; at another, that if she became pregnant, the consequences would certainly prove fatal. I do not believe that there is any foundation for these statements, though their currency at the Puerta del Sol, and indeed all through Madrid, is beyond a question. There is no female sovereign in Europe, about whom a similar rumour was not current before her marriage. Such statements are the mere garbage of *gobe-mouches*—absolutely worth nothing. What I do, however, most potently believe is, that Queen Isabel never will have healthy offspring.

When Queen Isabel appears at a military review, she wears a costume *ad hoc*, somewhat after the plan adopted by her mother when Regent, who

wore with great effect the uniform of the National Guard, displayed of course only on the upper part of her person, with somewhat more of propriety than was exhibited by the consort of Charles IV., whose portrait may be seen in the Museum at Madrid, arrayed likewise in Militia costume, and positively astride of her splendid charger! The youthful Isabel, in closer conformity with the recognised proprieties of her sex, merely decks herself out *en Amazone*, in a handsome uniform of blue Merino, with a wide-leafed hat, and a very pretty feather, on her head, a costume (say the Court journals in stereotype) "which is most becoming to the noble and gracious countenance of our beloved Sovereign." Isabel on these occasions is accompanied by a brilliant staff of general officers and aides-de-camp, and manages with considerable spirit a fine pearl-coloured palfry, nodding to the Madrilene mob with a smile of well-meant affability.

Young Don Francisco presented Queen Isabel a few days since with a magnificent suit of pearls, valued at £50,000 sterling, which belonged to his mother Doña Carlota. His brother and sisters handsomely resigned their equal shares in this family property, to enable their luckier *hermano* to bestow it on the Queen. For several days after the important *coup* was made, and it was decided that he was to sit on the throne of St. Ferdinand (with doubtless the title of King) poor young Francisco was so indisposed as to be obliged to keep his room, so overpowered was he by his excess of fortune. This may be thought a little surprising considering

how near he was born to the throne. But those who know what persecutions his family has suffered, and what contumelies have been repeatedly showered on it, will not be surprised that he found some difficulty in realizing his happier lot. How proud would the haughty Doña Carlota be now, were she restored to life. Three years since she put this very young man forward for the Queen's hand, and made him dance with his cousin as often as possible; but their advances were rudely, even brutally repulsed!

A sketch of the Mesdemoiselles Muñoz will follow here appropriately. Maria Cristina, wisely resolving to lose as little time as possible, began to contribute to the extension of the Madrilene population very soon after the death of Ferdinand VII. That event occurred in 1833, and in the following year the Queen-Mother gave birth to the eldest of the Mesdemoiselles Muñoz, now a young lady of twelve, and dignified with the title of Condesa and the rank of Grande. Three years later she gave birth to another pledge. This young Señorita has been made a Marchioness. At the Palace balls these damsels figure upon chairs equal in height to those of the Queen and Infanta, and higher than those which are sat on by the daughters of Don Francisco de Paula, Infantas of Spain! Indescribable was the consternation produced amongst the *servidumbre* of the Palace by this elevation of the granddaughters of *Tia Eusebia* (the familiar name of Muñoz's mother) to a dead level with Royalty. The farce, to be complete, only requires the eleva-

tion of Muñoz himself to the Princely dignity; and it is averred (but I presume maliciously) that the *ci-devant* snuff-seller is to be nobilitated, like Godoy, with the ridiculous title of Prince *de la Concordia.**

In the dexterous art of match-making, Louis Philippe may now take the *pas* of the most redoubtable dowagers of Europe. The Infanta Luisa, besides being a very charming person, and presumptive successor to the throne of Spain, is one of the richest heiresses in Europe. Her entire fortune amounts to about 30,000,000 francs, or nearly a million and a quarter sterling. It was said that Louis Philippe had renounced this for his son, but this was a most ridiculous mistake. He has not only secured it, but secured it by the best possible means. Under the will of Ferdinand VII. the Infanta is already in possession of a fortune of sixteen millions of francs (640,000*l.* sterling,) so well placed that there is no doubt the French Court will contrive to extract every farthing of this

* Munoz's and Cristina's son, who is now at Rome, has been made a Count, and this ignorant life-guardsman's brothers have been all ennobled, the eldest having been made a Count like the son, and all the others having received gold keys, which constitute them gentlemen of the Royal Camara. Nay, to gild Cristina's amours, the very root and stock from which her dear life-guardsman springs must receive a lacker of nobility, and old Muñoz, who began life as a shoemaker at the foot of an open staircase in Tarancon, has been made a Count with the rest! I would suggest for his titles, *Conde de Zapatos* and *Baron del Estanco de Tabaco.*

dot, notwithstanding the difficulties which the Spanish bond-holders encounter in obtaining payment either of principal or interest. I must observe, that the Duke de Montpensier is the only one of Louis Philippe's sons not provided for. The Duke de Némours may be stated as an exception, but as he must sooner or later arrive at the Regency, the country must furnish him with a handsome dotation. The Duc d'Aumale has the entire of the enormous fortune of the Condés at his disposal, and the Prince de Joinville, in marrying a very beautiful Brazilian princess, secured at the same time an immense provision. In these days of "no dotations," Louis Philippe has therefore managed well, in the teeth of the inveterate reluctance of the Chamber. The Duke de Montpensier is not only the poorest, but he is likewise the most extravagant member of the Orléans family. Some three years back he was sent by his royal father on a popularity-hunting expedition to the south of France, and squandered large sums of money upon that occasion amongst the inhabitants of Pau and Toulouse. Old castles were ordered to be put into thorough repair, and dilapidated crosses and statues to be re-erected with more than their ancient magnificence, while hospitals and other establishments for the poor were cheered with liberal donations. Montpensier distributed the good things placed at his disposal with the magnificent bounty which often arises from a consciousness that the money is not one's own. A day of reckoning came at last, and Louis Philippe was compelled to counter-

mand the orders for repairs, and stay the terrific progress of his "prodigal son," which the newspapers were recording in hundreds of grateful paragraphs; but this was not effected until his careful Majesty's pocket had been emptied of a good million of francs; and Louis Philippe, in spite of his *pied de nez*, perpetrated on the occasion no bad specimen of a Royal *calembourg*:—"I must change his title of Montpensier;" he said, "and make him *mon dépensier!*"

When the news of his approaching marriage with the charming Infanta reached the Duke de Montpensier, he was at Strasburg, exchanging after-dinner courtesies with the young Duke of Baden, and a pleasant story is told of the enthusiasm which he excited in the rival garrisons by unbuckling his sword and exchanging it with that of the young Badois Prince, when their heads were both full of *vin de Champagne*. The French and Badois officers all imitated their example, and executed a sort of *fandango d'amitié* to start the Duke off on his Spanish hymeneal journey.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Differences between Queen Isabel's medical advisers.—Effects of exclusive breeding in the Royal and Grande Families.—The Duke of Medina Celi, the Duke of Abrantes, the Duke of Osuna, the Duke of Montemar, Grandes of Spain and Portugal.—Misunderstanding between Don Francisco de Asis and Don Enrique.—Muñoz, Duke de Rianzares.—Narvaez, Duke of Valencia.—Scene between him and Salamanca.—Carrasco's wager.—Resignation of titles.—The bull-fight.—"*El toro Mon-pen-seer.*"—Political trifles.—Declaration of the Progresista press.

Madrid, September 27.

THE personal appearance of the Royal Family, and of the leading members of the Grandeza of Spain, gives risé to some curious speculations. Their stunted growth, and comparatively insignificant aspect, illustrate well the effects of excessive exclusiveness and in-and-in breeding upon the human race. These exalted historical personages are, upon an average, less than five feet high, and their personal beauty is certainly below that of any other class in the kingdom. Queen Isabel—not to say it irreverently—might have been more prudently mated with the most *roturier* of her subjects than with the *sangre azul* of the Serene Don Francisco, "*similia*

similibus" being here the very worst philosophy. A terrible *fracas* has lately arisen between Her Majesty's medical advisers, which has resulted in her ordinary *medico*, Dr. Gutierez, resigning his post in disgust. The history is as follows:—To combat a tendency to phthisis in Her Majesty's constitution, which had already made itself apparent in certain unmistakable developments, Dr. Gutierez had inserted issues in the arms, with a view to producing counter-irritation. Dr. Orfila, however, a Spaniard born, but long resident in France, where he has acquired a high reputation, having lately arrived here, and placed himself in immediate connection with the royal patient, withdrew the issues, and entirely subverted the mode of treatment which Gutierez had pursued. The latter cried out lustily, "*à la traicion!*" The quarrel between the doctors is "a very pretty one as it stands," but the result may certainly prove fatal to Her Majesty, by accelerating the progress of latent disease, through the withdrawal of a counter-irritant recommended in all recognized modes of medical treatment. It is however probable that on her approaching marriage the change of system was judicious, and that the Puerta del Sol imputation of a sinister design against Louis Philippe is undeserving of serious notice.* Whatever be the merits of the particular cases, one thing is certain, that the union of Her Majesty in wedlock with her own first cousin, is

* Don Francisco, since his marriage, has had these issues opened again—a course which appears on the whole to be characterized by much prudence.

about the worst medicine that could be prescribed, since it is the next thing to impossible that the fruits of such a union can be healthy. And the inevitable result will be, that more stunted growths will be pitch-forked to the head of the Spanish nation.

The representatives of the most ancient families of Spain, in whose veins the present "blue blood" flows, transmitted by mother as well as father, the heads of her great historical houses, and the *élite* of her chosen nobility, illustrate quite as well as the royal family this perversion of the designs of Providence. The Duke of Medina Celi is about four feet eight inches in height, insignificant in appearance as he is pigmy in stature, and quite of that class of manikins which we are accustomed to describe as "hop-o'-my-thumb." The owner of the largest house in Madrid, and rightful heir to the crown, is about the least of Spaniards. The iron warriors of the house of La Cerda are, in his person, reduced to the dimensions of a very small man-milliner, and there is no probability of those dimensions being extended, for his Grace is now twenty-five years of age. The Duke of Abrantes is about the same age, and of the same diminutive stature. If you did not know him to be a Grande, you would take him for a very sorry little page, or rather—he is so pale and thin—for an apothecary's apprentice who had been accustomed to an atmosphere of assafœtida and a diet of pills. The Duke de Osuna is a little older, being now in his thirtieth year, and is likewise of low stature, but approxi-

mating more to the middle size. His countenance is plain and inexpressive, his complexion fair and colourless, his appearance not in the least like that of a native of Southern Europe. He served on Espartero's staff at the taking of Fuenterrabia and Irun by the British Auxiliary Legion, and succeeded rather more than two years since to the numerous titles and estates of his elder brother. Amongst these heir-looms he inherited no fewer than nine Grande's hats, or the privilege (such as it is) of wearing his hat nine times, or nine different hats, in the presence of his sovereign. He does not at all participate his deceased brother's love of *boato*, and his stables, horses, and equipages are on a comparatively limited scale, while those of the late Duke were renowned through Europe. Neither does he resemble his ancestor, Pedro Giron, whom Francis the First used to call *le bel Espagnol*, and still less the founder of the family, who is said to have been the giant Geryon.

The Duke of Montemar (Count of Altamira) who may complete my selection of the representatives of the highest Grandeza of Spain, is older than any of those whom I have mentioned, being forty-five years of age, but he is likewise considerably below the middle size, and (with the truthfulness which distinguishes these pages, I must add) of very mean appearance; nearly the same characteristics will describe the Dukes de Gor and de Hijar. It is odd enough that my experience of the Portuguese Grandeza should quite square with what I have noticed of the Grandeza of Spain. The

Marquis of Pombal, the representative and lineal descendant of the great statesman of that name, is so petty as to be nearly invisible; the Dukes of Palmella and Terceira are both small men, and the ablest minister of Don Miguel was a crooked little man of four feet six, with a crooked little mind, and as crooked a policy.

The family of Don Francisco de Paula, like their father, are rather plagued with the vice of mutability, and this *dénouement* of the Royal marriage may beget a lasting hostility between the two sons, Don Francisco and Don Enrique, unless the former should eventually come round to sustain the views of his brother, in opposition to any French party. Don Francisco had solemnly bound himself to Don Enrique to act in perfect unison with him when the moment for action came, in reference to the Royal marriages; and the elder brother was pledged to reject all the overtures which might be made to him unless the younger was secured the hand of the Queen's sister.

In precise accordance with his character, Don Francisco resisted for some time; but his resistance gradually became fainter and fainter, the brilliant prospect of a Crown being too potent a lure for even stronger natures, and though he declined to accede to the invitations which he repeatedly received from Cristina to return to Madrid, yet the tone of his refusals becoming gradually weaker, that artful woman perceived her growing advantage, and resolved, in the language of *tauromaquia*, to "horn the bull." Accordingly she repaired in per-

son to the Palace of San Juan, which was the residence of Don Francisco de Paula and his family, and succeeded by her varied means of persuasion in inducing Doña Josefa Fernanda Luisa, the favorite sister of Don Francisco, to write to her brother and implore him to repair to Madrid. This letter is said to have been written in a most pressing and affectionate tone, and with the usual warmth of communications passing between an attached brother and sister. It is likewise said that brilliant promises were held out, and substantial proofs of Cristina's friendship exchanged. However this be—and I am most unwilling to give ear to the voice of scandal, which is loud on the Puerta del Sol—Don Francisco broke the solemn pledge which he had given to his younger brother, and coming to Madrid, consented to marry the Queen. Perhaps it would be too much to expect of average human nature that it would hold out long against so magnificent a *parti* even for the chance of securing one little less brilliant for a brother. At all events, though human nature may be equal to this effort, it is not the Spanish Bourbon nature. Don Francisco agreed, without making one condition or saying one word about the claim of Don Enrique to the hand of the Infanta. Perhaps, like the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*,

"His poverty, but not his will, consented;"

or, like bishops in modern times, who exclaim "*nolo episcopari*," with all his show of reluctance he had an eye to the jewelled head-gear. He con-

sented; and Don Enrique, upon learning this mortifying fact in his exile, forwarded letters to Madrid in which he reproached his father and brother in the bitterest terms for the deceit thus practised on him, and repudiated their base selfishness as a stain upon the honour of his family. Don Enrique forwarded at the same time a missive epistolary to Queen Cristina, in which her quarrels with Doña Carlota, and other acts of her life were recalled with a vigour of expression which wrung even Cristina's heart. Don Enrique's sisters were in the deepest affliction, and even the bridegroom was caught in tears.

Don Enrique had the greater right to be indignant, because it is a notorious fact that, when he was at Paris Louis Philippe offered him to support his pretensions to the hand of the Queen of Spain, provided he would support in turn the pretensions of Montpensier to the hand of the Infanta. But Don Enrique, like a true Spaniard, declined a proposal which he knew would be fatal to Spanish liberty, and he declined it also like a true brother, because it would have been at variance with the honourable understanding into which he had entered with Don Francisco. Don Enrique's conduct throughout the progress of this intrigue has been from first to last of the most unblemished character; and, while it entitles him to the sympathy and support of every true lover of liberty, there can be no doubt that it has earned for him equally the intense admiration of Spanish Liberals, and will yet place him at the head of a powerful party in Spain.

Hernando Muñoz, Duke de Rianzares, it must be confessed, is a good-looking fellow, and wears his Grande honours bravely. He is what Spaniards call a *buen mozo*, comely and strapping, with regular features, good complexion and colour, and charming eyes—*ojos encantadores*. He is in fact a very pretty specimen of a guardsman. I saw him rolling past on the Prado in the same magnificent carriage with Maria Cristina, and thought of his luck and of her befoolery with a pleasurable reminiscence of "All for Love." Muñoz "comes" the Grande with quite an air, wearing his court dress splendidly, and dancing with Queen Isabel like a born Prince. He wears a very curly black wig, which I hope is all that is false about him. I know a very middlingly-placed *militar*, who was well acquainted with Muñoz some twenty years since, when the latter was a tobacconist's errand-boy, running about, sometimes barefoot, to serve his father's customers in his native town. By interest, and with a little money, his father obtained for the lad, who was good-looking, and whom a military *avenir* therefore suited, an entrance into the corps of Royal body-guards, and Muñoz once planted knew well how to push his fortune. He is a native of Tarancon, and takes his Ducal title from the streamlet of Rianzares, which flows near the town. Muñoz has lately built a palace there, to nobilitate his place of birth, like the Duke of Lerma, and the Prince of the Peace, which latter *sujeto*, Godoy, conferred this great favour on Badajoz. On the 5th of the present month, Muñoz and Maria Cristina left Madrid together for

Tarancon, with an escort of fifty Guardias Civiles, to assist at the feast of the Virgin of Rianzares, which was held on the following day. Her image is kept in the church of Tarancon, having been presented, says the tradition, by Gregory the Great to King Recaredo. Muñoz enriched the shrine on this occasion with princely gifts. The family of the new Duke gives him some trouble. He has contrived to marry one of his sisters well—but this was no matter of difficulty, for she is a fine-looking woman.

The position of Narvaez at Madrid is now a singular one, and much curiosity is excited as to what part he will ultimately take. The quarrel between him and Cristina is by no means healed, and should a division of interests occur (which is probable) between the Queen Mother and the Queen's Consort, Don Francisco, there is every likelihood of Narvaez joining the party of the latter. The new-made Duke of Valencia is not altogether so likely to become the ready tool of France as may be supposed; and with all his despotic tendencies, blood-thirstiness, and other capital faults, he has a fund of *Españolismo* in his nature, which will not be content to see his country whisked at the tail of the Orléans chariot. If he recorded his vote in the senate in favour of the Montpensier marriage, and was present at the diplomatic dinner by which M. Bresson celebrated his success, it must be borne in mind that the slightest symptom of resistance on his part might have been the signal for his banishment or arrest, that he is in Madrid in fact now

only on sufferance, that he must have voted one way or other, and dared not pronounce openly against the Court. But he has often exhibited an angry and proud impatience at the idea of Spain being subservient to France.

The only man to beard Narvaez in his den, when he governed Spain, was Salamanca. This eminent capitalist, notwithstanding his learned University name, has not a particle of learning, but a deal of mother wit, by means of which he has thriven amazingly in the world, and lives in a magnificent palace. Narvaez did Salamanca the high honour of making him his banker, the result of which was that Salamanca became involved to the extent of about £60,000, in consequence of Narvaez's unsuccessful stock-jobbing speculations. A coolness naturally arose between them, which Narvaez, with his usual insolent recklessness, considerably increased, by excluding Salamanca from the invitation to his last grand ball. Thereupon the capitalist coolly walked down to the Casino club, and said there openly that it would be more fitting in Narvaez to pay him the money he owed him than to give balls at his expense. An aide-de-camp of Narvaez challenged him on the strength of this insult, but Salamanca replied that he had nothing to say to him, but would willingly have with his master. Thereupon Narvaez sent for him, and Salamanca entered fearlessly. Pistols were lying on the table—a common course with Narvaez, and the latter told the capitalist that he must fight him on the spot. "Willingly," said Salamanca, "if you pay me my money first." Nar-

vaez was making a motion to seize one of the pistols, when Salamanca addressed him thus :—

"Don Ramon Narvaez, my life is in your power. You may destroy it in this apartment without a witness, but eternal infamy will light on your name if you resort to this mode of cancelling an obligation of which all Madrid has been made aware. I allude to the fact of your being indebted to me in the sum of six millions of reals, for which I hold here a receipt in due form, *which shall be yours when you pay to me the said amount*, when I will *thank you for one of the pistols!*"

The imperturbable coolness of the man completely vanquished Narvaez, who let him out with many bows, and has since paid a portion of the money. Salamanca fortifies himself with the Peninsular proverb, that "threatened folks live long."*

* Narvaez has been subsequently reconciled with Sen. Salamanca, and the monetary dispute will be doubtless patched up by some new and luckier operation. Serrano is likewise a conspicuous member of this new set, and Narvaez may therefore be considered as having fairly identified himself with the semi-liberal Opposition. The leaders of this section have subscribed with the Duke de Baylen (Castaños) for a monument to commemorate the great victory at Baylen over the French, and the elements of a powerful anti-Montpensier party seem here to have gathered into existence. Salamanca is a very active and enterprising young man of 33, of tall, commanding figure and dashing appearance, who has lately set off for the provinces, to exercise his powerful influence in a liberalizing sense in the elections. He defied Narvaez at the height of his sway, secured his freedom from arrest by paying £1000 a month to Señor Chico, the head of the secret police at Madrid, contrived secret exits from his magnificent house, and had always a Navarrese Carlist officer armed to the teeth in his carriage.

A young Progresista officer was similarly threatened with a private pistolling by Narvaez, but expressing his indifference to the ordeal, was dismissed, with a higher military appointment, in Catalonia, than he could otherwise have laid claim to.

Amongst those who are not the least deeply interested in the consummation of the Montpensier marriage is Carrasco, Finance Minister before Mon, and promoted on his retirement from office to the dignity of a *titulo de Castilla*, under the sounding appellation of "Conde de Santa Olalla." Carrasco has never yet been able to give up his inveterate habits of speculating (gambling) on the *Bolsa*, and on this occasion he made a bet for the large sum of 15,000 dollars, or 3000 guineas, with another speculator, a Frenchman named De la Thomassinière, that the Montpensier marriage *would* take place. The wager was laid on the 7th of September, about ten days before the meeting of the Córtes, and Mr. Bulwer's hostile notes having been then presented to Isturiz, and the national feeling being apparently very strong against the marriage, Carrasco's chance appeared certainly none of the brightest. But the ex-Minister was backed by peculiar knowledge, being deep in the confidence of Maria Cristina.*

Titled nobility in Spain is just now at a low ebb. Resignations of titles are very constantly made by

* On the affirmative result taking place, the 10th October, the Queen-Mother is said to have (in vulgar parlance) "tipped the wink" to Carrasco, and said to him in a whisper, "*Tenemos hecho el Tomassanito parecer feo.*" (We have made Thomassy look ugly!)

the proprietors, in consequence of inability or reluctance to pay the annual *nobilitaire* tax. Formerly every grande and leading *titulado de Castilla*, was obliged to furnish the sovereign with the aid of so many lancers or men fully armed, in his wars. In process of time, this came to be commuted to a contribution in money, which was still called *lanzas*. The amount of this annual contribution for sustaining the dignity of a Marquisate, is at this day, about 20*l.* sterling. The Marquis de Casa-Desbrulles the other day resigned his title, with the consent of the heir presumptive, from a deficiency of the means of paying this annual tax; and the *Gaceta* announced that the Queen had accepted his resignation of the Marquisate accordingly. Those who care for such things may readily now-a-days negotiate the purchase of a title in Spain.

Finding the Peninsular Hotel, or *Fonda de las Postas Peninsulares*, though not uncomfortable, too extensive and noisy for an invalid, I this day shifted my quarters from the Calle de Alcalà, to the Calle de la Montera, another leading street of Madrid, and both abutting on the Puerta del Sol, which may be regarded as the centre of the Metropolis. The city is so crowded now that hotel accommodations are very difficult to be procured. The Casas de Pupilos and de Huespedes (a kind of boarding-houses, of which there are several in Madrid,) have no vacancies, and the best rooms in the hotels are for the most part occupied. I had given up almost in despair the pursuit of eligible

apartments, when fortune led me to a tolerably good and long-established house in the Calle de la Montera, known as the Fonda de San Luis, but styled by the ambitious Frenchman who has lately entered it, the *Hôtel Saint Louis.*

At four I went to the bull-fight, in the Plaza de los Toros, and confess that the toleration which I felt for these spectacles three years since is considerably abated. They are celebrated at Seville, where I then saw them, with greater splendour, the locality is more vast and majestic, and the *ensemble* more enchanting. Here the work is very butcherly, and to see, as I have done to-day, ten wretched horses in succession mercilessly gored, and treading their own entrails into the dust, and one hobbling across the Plaza with one of his fore-feet in the air, caught up by tetanus, is a sight for which no splendour in the spectacle or encounter of peril in the men can compensate. But who is to suppress these sports? Impossible! The passionate ardour of the *aficionados* or amateurs of the bull-ring is so excessive and ungovernable that human power cannot compass its extinction. So curiously have they reduced the pursuit to an art, even a science, that there are scores of *suertes* or different modes in which the *matador* may put a period to the bull's existence, and an accomplished artist, Don Luis Ferrant, has published a series of no fewer than twelve of these, beautifully engraved and coloured, which the *aficionados* buy up at an exorbitant price.

The malice of Spanish bull-rings is proverbial. Some days back, at the bull-fight in this same Plaza,

a cowardly bull, on being placed in front of the *picador* turned tail and fled. The crowd instantly exclaimed, "*Fuera el toro Mon-pen-seer! Fuera Mon-pen-seer!*" The wretched brute, it seems, had but one eye, and the people had got it into their heads that the Duke de Montpensier is short-sighted —a prejudice utterly groundless, but like most other Spanish prejudices, ineradicable. They used to call every lame dog and donkey a "*Trapani;*" and now every blind animal is sure to be christened a "*Mon-pen-seer.*" I believe the young Duke, however, to be quite as sharp-sighted as Bresson, and indued with the powerful faculty of seeing as far into a mill-stone.

A party was formed some time since, against the French marriage, and called "Las Anti-Montpensieristes." Their declaration of principle was rather too violent to be successful. It was this: "That to be an *Afrancesado* is more odious to the Spanish people than even to be a *facineroso!*"

The eagerness with which the English journals are bought up, and their leading articles re-echoed, can scarcely be conceived. On one side you hear of the *Times* leader, on the other of the opinion of the *Morning*—but whether Morning *Chronicle*, *Herald*, or *Post*, they give you no room to conjecture.

Amongst the signatures to the Madrid petition against the Infanta's marriage the Government papers declare, I know not how truly, that a hundred or more were those of convicts!

What is meant by the "liberty of the press" in Madrid may be judged from the following document:—

"The whole of the Progresista papers published in Madrid were seized yesterday at the same time. Such an act will be appreciated as it ought by the nation. With the repeated confiscations, fines, and prosecutions suffered each day by the organs of the Liberal party, it is clearly evident that, even under the exceptional regimen to which the press is subjected, we are not permitted to emit our ideas.

"In such a conflict we should renounce forthwith the task of writing, were we not persuaded that nothing discredits so much the cause of our adversaries as that furious hostility which proves their fear of the revelations of the press.

"We shall, then, follow on, writing, not as the present circumstances require, but as the caprice of our rulers permits; not as is the custom in countries governed constitutionally, but as can be done in Spain under the coercion of an arbitrary Government; in a word, not as we should do in the enjoyment of a free press, but as we are obliged to do under subjection to an anomalous and violent censorship, and to exceptional tribunals constituted by Royal orders.

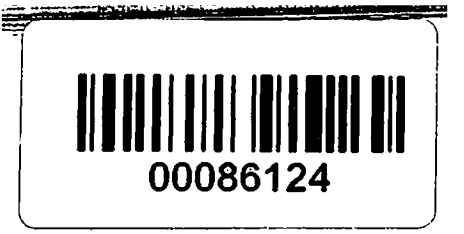
"Our subscribers will fill up of themselves what we are obliged to cancel. The silence of the press will become, in future, the most eloquent accusation that can be launched against the Government.

"*El Eco del Comercio.*
"*El Clamor Publico.*
"*El Nuevo Espectador.*
"*El Espectador.*

"Madrid, 23rd September, 1846."

END OF VOL. I.

W. Stevens, Printer, Bell Yard, Temple Bar.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